A YANKEE IN PIGMYLAND

WILLIAM EDGAR GEIL

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A YANKEE IN PIGMY LAND

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Sincerely
W. Edgar Geil

A YANKEE IN PIGMY LAND

BY

WILLIAM EDGAR GEIL

Author of "A Yankee on the Yangtze;" "The Isle that is called Patmos;" "Ocean and Isle;" "Laodicea, or the Story of a Marble Foot"

WITH ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE ILLUSTRATIONS

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CHAPTER I

Bombay to Mombasa

MEDITATIONS ON THE DARK CONTINENT.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all but thee—
Assyria, Egypt, Carthage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts. Not so thou,
Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow.

Byron & Co.

ALL the edges of Africa are wet. The hottest continent has no dry boundary line. Ancient Libya could be reached on camel, donkey or a-foot. As Herodotus says, "As for Libya, we know it to be washed on all sides by the sea, except where it is attached to Asia." But now the Dark Continent is accessible only by flying machine or a ship. The aërial conveyance, while not prohibited in my Life Insurance policies, appeared the more likely to make them due, so at Bombay I elected to take the good ship Palitana, sailing straight for Mombasa across some twenty-four hundred miles of the Indian Ocean.

At first it was my intention to visit the Persian Gulf and march in Xenophon's track over what remains of the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon; but I recollected that in the region of the Euphrates is the

hottest spot on this planet, and that the hottest spot is hottest this season of the year, while no ice trust is in evidence there, even at four cents a pound. And as Mombasa is south of the equator, so that winter prevails in July, I finally decided to visit Bagdad, Babylon and Busreh overland from Old Damascus after crossing the Leg-o'-Mutton Continent of Africa.

Bombay is interesting, from the Towers of Silence on Malabar Hill to the houses of jabber, full of gesticulating natives; but I had decided to leave, and took a "garry" from the hotel to the steamer landing. After the vacillating garryman had driven me a long way around, he finally discovered Prince's Dock, Shed "P," and the ship destined to take me across the warm ocean to British East Africa. The officers and crew were being carefully examined by the Health Authorities. When my turn came, the smiling surgeon felt my pulse and said, "Have you plague, or recently fever?" My quick answer lay in a few words: "I would not be starting on a long journey across Africa if I had either." I went aboard and tossed the hack-Hindu a tip of four annas, but the silver disc rolled into a mud puddle. For a full twenty minutes, in a deluge of tropical rain, the poor fellow searched for it, and I presume that ultimately that was the cleanest mud puddle in Asia. A good large cabin on the port side was assigned to me. When travelling across China a wire was sent from Wusung saying that I had "seen the Viceroy face to face," which insured unusual courtesy. In this instance I had seen Manager Monteith.

Before leaving Bombay I purchased some hundreds of small circular mirrors with wide tin rims painted in bright colours; for I thought that the Pigmies of the Inland Forest might be inclined therewith to



study themselves rather than make an anatomical examination of me. To encourage vanity may be bad; to encourage indigestion certainly is. And for a Pigmy to see himself in such a mirror would hardly make him vain.

The looking-glasses never turned up, but the "big stack" of books I purchased did. They represented a clean sweep from two big Bombay bookstores and from second-hand native shops of all the volumes touching on my line of march; but no books had been written covering my journey. I attacked this heap of information, more or less recent and reliable, reading first well-bound books by mighty and adventurous Nimrods, full of drawings and photographs of dreadful hairbreadth, if not narrower, escapes. If there was not much of

> "Cannibals that each other eat,
> Of anthropophagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders,"

at least my mind was soon full of huge angry elephants, massive hippopotami, streaked tigers, and live lions like those I had seen decorating the bridge across the Nile at Cairo. So much of this class of literature was devoured that I could almost hear the growl and howl of the wild beasts of the Pigmy Woodlands, and feel them munching me. This, connected with a dinner unsuitable for a south-west monsoon and a ship with three motions—fore and aft, starboard and port, and wiggle—inclined me to overhaul my cartridges and firearms and to deeply regret that I had not purchased a terrible, new style Winchester, which can shoot a bullet through armour-plate half an inch thick, as the clerk showed me in Bombay. He had a square of the armour-plate with an ugly hole in it, and he said, "It took the piece right out as clean

as a whistle." So I meditated until the conclusion was reached that if I ever got through Darkest Africa I would have no trouble in finding friends; as the Swan of Avon says, "She loved me for the dangers I had passed."

Some authors, quite unable to bend the bow of Ulysses, have been content with drawing the long bow, and tell me of leopards, gorillas, or pythons whose size is according to the amount of alcohol consumed by the writer previous to the observations. Others are real giants, with the rights and mights of giants; they tell of more insidious foes, microscopic antagonists, and still others not seen even with the aid of a powerful glass; first, jiggers and other infinitesimal insects, and second, fevers.

As to jiggers. Paul Du Chaillu did not know these gentry forty years ago, but now they are only too familiar right across the hot continent. They are surplus manufactures of Brazil, dumped at San Paul de Loanda by a slave ship, and given free transport up the Congo by Stanley's expedition. Whether Emin Pasha wanted relieving or not, the Africans certainly do now. This member of the flea family burrows in the flesh, having a preference for that under the toe-nails. The female is the hustler and penetrates under the skin, leaving only its black head protruding. At first there is a "hot spot," but after a few days the creature has enlarged to the size of a small pea with power to lay five hundred eggs, and must be cut out; an ulcer then remains to be painfully dealt with. So it is not a particularly cheering prospect when a sober traveller relates he saw two hundred jiggers removed from one; and many person succumb to the pernicious attacks of these insignificant but highly animated gimlets. Second, fevers. There appears

to be as great a variety of fevers as of fish, but the Blackwater and Malarial have the right of way.

I shall not further specialise. My aim is simply to show the immediate and healthful effect of such reading. The lion and tiger stories made me overhaul my firearms. These pest tales were a plague, and gave me other work, for I assorted my medicine, and longed for a sharp knife. Behold, there is a third warning ! I am told to beware of missionaries and their converts, who seem also to have followed in Stanley's wake. As to what course should be pursued to escape this last infection or contagion is only hinted at. These learned (?) scribblers who have by some astonishing good luck or clever device thus far escaped hanging, jingle along their self-appointed task of warning the public to beware of beasts, reptiles, insects, microbes and missionaries. While suggesting smokeless powder and white powder for the first four, they offer no remedy for the last one ! What localities do they infest ? Are they as numerous as jiggers ? What course of treatment will make me immune from them ? I have registered an unqualified determination to take my chances.

Bacon says we should read to weigh and consider. For some a feather's weight will be over heavy. So I have read, during these days at sea, with the liveliest interest, because a knowledge of literature " builds up a solid backing of precedent and experience. It teaches us where we are. It protects us against imposture and surprise." The ship's library has been drawn on to supplement my own. It is located far aft where the Goanese table boy holds a candle while I fumble for the books even at noon time. Although running to Africa, the shelves carry but two volumes on that country, and both by the same

author. Evidently the librarian believes in a good dose of experience; *experientia docet.* But what is quite astonishing, the book equipment contains two volumes of sermons, other religious books, and a powerful defence of Christian missions which, with poetry and fiction, sum up the ship's strictly moderate supply of literature.

So we will turn from the printed page to the present people; for John Morley writes while meditating on Schopenhauer's shrewd sayings—" Reading is thinking with a strange head instead of one's own. People who get their wisdom out of books are like those who have got their knowledge of a country from the descriptions of travellers. Truth that has been picked up from books only sticks to us like an artificial limb, or a false tooth, or a rhinoplastic nose." As I have no desire to adopt any of these appendages, I will look up from the sheet and look down on the ship. The contents of a large ship are always interesting and instructive. The Palitana carries four saloon passengers, one of whom is Mr. Eucalyptus Whatisit, a very thin youth who has been eighteen months in India, sleeps on the damp poop deck, tells me how he treats servants, refers to his " dress boy," shows me pictures of his beautiful mother and equally fair sister. At times he is downcast, at other times he is casting down. He is going to do signalling and police duty in South Africa, and has a keen sense of his responsibility for the dual movements of this planet —on the plane of the ecliptic and upon its local axis. His superiority to the rest of the human race is *self*-evident. And yet I like him, largely because he likes his mother.

Saloon passenger number two is my good secretary, about whom I shall say little now, but much later.

There is still another besides myself to be mentioned among the saloon travellers, Mr. Byron Burns Bacon, a clerk on a steamer of this line which he joins at Durban. He has finished a poem that bears the profound and stupendous title "Men, Women and Society," forty-six pages in length. This remarkable genius has also occupied some of his spare time writing a novel, in the first chapter of which the hero gets liver complaint !

It has seemed to me wise to make these happy remarks concerning my fellow-voyagers that the learned readers of the remaining chapters may trace, if they will, how my outlook has been modified, mortified, or intensified by the mental environment in which I approached Mombasa. But to continue the material environment. On the main deck we carry a curious cargo, composed of Boers, sheep, deck passengers and seven hundred and eighty thousand onions, which are conveyed, as Chief Officer Moxon says, solely at the shipper's risk. There are sundry ducks, chickens, rats and divers other creatures whose presence, although unseen, is smelt and felt.

The Boers have been military prisoners, and have finally in India taken the oath of allegiance to the British King, and are now being returned by the Government, with meat three times a day, to their homes in the Transvaal. They have many thrilling stories to tell concerning the recent unfortunate war, and never tire of describing De Wet's famous tactics for eluding the able British generals. Each evening at sunset a score of them get together on a heap of onions, remove their hats, and sing a plaintive evening hymn. The onions and the song almost moved me to tears. At times they mix their music with the twilight and worship God as the stars come out.

On Sunday, although very much the worse because of the antics of the ship, they held a morning service. I have been impressed by their good behaviour, their strong bodies, and an unexpressed assertion of Protestant Dutch stubbornness.

But I have not given all my time to reading hunting stories or to surveying the freight, animate and inanimate, of this craft. I have also studied the *Map of Africa*. Even a careless student of geography must notice the regular coast line of Africa, which has practically no bays or peninsulas, not even " the little sea-girt satellites that add so much to the beauty of a country." And as most of the great rivers are broken by cataracts, it is natural that while the boundaries of the continent have been known, especially on north and east, from the far ages, yet as for the interior, only two centuries ago Dean Swift could write :—

> " Geographers in Afric maps
> With savage pictures fill their gaps,
> And o'er inhabitable downs
> Place elephants for want of towns."

To-day the gaps are filled, largely by the labours of explorers, though very few years have passed since a popular novelist could romance and invent " King Solomon's Mines " in a spot where none could say him nay, for none knew better.

If " three " is a Scriptural number, it is also African. Africa is bounded by three large bodies of water : the long, narrow Mediterranean on the north, the warm Indian Ocean on the east, and the broad Atlantic on the west. Into these three empty the three largest rivers of Africa ; the Nile, the Zambesi, and the Congo ; which together, however, do not carry as much water to the sea as the Amazon. This is oceanic drainage, and there are areas of continental drainage from

which no water escapes. But I am not writing a treatise on African hydrography; it would be like Africa, too dry. Geographically Africa, like all Gaul, may be divided into three parts; the sunken plains and low-lying tablelands of the north, including that vast arid tract, the Sahara Desert; the elevated plains of Central Africa, and the hill country to the south. These three districts are the homes of three great races; the whites, or more correctly Pale-Pinks, the Bantu Negroes, the reddish-yellow Bushmen. These last are perhaps the relics of original inhabitants of the continent, pushed mainly southwards by the invaders, yet leaving behind a few kindred such as the Pigmies, in their impenetrable Congo Forest. The Bushmen of South Africa are well in the running for the booby prize in the race of civilization, though the black fellows of Australia and Tasmania are at least good runners up. It is a pity that no Baldwin Spencer is investigating them scientifically before they die out. Their Pigmy cousins at least are now attracting attention. They support themselves by hunting with poisoned arrows. Next above in the scale of civilization, of history, and of geography, come the Bantu of Central Africa, and the Negroes of the Sudan; these devote themselves mostly to a sort of agriculture, though in the south they have got so far as to breed cattle. The white race of the Mediterranean coast is highest on the map, in intelligence and in occupation, being chiefly pastoral and mercantile. Bushmen and Pigmies have little religion except magic; Bantus have got as far as witchcraft, totems and nature-worship; those on the north coast were Christians till Islam conquered, and converted nearly all.

Strange is the history of the continent; Egypt, with its Pharaohs, Saladins and Napoleons; Carthage

with its Dido, Hannibal, Jugurtha and Augustine. If Cairo is the home of the Arabian Nights, Algiers had French Knights and an Arab Dey. All races have exploited this quarter of the world; Hiram of Tyre is succeeded by Hiram of Syracuse, New York; Solomon of Jerusalem has his representatives in Solomons of Johannesburg. In between have come Portuguese and Dutch and many another. In these latter days all the European nations have fallen to work on the map of Africa, and have chalked out for themselves "spheres of influence." It is no longer a monochrome, Dark Africa; nor will a tertiary scheme of colour avail to mark the three indigenous races; a perfect solar spectrum is now needed to show the seven dominant powers who are sharing the white man's burden of civilizing the natives. So unselfish are they at this that Great Britain has just invested £250,000,000 in the south, and though the local population was ready to share the profits with imported Chinese, insists on reserving the blessings of the district for the natives. The Congo Free State is philanthropic enough to conduct operations almost at a loss, leaving the exploiting of the country to chartered companies. It is a pity that when well-intentioned people upset the balance of nature, they often are driven to violent remedies, Malthusian and others, to correct the errors; owing to the discouragement of witch-ordeals and cannibalism, the population would be increasing were it not for the counter-balancing efforts of some officials, who heroically expose themselves to possible misconstruction of their humane methods in collecting rubber.

Europeans have for the last four centuries added an interest to the monotony of African life by granting free passages and assisting emigration to more civilized



A WARTHOG, EAST AFRICA. THE UGLIEST BEAST ON EARTH.



PAPYRUS SWAMP ON THE BAGATHI RIVER, BRITISH EAST AFRICA.



PRIVATE RESIDENCE OF A WAKAMBA AT RABAI, BRITISH EAST AFRICA.



DEAD RHINOCEROS. BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

countries. Domestic slavery is a most ancient and world-wide institution, it would have satisfied even that orthodox old Vincent of Lerins, being "believed in everywhere, at all times, by all people." The invention of the international slave trade may be credited, or discredited, to the Assyrians, who deported whole populations; but the invention was not copyrighted, and it spread fast. When the Spaniards discovered the new world, and the natives there wilted up under their sunny influence, other peoples had to be imported to slave for them. Some "labourers of the soil" gave their name to Labrador, whence they were exported; but Africa proved the handiest source of supply. Portuguese, Dutch, English and French competed for the traffic, till the "nation of shopkeepers" secured the monopoly in 1713. Denmark led the way in boycotting this beneficent system of popular excursions; America forbade it soon after, Britain renounced it in 1807, and in 1842 the two English-speaking races united to blockade the export on the west coast. But while Christians have abolished this traffic, Islam protects it. The raw material from the Sudan is sent *via* Tripoli to Turkey, from the Nile basin slaves are taken to Mecca, from East Africa to the Persian Gulf. Zanzibar used to be one great outlet for this market, but since its Sultan passed under a British protectorate it has been made illegal. A cynic might say that Europe has stopped the business because Europeans could not work it to profit, and would not let others try; also that they compensate themselves by the profits of the drink traffic. Burton declared that Africa would have been better off with the slave trade, but without gunpowder and rum—Burton never did go in for rum, only beer. In view of this, a sort of Mason and

Dixon's line has been run round Central Africa, and the inflow of foreign liquors has been somewhat dammed. Even the native industry of brewing and distilling is not protected, but heavy duties are levied. The use, but not the traffic in intoxicating liquors is forbidden to Mohammedans, but they have never tried seriously to discourage it here.

Yet for a thousand years they have been in force all down the east coast ; it seems as if even a millennium occasionally leaves something to be desired. Mombasa, the port for which we are heading, was founded more than seven hundred years ago. A century later a traveller described it as " inhabited by a chaste, honest and religious race." A modern commentator subjoins that it may be assumed from his narrative that the Wa Nyika had not yet arrived ! Portuguese turned up about 1500, and made Mombasa the capital of East Africa within a century. Its history has been bound up with that of India ever since, so when Britain became suzerain in the East Indies, it was natural that her power spread all round the adjoining seas, and that forty years ago her grasp tightened on Mombasa. A regular service of steamers connects this port with Bombay, and at either end the same currency is used, penny annas and sixteen-penny rupees. Captain Mahan can take another illustration here of the influence of sea-power : no charge made.

Southward of British East Africa lies the cantle of territory exploited by Germany. Rebmann and Krapf were followed by others, exploring in the interests of commerce and politics ; but it is remarkable that the earliest of these continental travellers were explorers second and missionaries first. So,

too, with the next southerly section, which was opened up to the modern world by a great Scot, who for more than thirty years was wandering in south-eastern Africa. Scotchmen are great travellers. As a malicious Welshman said, Scotland is a fine country—to come from. Anyhow, they are seldom to the rear when hard work and adventure are to be found, and more than a dozen have made reputations in Africa, of whom Bruce, Moffat, Cameron and Mackay are good specimens. But of them all, David Livingstone stands out chief, and well deserves to have his name attached to some falls on the Congo and to a town on Nyassa, while his birthplace is commemorated by a new Blantyre. On Bartholomew's fine map of Central Africa, south of Lake Bangueolo, you may read, "Chitambo, Livingstone died May 1, 1873." A generation has passed, but nothing more pathetic has happened there than *The lonely death of Livingstone*, an account of which I quote. For two days he had been too weak even to enter up his diary, much less to travel.

"It must have been four A.M. when Susi heard Majwara's step once more. 'Come to Beama; I am afraid; I don't know if he is alive.' The lad's evident alarm made Susi run to arouse Chuma, Chowpere, Matthew and Muanyasere, and the six men went immediately to the hut.

"Passing inside they looked towards the bed. Dr. Livingstone was not lying on it, but appeared to be engaged in prayer, and they instinctively drew backwards for the instant. Pointing to him Majwara said, 'When I lay down he was just as he is now, and it is because I find that he does not move that I fear he is dead.' They asked the lad how long he had slept. Majwara said he could not tell, but he

was sure that it was some considerable time: the men drew nearer.

"A candle stuck by its own wax to the box shed a light sufficient to see his form. Dr. Livingstone was kneeling by the side of his bed, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. For a minute they watched him; he did not stir; there was no sign of breathing; then one of them, Matthew, advanced softly to him and placed his hands to his cheeks. It was sufficient; life had been extinct some time, and the body was almost cold; Livingstone was dead."

So died that noblest hero. In like manner as David Livingstone went out of Africa, praying, so should all men enter.

CHAPTER II

The Isle of War

THE AUTHOR LANDS IN MOMBASA AND PREPARES FOR THE GREAT AFRICAN TRANS-CONTINENTAL JOURNEY

Gongwi na nwina wa kiza—Mombasa
is a hole of darkness.
Ancient Swahili Saw.

"In his brain
After a voyage, he hath strange places crammed
With observations, the which he vents
In mangled forms."
As You Like it.

THE fragrant Bombay onions, piled on the battened hatches of the Palitana were shifted by Hindu sailors to the port side of the main deck, so as to flavour the port, which we were fast approaching. The Boers had taken up new and strategic positions, and on the vessel, from the captain to the cat, there was a spirit of unrest and expectancy. At last, after long watching and when not above two cables from the ragged coast, the officer on the bridge descried through the hazy atmosphere, three cones lying to the north of the island of Mombasa; important marks anxiously searched for by the mariner

approaching these shores. We had been sailing due west.

The courteous skipper invited me to the bridge for a better view of the coral island. We steered head-on to the land, and when close in and opposite Government House, set the helm hard down and swung to starboard under the old Portuguese fortress, into a deep, narrow channel leading into the harbour of Mombasa. The landscape on approaching is fair enough, but the seascape is enough to delight the heart of the greatest of marine artists. We had left the deep blue for the shallow sea-green, through which the ship glided, flanked on either side by a row of pure white breakers, converging almost to a point at the beginning, a thousand feet beyond our prow. From each of these two banks of milk-white surf there swept a line of whiteness, one far away to the north and another southward, only lost in the hazy horizon.

Let me expressly state that Mombasa is an island, though at low water you can wade to the mainland. The name of the island is the name of the city on the island, and for that matter, it is the name of the mother-city away in Arabia ; " but that is another story." The first view of the island suggests that the ancient Swahili saying, " Mombasa is a hole of darkness " is at least geographically false. In fact, the ancient saw refers to the character which Mombasa formerly bore as a hotbed of sedition and slander. Now that white men have come, all this is, of course, at an end ! So beautiful was the scene after our long voyage, it might have been Tom Moore's—

> Fair islet, small and bright,
> With its green shore, reflected there,
> Like to a Peri isle of light
> Hanging by spell work in the air.

Strange that so peaceful a spot has so inappropriate a name. For the Swahili call it the Isle of War, not to be behind the Greeks with their Hill of War, the French with their Camp of War and the Germans with their Game of War. The Wanyika call it the Isle of Eminence, for it has cliffs some forty to sixty feet high. The Wasambara have an eye to architecture, and denominate it "There where the castle is." The water around it is the best harbour on the east coast, and is marked out into four ports, the inmost being Port Tudor and Port Reitz. Nine British war-vessels had cast their black shanks in twenty fathoms of water and were lazily riding at anchor in the beautiful Port Kilindini. We patronised Port Mombasa and tied up to the red buoy which is almost directly opposite the line of demarcation between the foreign and native settlements of the city. All along the shore on the island are the reed-covered huts of the natives. Beyond are European houses with utilitarian corrugated iron or picturesque red tiles. Connected with the foreshore, many large fish traps with reed fences stretch out from the beach.

On the opposite shore the arm which the mainland has thrown out into the sea is covered with cocoanut trees, and in the midst of them stands a small, iron-roofed building in which lies slowly dying a victim of that strange and uncanny disease called Sleeping Sickness. This is probably a more serious epidemic than the Plague, although it creates less general alarm. This terrible and mysterious malady of African origin was long supposed to affect only natives, but recently two or three Europeans have suffered. It runs its course with some in a few days ; with others in several months. Thus far no cure has been discovered, although a vigilant committee is occupied in studying

the fatal disease. The form it usually takes is that of an irresistible drowsiness, to which the victim ultimately succumbs. Some medical authorities are of the opinion that it is infectious and that the only efficacious method of preventing its spread is that of isolation of the patient.

In yonder cocoanut grove, too, lie buried the wife and child of Krapf. After being expelled from Abyssinia, he made his way here sixty years ago, to begin a chain of mission stations across the continent. The death of his wife within two months seemed to him to give a claim on the land, as if he took seisin of it ; and though he did not live to carry out his ideal, the wealth and plans of Arthington enabled two societies to push inwards till now Krapf's hope is nearly realized. Meantime, hard by the grave sprang up in 1873, as a result of the interest excited by Livingstone, an industrial mission named after its promoter, Sir Bartle Frere. It serves as a feeder for inland stations.

Cocoanut trees are supposed by some people not to grow more than twenty miles beyond the smell of the sea ; but they do, for quite one hundred and fifty miles inland, though I do not know how well they mature. From the cocoanut tree the natives brew tembo. There is a tax on the sale of it, but it is profitable enough even with the tax. Where the natives cannot get an intoxicant from the cocoanut tree, they make it out of bananas or sugar-cane. There is probably not a section of Africa where the aborigines do not make something of the sort, applying

" Hot and rebellious liquors in their blood."

Soon after the ship was made fast to the red buoy, an officer, who in colour and girth might have been



TWO ZEBRA, THE LARGER ONE SIX MONTHS OLD, THE SMALLER TWO MONTHS. BRITISH EAST AFRICA.



LARGE BAOBAB TREE—PROF. PARKER SAYS IT IS 101 FEET IN CIRCUMFERENCE; MOMBASA.

its twin brother, came aboard to cast his critical eye over the ship and cast the skipper's grog against his critical palate. As old Reynolds said, "He was a copious subject." He is also a representative man. In his drinking proclivities, I afterwards learned that he represented the native population, even more so than the foreign, and I am inclined to believe the statement of Editor Tiller that "much of the African fever in Mombasa is caused by whiskey." It is just possible that the ancient saying, "Mombasa is a hole of darkness," still suits altered conditions.

The chequered history of Mombasa runs back hundreds of years, but the history that can be checked may be said to begin with 1498. On the seventh of April of that year, Vasco da Gama, after nearly suffering shipwreck while attempting to enter Mombasa harbour, finally cast anchor. Now Mombasa is noted for having no politics. This makes it difficult to conduct a newspaper. However, two newspapers are published, and daily telegraphic despatches are printed and have more or less of a circulation. One of the editors has accumulated considerable fame by writing a small pamphlet of a hundred and thirteen pages, with green covers, on *The Rise of a Rat*, and strange to say, the picture just above the title name is that of a zebra, three cocoanut trees and five birds. It is also announced that all rights are reserved. This may be taken as a fair sample of the literary ability of a certain school of writers living on the Isle of War. It tells of the rise and fall of one, Mr. Artful Muskrat, an immoral, unrighteous, vigorous and temporarily successful member of a club called "The Rats," who, by various schemes and trickeries finally became an official through the influence of the Rat Fraternity. It is a scathing and useful arraignment of bad officialdom

in the East as it existed some years back. The story closes in the reign of a very honourable commissioner, Mr. Act Straight, who came out from England and gave Artful Humbug Muskrat his dues.

Directly the innocent visitor arrives at the water end of the slimy stone stairs leading to the white custom-house, he is convinced of the truthfulness of at least the Mombasa end of the famous Swahili sentence: "At Mombasa, things must be sought with difficulty, whereas at Zanzibar all things are ready." Not only is it difficult to locate many things, but after making a few purchases, it is difficult to locate the remaining cash. Future travellers are warned to make some of their purchases in other lands. The recent progress commercially and otherwise, about which foreigners here are always glad to speak, has been remarkable, while the contrast between the present condition of the coral island and that of fifty years ago is phenomenal. The live population of the island is variously estimated at from twenty to thirty thousand, about three-fourths of whom live in the metropolis, which, by a curious man-power trolley, is divided into two parts. The one is an Oriental town, partly of some antiquity, and the other the modern European quarter, where is located the Government House of British East Africa surrounded by a row of pillars and flying the Union Jack, the old whitewashed Portuguese fort with its thrilling stories of siege, adventure and heroism, and the three-storied house of the Arab Governor of the city. This part of the place, which suggests the enlightening power of eighteen centuries of Christianity, lies south of the narrow iron rails, while to the northward there is a lengthy suggestion of many centuries of steamy stagnation, due largely to the dense darkness which has pervaded the

minds and morals of the people as a result of a false but convenient religion. In this latter quarter, the land lies low and hot and is covered with a network of narrow alleys; on the other side of the track are luxuriant gardens, wide streets, and pleasant walks. Both sections suffer from indifferent water and no drains; these defects, which threaten the health of the citizens, are about to be remedied.

Despite the missions, the town is still chiefly Mohammedan. There are Banyans, there are Parsees and a certain number of heathen. But it is very easy for a heathen to slip into Mohammedanism, inasmuch as he finds himself here a stranger and the man who takes him in is a Mohammedan and he is fed a little and perhaps given a few clothes or a loin cloth, and taught about the book a little. He may be taken down to the sea and bathed and his finger-nails cut, and, presto! he is a Mohammedan, though he does not know how to read the book or anything! According to Mohammedan law, he can have four wives at a time and as many concubines as he wants. Nor, though he marries in haste, need he repent at leisure. Divorce is very easy; he only has to go before the Cadi and complain of his wife, and he can get a divorce from her and marry another. Although the natives here are very bigoted Mohammedans, they go in for wearing charms, believe in evil spirits, and convene devil dances similar to the pure heathen themselves. The greater part of the town is heathen, inoculated with Mohammedanism, but this slight attack makes them almost immune from the more serious religion of the Christian missionary.

Opposite the island is Freretown. Here an institution was established originally for the purpose of receiving and educating rescued slaves and their

children. It was at Freretown that I first landed in Central Africa. Word had reached me that the Bishop of Mombasa would that afternoon lay the corner-stone of St. Paul's Divinity School, for which he had collected seventeen hundred pounds sterling. I was rowed over by some natives, and on walking up from the beach, came upon the manager of the new Industrial Aids Mission, which is affiliated with the C.M.S. He showed me picture frames made of imported teak wood, rope made from the fibre of the cocoanut, and bricks, all the handiwork of African children. The Bishop laid the corner-stone, that is, in true white-man fashion, he stood by and saw it done. It was dropped into place by one of the missionaries with the words, " I declare this stone well and truly laid, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." The Bishop then addressed the gathering.

While the Bishop laid the stone right and true, some Autolycus snapped up the unconsidered trifle of his shawl and got off with it. His Lordship is constantly reminded that the work of the missionaries is not yet finished. Twice in one week was his residence entered and things stolen. Just as in Fiji, the fifteen thousand Indians commit more crimes than the whole native race, and help to give the Fijians a bad reputation, so the Indians here are noted for their enthusiasm and ability in making appropriations, at which they could give points to American Senators.

Having passed the custom-house, the courteous Financial Secretary Bailey, of the Protestant Mission, took me along Vasco da Gama Street, with a great string of porters, each bearing a box or a bag on his coal-black head, up to his residence, which has a cheerful and suggestive location ; on the east side is an old Arab graveyard, considerably out of repair ; in

front the prison and law courts ; to the west a new hotel building, the front of which the day before fell down and buried a half dozen men in the debris. One is dead and the others seem likely to die. Mombasa being a coral island, the stones used are a coral formation and are rough, and if first-class mortar is applied, they form into a solid piece of masonry. But clay is cheaper than lime, and the mortar was weak, and the people were buried alive. Total saving not obvious.

The first night in Central Africa, after delightful dining at Bishop's Court, Bailey and myself tramped through the narrow streets of the native city. I was surprised to find how these people, at one time turbulent and difficult to control, are now observing the most perfect order. Among the singular sights of Mombasa are the old fort built by the early Portuguese, and the statue of William Mackinnon, founder of the British East Africa Company. The statue is of bronze, and when it was unveiled, the natives could not understand why a white man should be made into a black man, and they expected that at night he would fall off because he would be so sleepy. The idea of an image of a living being was new to them. It was probably the first time they had ever seen one. This would lead us to a discussion of the ancient religions of the natives, likewise of their art, if a man knew either.

Here is the seat of the government of British East Africa, which is, of course, ruled over by a British commissioner. But the city is ruled by an Arab governor, who told me that forty-odd years ago when he came to the island, there were not above one thousand huts all told, but that now, including residences of the foreigners, the stores, warehouses, law courts, and in fact all buildings for human occupation,

there are probably over five thousand. In the early days lions were killed where the little trolley line now runs, and elephants wandered at leisure over the ground just ripped up for the foundations of the new Protestant cathedral and edible game was in abundance. And yet for more than three hundred years this island, or a part of it, had been occupied by Portuguese or other foreigners. Indeed, I myself saw an inscription on a slab above the gateway into the old fort dated sixteen hundred and thirty-nine. When the Arab chieftain came two score years ago, there was jungle where there is a park ; then there was savagery, now there is civilization.

Mombasa is metropolitan, and cosmopolitan too. There are Arabs, Indians, many Africans from the interior, Somalis, others from as far south as Zanzibar. Their diets are varied, but they agree that hunger is the best sauce. If this is the only one they have, they at least have five religions in evidence with buildings. First in numbers are the Mohammedans. Mombasa is a Moslem city, and has been for more than seven centuries. The religion, however, is debased, the higher class of Arabs having left the island. Fourteen white mosques have been erected, each with a curious projection above the roof running up some twenty feet, tapering to the top, where are three windows. The Arabs in this region, save only for their garments, lack the picturesque. They have almost no artistic sense, as these minarets, which have no grace whatever, prove. The largest mosque was built by Jivanji, who remarked on one occasion, " When I was a straight man, God never blessed me, but the moment I turned crooked, God showered blessings on me." They have not done much for East Africa, and the civilization of the coast towns here-

abouts is largely Arabic, the power of which depends on slavery. When there are no slaves to be had or when a greater power forbids the continuation of slavery, the Arabs fail politically and commercially. The Mohammedans do not work hard at their religion, save only in the line of persecuting those who show any inclination to leave the faith of Islam for that of Christ.

From India have come a few Parsees, who have a small temple near the centre of the island ; while not numerous, they are vigorous and intelligent. In visiting the Church Missionary Society's high-school, I observed two Parsee boys, and upon inquiry found that they are intellectually alert to an unusual degree. This, however, does not diminish the Moslem hatred of

> That impious race,
> Those Slaves of fire who, morn and even
> Hail their Creator's dwelling-place
> Among the living lights of heaven.

The Parsees on Mombasa, not being allowed to have Towers of Silence with their ghastly birds and bodies, bury their dead.

There is an unfinished Hindu temple, also patronised by a few immigrants from India. When this was begun, the intention was to erect it from the proceeds of a theatre which they established, with actors from among their own number. All went well for a time, and the building was brought to the present stage with the money gathered in this way ; but unfortunately for the success of the project, the people of the city got tired of the theatre, and the Hindus wouldn't go on without funds, so the temple is still incomplete. As in other parts of the world, the Hindus here burn the dead bodies of their co-religionists. I did not

learn that they are in any way aggressive, or troublesome because of their religion.

The Roman Catholics are represented by the Brothers of the Society of the Holy Ghost and an agency of the so-called White Fathers. It can hardly be said that they are doing any missionary work among the natives, but they have a few hundred followers, chiefly Goanese, who are said to be remarkably honest, especially by opponents of missions. These critics, indeed, while themselves of Protestant extraction, often send sharp shafts into Protestant missions, but manage always to make kindly reference to the work of the Romans and to minimize the faults of their converts into microscopic infirmities. Priest Schmidt says : " There is nothing to be done for the Swahilis as far as religion is concerned. They are nominal Mohammedans, but not in reality. In the second place they are all corrupt in their morals, and there is no possible means of getting them out of this. The principal question is marriage ; there are very few who stay with the wife they marry first, and all of them have others. The Bishop has bought a piece of ground for a school, but I think that for religious purposes it is useless to establish a school. If you want to teach them reading and writing, it is all right, but for our purpose it is no use." I think there is no question but that the Roman missionaries are a hard-working band of men, faithful to the dictates of their superiors, doing good educational work within the limits of a narrow curriculum.

The Protestants have a little white church, with a bell at one end and a cross at the preacher's end. A fine Saracenic cathedral is in the course of construction adjoining the park of Mombasa. It will cost four thousand pounds, and the money has all been raised



MOSQUE AND WELL ON VASCO DE GAMA ST., MOMBASA.



THE MOMBASA CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S HIGH SCHOOL.



THE ENTRANCE TO MOMBASA HARBOUR; CUSTOM-HOUSE AND PIER.

by the capable, cultured and conscientious Anglican Bishop of East Africa. This cathedral is to be a memorial building erected to the memory of that remarkable trio, Bishops Hannington and Parker and Henry Wright. Bishop Peel seems to have the building fever at the present time, and it is not a bad complaint. If you should feed a cold but starve a fever, the best way to cure him would be to discontinue the gold dollars, but you could not call this an heroic remedy. The Church Missionary Society carry on a vigorous evangelistic, educational and medical work on the island. Meetings are held both in the open air and in the chapels, for natives and foreigners. Schools are conducted, and the hospital treats about six thousand patients a year.

Dr. Edwards, who, excepting Johnson, is far and away the ablest physician on the island and is in charge of the hospital, said when asked if the natives show gratitude :—" Talk about gratitude, man ! Why the Africans are just like other people. I have worked among them so much that I know it is so. Every single African you can match with a European. I have worked with them roughing it in the jungle. They are jolly good fellows. Well, well, gratitude, my dear fellow, where do you find it ?—go and work among the slums of London.

" Yes, they wear spectacles sometimes. I test them by holding up a young blade of maize. When they can distinguish the small blade from grass, they can hoe without cutting down the corn. Even when a man has been practically blind, he can go out and cultivate after an operation. Gratitude ! I have had a man who has been blind for years. I took his cataract out and gave him his sight and told him to pull the weeds out around my door, and he absolutely

refused to do it. Philanthropists say if you give them their sight they will listen to the Gospel. I have not had one of those cases who have been absolutely blind who have shown any interest.

" If you want to write something about lepers, don't write the usual yarns. They are the jolliest chaps, some of them, I have ever seen. We have a house with five or six, and they are just about the jolliest chaps we have. They lose a toe every year or so, but it doesn't matter. Like the eels being skinned, they get used to it.

" This is a very healthy place. We have not the diseases you have in India, typhoid fever and cholera. If you want to spin a yarn about the plague, you can say that the officials here have worked very hard and have kept it out. We are just about ten days from Bombay, which is the incubation period. If we were five days from Bombay, we would have much more chance of getting it.

" We treat about six thousand patients a year, and quite half of them have what is called Nti. Nobody has described it. If it goes into a vital organ the patient dies. It often gets into the throat. I have two patients now who have had tubes inserted in their throats. Of course, they are at death's door." A very earnest Christian work is carried on in connection with this hospital, and the quaint Medicine Man is certainly doing much to make way for the Gospel among the natives and members of other races.

Frederick Burt, the great Hustler of Mombasa, is a man of stupendous energy and, assisted by his capable wife, carries on an aggressive and continuous evangelistic work. Their efforts for the betterment of the population are beyond all praise.

Many other interesting people and things remain for

the observing traveller who visits Mombasa. Among them is Mr. Man-of-Eyebrows, who helped to carry the body of David Livingstone from Chitambo's village to the Indian Ocean. He is the last of that heroic band of black men who made it possible for the dust of the great explorer to rest under the dim arches of ancient Westminster Abbey. He speaks in the highest terms of Livingstone's Christianity, and is an interesting character.

Whatever adverse critics of Christian missions may have to say, facts are pretty strong. Mohammedans enslave, Christians feed. Mohammedans and heathens stagnate, Christians aërate. "Such work is always open to criticism and is always above it." On the newspapers, every solitary employee is a Christian. Every man who is not an inspired bigot, every man in his right mind will endorse the statement of the brilliant Commissioner of the Protectorate of East Africa, Sir Charles Eliot, where, in an official communication to the Marquess of Lansdowne, he says: "I am happy to be able to repeat and emphasize the tribute which I paid to the missionary societies in the Protectorate when I wrote my last report in 1901. Not only has there been no friction between the Government and these various bodies, but I gladly acknowledge the advantages which we have reaped from their efforts to spread civilization among the natives."

CHAPTER III

Up the Country

LEAVING MOMBASA FOR LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA—
A VISIT TO MAZERAS AND RABAI

Sukuni lwa munyonge lwavundzwa ni peho—
The fire-wood of the weak is broken by the wind.
—*Rabai Proverb.*—

NOON! Noon! High noon! Noon by the Kimberley clock, noon by the Yambuya clock, noon by the Athens clock; but thirteen by the Mombasa clock when the passenger train should leave the lonely island. I spent my last morning on the sunny East Coast of Africa in the peaceful occupation of purchasing quick-firing rifles, three-nought-three ammunition, and white registration papers. The laws, game and other, are usually not perfect in a new country. The savage lions of this Protectorate are indirectly protected by law. While there is free trade so far as killing lions is concerned, yet a licence is required to shoot the provender of the lions. However, it is a wise provision, that of restricting the sale and use of firearms. I brought with me from Bombay a bird rifle made by my friend Quackenbush; and a hammerless revolver, to which I now added two rifles and two hunting knives. These, with fewer than

eight hundred rounds of fresh ammunition, I proposed should take me safely across the great continent of Africa to Banana on the Western Sea.

I had said good-bye to my friends, Bishop Peel and Messrs. Burt, Bailey and McGaskill, and on boarding the train to begin the great African Trans-continental journey, I entered the private saloon of Sir Charles Eliot, the best on the Uganda Railroad. His invitation I was happy to accept. As on other occasions I found my host exceedingly courteous and full of useful and accurate information. He pointed out the chief features of the landscape of the island, enthusiastically calling my attention to the glimpses of exquisite marine views as Port Kilindini the Beautiful came into the range of vision. In more suspicious moments I have asked whether the Government wishes to attract white settlers, sends out an enthusiastic advertiser, pays him a commission on each recruit, and therefore styles him Commissioner? But no, his words ring true, and facts match. Kilindini, which means "place of deep water," is said to be the finest land-locked and sheltered harbour on the East coast of Africa, and is three miles in length by a half-mile in width. The depth varies, according to the Admiralty chart, from twenty-five to thirty fathoms. I did not verify it. As the train approached the large steel cylinder screw-pile railway bridge named after Lord Salisbury, I noticed that the north-west section of the island is very sparsely inhabited. Speculators, observe that this part will in future become valuable! Remember what was lost by the people who did not buy up the whole of Manhattan island cheap, and to-day do not own the whole of New York City. Go and do better.

Upon reaching the mainland the train ran through

a rolling country resembling portions of New Guinea, back of Kapakapa, except that the open forest there is composed of eucalyptus trees, while here the native African thorn prevails. The landscape suggested a desirable grazing stretch, but more than the appearance of grass and ground is required to settle a matter of that sort. We had started ten minutes late, owing to a mixing of the mail bags, but reached Changamwe almost on time. This station is in the midst of a rich fruit district. Here are forests of plantains and mangoes, with a large supply of orange, lemon and lime trees. The only Baldwins available, however, are not apples, but the excellent locomotives that haul the trains. Six miles farther, over one of the steepest grades on the line, from one hundred and eighty feet above the tide to five hundred and thirty, brought us to Mazeras, my halting-place for the day. What a contrast from the days when Joseph Thomson, only a score of years ago, laboriously mapped out this country. To-day a train carries you six hundred miles inland in fifty-four hours at prices from twenty-five shillings to seven pounds ten, crossing a ridge a mile and a half high and stopping every few hours for set meals.

This was a most delightful beginning to the great journey. The rest of Africa does not abound in saloons, English pattern or American ; the lions are not imported, but native, and their social instincts are even too highly developed.

Mazeras is named after the chief of the tribe in the midst of whose territory it stands. Not above two hundred yards from the station the village of Ganjoni, *i.e.*, "On the Ruins," is situated on a hill covered with lovely trees. When I arrived the United Free Methodist Mission school was holding a session in the

church building, and a class of thirty were singing the English alphabet vigorously, even vociferously. Later, I visited the school and saw half of the pupils on their knees studying arithmetic. I had met with this posture for Bible study, but had to come to Central Africa to find it in use for mathematics. There are six native teachers, two of them girls. The whole school sang a selection for me which proved them good singers, equipped with true Methodist volume and enthusiasm. If eighty-five, which was the attendance, can make such a volume of sound, what would be the result if the house were full? Though they had studied the rule of three, they could not answer this. Who can measure the lifting power of music? The iron roof has raised its brow and is corrugated, besides having holes in it!

There are no strangers among the pupils so far as the naked eye can see, not even any whites. They all belong to the Wadurma tribe. This tribe totals five thousand clansmen, and the local church numbers ninety-six members, holds class meetings and puts all candidates on probation for nine months. A striking feature of the weekly worship is the roll-call of the entire membership, when every person is expected to step out to the front and deposit a financial contribution. This plan has proved successful; for during the last quarter three hundred and forty-nine rupees were contributed. There is not a pencil used in the school but has been paid for by the pupil; there are no beggars; the mission does not give anything to anybody. Methodists are always good at getting money out of other people; this roll-call levy turns out to be a plan imported by the missionary from his native Wales. If ever I hear of a Welsh Methodist Jew, I shall behave like the Levite, and

pass by on the other side ! Chief Mazeras is a local preacher ; a fine-looking man probably three score years of age, who disposed of three-fourths of his wives at conversion—not cannibalistically. It is the plan of the missionary to consult with certain prominent native Christians about any schemes to be proposed. This proves that he believes in the local proverb, " Kidole kimoja hikivundu tawi—One finger cannot kill a louse ;" which being further interpreted is understood to say that " Two heads are better than one."

On the hill Mgandini a school building is being erected entirely at the expense of the immediate population for the mission, and a day's journey from there, at the village of Mtsangatifu, *i.e.*, " The Woodlands," the people are asking the missionaries to send them a teacher, offering to erect a building and support the person sent.

In sad contrast to this uplifting influence of the missionaries and the self-reliance of the natives, is the blighting presence of the imported East Indians, who are constantly met throughout British East Africa. On a recent Sunday some of these people stole the missionary's medicine chest. It contained poison, and it is almost with regret we hear that they brought it back the next Sunday. Soon after, they went off with an iron safe which required sixteen men to carry it back. These East Indian coolies are being transported to many lands ; Mauritius, East Africa, South Africa, West Indies, Guiana, all offer them new homes. Like the jiggers, they tend to spread quickly. If there is anything in the doctrine of environment, a heavy responsibility rests on the people who change theirs. Results morally are not encouraging.



MOUNTAINEER MAYNARD'S OPEN-AIR SERVICE. NINE HUNDRED PRESENT. MBALE, DABIDA MOUNTAINS.



MARKSMAN MAYNARD, MISSIONARY TO THE MOUNTAINEERS, RINGING THE SCHOOL BELL IN FRONT OF HIS "PALACE," DABIDA MOUNTAINS, BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

At Mazeras Station I was met by Master of Arts Rogers, missionary to Rabai, who hastily summoned porters. How delightfully English to have porters at the station ! We strung ourselves into a line and filed away from the beautiful hill-top, past native villages, over the M'sapri Bridge, past the sub-collector's residence flying the British flag, and between two long green rows of aloes to the Christian village of Rabai. Some of the distant views were entrancingly semi-tropical, having the picturesque cocoanut trees scattered about in a way to delight the heart of a Turner. Here and there natives were tapping the cocoanut trees at the top to extract the juice from which the intoxicant tembo is made. To do this each man must first procure a licence from the Government, for which he pays fifteen rupees. The natives are a black, shiny crowd, and are probably becoming more industrious now that the Government is taxing them. Great is the philanthropy of a government ! I noticed two styles of huts, the Swahilis' having a verandah covered by the roof projecting out over it, while the Nyika group of tribes build huts in the shape of a haystack, with the eaves touching the ground and a solitary opening, a low door. Oranges, mangoes, manioc, limes and papias are in abundance. The Christian natives number some hundreds, and are noticeably cleaner than the others. But all are good-natured. I have frequently wondered at the power of their smiles, which have sufficient vitality to struggle through a thick layer of dirt and oil to the surface. Here I heard a profusion of lion stories.

The East African and Uganda Diary for 1903, page 67, says :—" The Church Missionary Society was founded in 1799, A.D., for ' Africa and the East.' In 1844 Dr. Krapf, having lately been expelled from

Abyssinia, established himself at Mombasa. In the following year he was joined by the Rev. Jorn Rebmann, who opened the station at Rabai in 1846, and worked on the coast for twenty-nine years. Their remarkable journeys into the interior led to all the subsequent geographical and missionary enterprise in East Africa." The mission here is manned by three Englishmen and a native, running a dispensary and schools, and doing good work. On Sunday I went to the Swahili service in the native church. In the vestibule is a picture representing the freeing of fourteen hundred and twenty slaves in Rabai. The Government purchased them and gave them their freedom. Pastor Jones at Rabai is a freed man, and many in the audience are descended from slaves. The attendance at this service was probably four hundred. The congregation was a study in colour and fashions. A few of the women were attired in European dress, but most of them wore white saris decorated with red spots. Most of the men were dressed in a consumptive earth colour known only in the Eastern Hemisphere. The red fez is very popular, and is usually worn about four sizes too large, which gives the wearer a very comical appearance. At the close of the service the men all waited in their seats until the women and girls had passed.

Missionary Rogers was the officiating clergyman, assisted by the native preacher Jones, who belonged to Bishop Hannington's last party. Mr. Rogers has at odd times collected two hundred species of butterfly within a radius of fifteen miles, and has sent representatives of four species to the British Museum, of which they formerly had no specimen. In his corrugated iron residence is a fine collection of butterflies. Some of them have eye-spots. The Acraea are slow

flying. They are protected from attack by being too nasty to be eaten. Other butterflies, which have a better flavour, copy the colour of the Acraea. This is protective mimicry. A good many white travellers find they can turn this principle inside out and profit by it. The missionary comes first and wins the confidence of the natives, then comes the drummer or explorer, and is protected by his surface resemblance. Rabai is infested by jiggers, as many as a hundred having been removed from one person. The missionaries themselves avoid being troubled to any great extent by remembering the Chinese proverb, " Insects do not bite busy men," and also by sifting into their footgear powder which incapacitates the jigger for any fresh activities. If they would borrow that bronze statue from Mombasa, and teach the jiggers that bronze is impermeable by the most persevering of African insects, they might be protected by their mimicry of that object of art.

The Rabai-ites never tire of relating stories about Mombasa ; it is their natural port, but for centuries has been in the hands of foreigners. So even the children when they play sing,

Set fire to Mombasa ;
Set fire to Mombasa.

And the recent history of the " Isle of War " indicated that somebody takes this child play seriously and applies the match. Riddles are also in use on this hill, which the Africans on the island frequently repeat. The following two used in the Giryama tribe are most frequently employed in Rabai :—" What is it that never rises from the ground ? " Answer : " A well." " You cultivate a big patch and reap only a handful." Answer : " It is the hair when it is being shaved."

In company with Mr. Missionary and a native I

visited the spirit-house located at Rabai Mpia, *i.e.*, "The New Fort." It was here Dr. Krapf built his shanty. The hut itself is called the House of the Spirits of the Departed. It can hardly be said that the natives go to this hill-top for worship, though it is regarded as the house of their outworn god. Rather it is a sort of sacred bank, where in peace they deposit their war-drums, charms and medicine for safe keeping. Only men take any interest in the matter; the enchanted precincts are invested with awe for women and children, and whatever is lodged there none dares to touch, except the privileged quack doctor. It is a pity that want of faith compels the use of strong rooms in civilized lands. A little lower down the hill infants in former times were strangled and thrown over.

Rabai is better off than many civilized lands; it has no priests. If a man wants to sacrifice, he manages for himself. The usual plan is to offer to the dead, whom he imagines not only to exist, but to control nature. And so it happens if a man's field fails to produce good crops, he takes a sheep or a goat or even a fowl, goes down to the graves of the departed ones, and there slaughters the creatures and after placing cooked rice and toddy on the grave, says, "I find that my field does not produce anything. You are angry. What is it you want? There you are," and pours the toddy out at the head of the grave. When all is done he says, "I am going; let there be peace, and don't you be angry. Give me peace and give me plenty, and you below and God above help me." The body of the people do not believe in these things, but a few practise the heathen rites, following the teaching of their forefathers.

I am not able to give the temperature here because

of a little incident that occurred. The secretary hung the thermometer outside his window to take the temperature in the sun, and a small boy came along with a stick and, in testing the quality of the glass, smashed the tube. Our temperature rose, and we rather thought of giving the said urchin a warming, but he anticipated us and got a hiding.

Rabai is a perfectly peaceful place, and I was loth to depart. From Rabai to Mazeras I rode on a short donkey with very short legs and very long ears. It was difficult to say whether I was walking or riding, and it never occurred to me to turn the donkey upside down. I boarded the train for Voi. Beyond Mazeras the country resembles portions of the Southern States of North America. There are the Africans, the huts showing over the tops of the Indian corn, and the rolling country. Interesting features of the landscape are the ant-hills, which resemble the watch-towers along the border of Wales near Llanfyllin. Though there is poisonous grass near Mazeras, it is confined to the Mazeras knoll, where sixty oxen died when the railway was building. Cattle thrive on the other side of the Rabai bridge and above and below Mazeras ; while donkeys, mules and goats prosper on the poisonous food ! Around mile 33 ebony and mimosa grow in abundance. The mimosa is also known as the kicker tree ; it bears thorns and black pods, is very hard, and is used for native ploughs and rollers to crush sugar-cane. I noticed a soft wood with red bark, but throughout all this region there grows no real rosewood.

At four-thirty in the afternoon the train entered the uninhabited Taru Desert, on the edge of which dwell the Wariangulo, a small tribe of hunters. When the chase fails to yield them a supply of meat, they

request the surrounding tribes to furnish goats or meat of some sort, and give their word of honour to pay for it with an elephant's tusk. It is said that they are never refused meat when it is obtainable, nor do they ever fail to keep their word. If they have escaped the contaminating influence of Mombasa, it is to be hoped the whites will not spoil this fine trait.

We arrived at Mackinnon Road on time. Here one of the few attempts at artesian boring was made. But the man doing the work had a birthday, and not increasing his wisdom with his years, got drunk and smashed the machinery. From Mackinnon Road I mounted the American engine which is drawing our train, consisting of a big tank, four freight cars and six passenger. Engine-driver Pinto, who speaks four languages, tells me that the average speed from Mombasa to Mackinnon Road is twelve miles per hour. He says the engine consumes, up and down Mombasa to Nairobi, only six tons of wood for six hundred and fifty miles. This is as cheap as it is possible to run a train of similar size. The driver never tires of telling that it was his engine which brought Mr. Chamberlain up; that the whole train was white, including the carriages for the servants; and that a seat was arranged on the cow-catcher for the distinguished visitors. It has often been suggested that the best form of insuring safety is to put a director in front of each train, but Africa seems to be practical where Europeans are only theoretical. This is a lonely road, running through twenty odd miles of scrub forest, the thorn trees and others intertwined with vines making an interminable mass. The track is laid down dead straight, and the view from the engine shows the up-grade, and when reaching the top of

the ridge, a slight depression in the landscape, and then another ascent, and so on. At one point I could see plainly three narrow plateaux one above the other, suggesting huge steps in the ascent from the sea to the mountains. Pope might have been inspired by this prospect when he sang

> " Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
> Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps o'er Alps arise."

Strange to say, I saw no animals of any kind, nor any villages or hamlets or clusters of huts along the line. Mr. Chamberlain had a similar experience, not seeing a lion all day. But immediately he entered his carriage to dress for dinner three lions appeared! I mentioned to the driver the absence of animals, and he gave this peculiar reply :—" In the morning, sir, is the time to see them. You see the grass is wet, and they come out of the thicket and out of the wet grass on to the line to dry themselves." My imagination showed me a vision of this road in the early morning, animals sitting, lying down, stretched at full length, for miles along the track, basking in the rising sun and drying their wet coats. What a scramble there must be when the engine toots and the iron monster bears down on this assortment of the animal creation! N.B.—Mr. Chamberlain travelled by day!

CHAPTER IV

In the Dabida Mountains

A MIDNIGHT TRAMP THROUGH THE PASTURE OF THE LIONS—MISSIONS AMONG THE MOUNTAINEERS

> Mundu wabonya waka wengi udaja wasi—
> A man who takes many wives eats trouble
> *Wataita Saying.*

THE shades of night were falling fast when I reached fever-stricken Voi and was met at the rail station by Maynard the Marksman, Missionary to the Mountaineers; he greeted me with the cheerful and quieting news that on his way down he had come upon the fresh tracks of a huge lion. We decided, however, to take the night tramp to his highland home, Mbale, in the Dabida mountain range. After an eventful evening meal in the Rest House at Voi, we three, the Missionary, the Traveller and the Secretary, marched abreast with loaded rifles, expecting at any moment to be confronted by the king of the forest. Our thirty muscular porters kept close to our heels, preferring our company to his. During the two and a quarter hours' tramp to the River Voi, the mountaineer entertained us with lion, leopard and lema stories. For five statute miles the road was wide and good; it was a Government road laid



A NATIVE HOMESTEAD AT KWA MWAISEGE, DABIDA MOUNTAINS. Mortars for pounding corn.



THE VILLAGE OF MGENDI, NEAR MBALE, DABIDA MOUNTAINS, BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

out with fine disregard of villages, which are off the track. The next five miles were also good, and had been cut by the Missionary and his mountaineers over limestone ridges and red levels to the black flats of the Voi. Along the way we passed down into a small, thorn-lined ravine where a hungry hyena had seized a man by the foot while he was asleep and dragged him down the hill. His comrades bolted, but his wife screamed such a terrific scream that it almost paralyzed the hyena with fright, and he skedaddled. "It is not good that man should be alone." Then we proceeded between stabbing aloes, their thin, ghostly fingers pointing upward, keeping our cordite rifles in order for prompt business. Presently the place was reached where the monster lion this same day, in a fierce fight with an antelope, had made deep marks in the ground. From that point we walked in the lion's track, thinking he might appear at any time. I took a sight with my rifle, and finding it impossible to rightly sight in the semi-gloom of moonlight, became most thoroughly occupied in the surrounding scenery. It is the first time I went on a lion's track, and I was glad he was not on mine. Frequently wild animals started up and decamped. We were not long in reaching the place where the Missionary had shot a huge brute. Along the path were many nooks where Mr. Lion might conveniently take us in. We kept a weather eye open, to speak nautically, or a sharp eye, as the "boy" says, and on approaching the river our guide pointed out the place where he had come upon a leopard. We heard the grunt of leopards or something else moving in the near-by thicket.

Upon reaching the bank of the Voi, after two and a half of the liveliest hours this penman has passed,

the camp-fire on the opposite side came into view. Directly our caravan gave a shout, men from the opposite side waded across, and three ebony fellows transported me in a very original fashion; to wit—my legs were placed on the two shoulders of one chap, my arms on the shoulders of the other two savages, and thus I forded the Voi dryshod. I was landed in great shape, in fact, in a variety of shapes, on the other side, where, lo and behold, I came upon two chairs and a table and some dishes and a promise of coffee, and a great deal of good-nature and kindness.

The trees seemed to be full of lemas. These are night animals which even while I wrote up my diary were interchanging their day's news. One little bunch of fur seemed to be laughing, thought it a great joke, this of these white-skins at midnight at the ford of the Voi. Another little fellow seemed to be talking through his nose and saying, "What is it, what is it?" Troops of monkeys and apes encamped along the limbs of the mgungo and other thorn trees.

After one hour's rest on the south bank of the Voi, we gave the signal to start our journey from the First to the Second Ford of the Voi. The men said their potatoes were not out yet, so they stirred up the embers and rolled roasted yams out of the fire, ready to eat. But we did not wait, and with a faithful little band, off into the dense jungle darkness we hastened. From the ford of the Voi our course lay nearly due west to Mwawingwa's village, along a winding path which constantly twisted between thorn bushes frequent and sharp. We were no sooner away from the river than roots were encountered. They were regular trippers along this route. In several places it was necessary for us to stoop to avoid damaging the thorn boughs above us. This road was emphatically

serpentine, if not serpentiferous. Out of the thick foliage animals dodged to the right and left. My time was engaged in dodging the rubber vines. Between the Voi and Mwawingwa's village were a few bleached human skulls lying about, relics of the late famine. During that dreadful time people were dying and rotting in their houses. At Mwanga's village it was customary to bury the dead bodies. The skulls we saw belonged to people who had crept off to die and had been consumed by striped hyenas either before or after death. These miserable beasts, which are protected by the game laws of the Protectorate, frequently assisted in shaking off the mortal coil. Leopards are very troublesome in this district. Not long ago they became so bold as to break into the houses of the natives and take out goats.

Having crossed the Voi, and coming into the foothills, you begin to meet the villagers. These people became mountaineers originally from fear of the Masai, of whom the Wataita have a proverb, "The lion and the Masai are one;" but now they are spreading out into the plain again. It was in this very locality the lion was shot that killed the Anglo-Indian O'Hara. He was a man in the employ of the Protectorate, building bridges between Voi and Tavita. While camped at the Voi river one warm night, he was sleeping with the door of his tent open, and the lion just walked in and seized him. Mrs. O'Hara heard the noise and awoke in time to see the pillow fall off the bed. She saw that something was the matter, and raised the alarm. Men rushed to the scene, fired their rifles, and scared off the brute. The body was picked up quite dead fifty yards away. After having made several raids on the cattle, the lion was shot near this village.

At Mwawingwa's village we bore away a few points to the north. Our narrow track turned and twisted among the gardens of the Men-of-the-Hills. Sheridan could truly have said that its "course was an eternal deviation from rectitude." The last rains had been a failure, and as a result there was nothing growing except some poor scrub corn. But these people are better off than those higher up, because they possess more cattle and goats.

From the Second to the Third Ford of the Voi our course lay a few more points to the north. We came upon Lundi's village about midway between the two fords. This village was in a state of siege a while ago on account of a dispute over the ownership of a woman. A female from Lundi's tribe had been married many years to a man of another clan, but finally developed cancer. So her husband returned her into stock, and demanded back the cattle he had paid for her. These innocents do not seem to reckon the wear and tear of a hardworking wife, and such a demand is usual. Lundi, however, refused to give it, but the other tribe were determined to have the cattle back by hook or by crook; and though Lundi shut himself up and watched well for these people, as a matter of fact they finally succeeded.

As my midnight marchers were approaching the third ford of the Voi, there was a movement in the thicket. At first I thought it was a native, but it proved to be a large native animal. The whole appearance of things at this point was that of a lair of wild beasts. With the assistance of three natives I crossed the narrow ford, and bearing off to the northward, passed through a chain of gardens to the foot of the mountains.

The ascent of the main range began at two-thirty

A.M. The moon soon disappeared. We were following the main feeder of the Voi all the way, and as we travelled we heard constantly the rushing of the water. I did not see much of the falls in the dark, except my own, which I chiefly felt. Of course, we were constantly on the alert for savage beasts. Near the bottom is thick thorn bush, the haunt of leopards, which follow the flocks about and often take their pick in broad daylight. There were slippery places, outcroppings of the rock. The strata have a pitch of about fifty degrees. This is speaking geologically. Physiologically they gave me a pitch of two feet. Maynard the Mountaineer was ahead, and by a remarkable intuition noticeable among mountaineers of a highly developed nervous system, managed to select the road. As for myself, I asked no questions except, "Are there leopards about?" to which he coolly replied, "Just the place for them, but remember there is a bed further on." Presently we turned into the bed of a stream, and walked along a very dangerous and narrow passage with the thundering of water in the dense darkness beneath. It was a grave question where a body would go to should his sole slip.

The darkness became denser and the ascent more dangerous. Up through fields of mummy pea and among the broad leaves of the plantain we scrambled and clambered, and finally struck into a good path for the last hundred feet, and arrived at Mbale some thousands of feet above the tide. Just before reaching the top we met with another evidence of the idleness of Maynard in a winding rock stair laboriously hewn out of the precipitous side of the mountain. At Mbale lives the biggest chieftain in the mountains. Here also dwells the Missionary to the Mountaineers

in a palatial structure which, on investigation, proves to have been originally a tent; so it is yet, though over and about it a grass hut has been constructed. Here dwell, beside the Missionary, one large cat and two small ones of Persian descent. All have mighty big tails. Pedigree uncertain but believed to be royal. Two cousins of theirs, lions, recently shed their coats by request of the missionary.

At four-fifteen A.M. I entered a flapping tent, and in a few minutes Maynard brought a bottle (!) and three glasses. Limejuice is very good at four-fifteen A.M. after a twenty-mile tramp among skulls, wild beasts, thorns, pernicious roads, and accompanied by a vigorous imagination. "The path to bliss abounds with many a snare," as Cowper remarked with less provocation. I turned in at four-thirty without having turned out of anything. I took my cap off especially to Maynard, and went to bed very thankful that I was not in pieces. Here endeth the modest account of the great midnight journey through the lion-infected lowlands and the leopard-infected highlands to the missionary-infected summit.

While falling asleep I meditated as follows:— Large quantites of Limberger cheese, ancient but agile, should be purchased by the Protectorate Government, the money being raised by a tax on dudes who come out here with one eye-glass and two guns to shoot tigers*; and that the above-mentioned cheese should be placed in a double row one on each side of the track, one hundred feet therefrom, measurement to be from the middle, so that the traveller should not be disturbed by rats, cats, lions, leopards and other small fry jumping out of the path into the

* There are no tigers in Africa.

adjoining thicket, thereby necessitating more iron in the blood, or more lead into their bodies.

The Great Chief of Mbale, Master of the Mountains, came up to call on me, and his salutation was "Are you awake?" to which I subjoined, "How old are you?" "I don't know; perhaps I am ten, perhaps I am five." The chief of the mountaineers has three ear-rings, two on the port side and one on the starboard; his teeth are filed and he has slant eyes. He also has five wives, not being a Mohammedan. I made an appointment with him to photograph him and his wives. When I went to his hut, four had gone away and only his youngest and prettiest and fattest remained. "How is this?" I said. The mischievous old chap smiled and replied, "Last night in yonder village there was a death, and they have gone to mourn. Yesterday the husband died and they dug his grave by the door and buried him, and placed a stone above his head to locate it. There will be mourning for six days, on the seventh day they will drink beer, at the end of the moon the mourning will cease. When twelve moons have waxed and waned, with sharp sticks the earth will be thrown aside, and the skull will be given to boys, who will carry it off and place it in a small rock cavern in some lonely spot in a mountain fastness. The old folks will not do it, as they reckon they are nearer the grave than the lads, and wish to avoid thinking of death." "Have you been many years the great chief?" I said. "How do I know how many rains? It is many." A year is two rains.

He has a little three-legged stool strapped fast to himself Swiss fashion; on this he sits. We began our interview in front of Maynard's shanty, but the chilly wind brought a shiver, so we shifted to the

leeside. He told a wonderful story how that near here in the direction of Rami a lion stole a cow, and everybody turned out to hunt it in the scrub. It was finally shot by being killed with arrows. When the arrows had been put in, one man rushed up and got the lion by the tail, and from that time he was called "Mwishimba," *i.e.*, the Man-who-got-a-lion. The chief says that it was a big male lion, and took ten men to roll it over. The heart was taken out and used as medicine. It was cut up into small pieces and roasted, and worn on the right arm by a string put through it. There is a superstition that this will make a man clever in war-time, so that his arm will kill just as the lion kills a man. I asked him, with a recollection of our ideas as to white and chicken livers, if the liver would do as well, but he said, "O, the liver is no good at all, only the heart." "What effect would it have on me to take some lion's heart?" I asked. "It would make you a good shot, so that anything you hit you would kill." As he told me that would be the effect if I placed it on my arm, I asked him what the result would be if I placed it on the leg. He laughed and said that it was no good on the leg, it must be on the right arm or on the forehead. "Then when you fight, your enemies will run. This is true; there is no gammon about this." And he laughed. "The tongue is medicine, too; it makes you so that when you shout you make such a noise that your enemies will run at once." I asked him what effect it would have to wear four tongues, but he declared "It doesn't matter, one is sufficient." "Well, but, Chief Mgalu, suppose my enemy has a lion heart and tongue also?" "In that case," said the ex-savage, "you would fight and he would kill you, and you would kill him, and that would end the war." "Are



IN THE DABIDA MOUNTAINS, BRITISH EAST AFRICA.



HUT AT KAYA, EAST AFRICA; MR. GEIL AND HEADMAN MAGAFWA, DABIDA MOUNTAINS.
The Author is firing his rifle to assemble the clansmen for Maynard.

you married?" I asked. He laughed at the idea—"Do you think I am a bachelor?" "Well, when were you married last?" "Within twelve moons." "How many wives do you think I ought to have?" I said to the old heathen. He laughed heartily, saying, "As many as you can get. We of Dabida marry a lot of wives. Some of us have ten. This is our custom. If you care about ten, marry them," and he roared with laughter. "Dabida people are never satisfied with the number of their wives." He wears a string about his neck with two bits of sheep's bone. This is so that he will not get pains in his neck. I noticed a little tuft of hair on his head. This he explained according to their custom, which is to shave the head when anybody dies, but they leave a little tuft on top of the head so as not to be killed by headache. The black sides of the old chap shook with laughter when he explained this, and with his left hand he felt around to see if the tuft was still there. "What effect would it have on you, Chief, if you had left two tufts of hair?" He laughed again, and said it would be just the same.

As I arose to hasten off and take some photographs, he very courteously shook hands and said, "Good-bye, go in peace, and I will return in like manner; go in peace and I will meet you again." He is a good sort of heathen, this Master of the Mountaineers. He gave a large hill-top to the Protestant missionaries, and insists that his tribesmen shall follow their teachings.

The missionary and myself left Mbale at ten-thirty Thursday morning on our Journey to Kaya. We zig-zagged up and down and suddenly turned off and made a sharp ascent to a cave, where women were engaged in making pots out of lead-coloured clay. As we continued along a rough road we came upon some mountaineers irrigating with troughs made of

the peel of the banana stem. They have been known to conduct water in this manner for over a mile. I saw some stonemasons at work. One of them got a particle of stone in his eye and went to another, who pushed the eyelids apart and blew with all his might into the eye. This was efficient and satisfactory.

After two hours' tramp through beautiful scenery, by a monster detached rock where we had a distant view of the gateway of the Voi, by small villages of brown huts situated at strategic points, we reached the village of Kaya, and made extensive inquiries concerning the whereabouts of a huge lion which had been seen drinking water near by. The beast had not been observed for over a week, so we failed to make that hit. After the evening meal the big chief came over to the hut, and the missionary conducted family worship. There were twelve present, including the four wives of the chieftain. At the close of the service Maynard gave the big chief some medicine, for which he said, " Thank you." Originally there was no word in the language expressing appreciation and gratitude.

That same night Maynard and myself, with a few trusty savages, went over to Kikoro. This village has a Christian headman by the name of *Castor-Oil*. He has built a skeleton creation with open sides and a grass roof. This he put up that he might have a place to be alone to read and meditate. In one corner is a heap of rough stones, on it a slab of wood, behind which I observed a kerosene tin containing books and three slates. On the opposite side of the room four " Y's " have been set up in the ground and ebony strips placed across, and the skins of several wild animals placed on them to form a bed. Here Castor-Oil sleeps at night. Under the bed is

another tin containing some more books. Thus his meagre library is protected from the white ants. Before his conversion to Christianity he had two wives, one of whom he gave up. This means much to a mountaineer, for by his wives his fields are cultivated and the drudgery of life done for him. He also gave up his ear-rings, the tuft of hair on the head and beer. He owns a cow and a calf, and in the midst of his hut swings a curious lantern made by knocking off the bottom of a bottle. This is tied to a board with a thong of grass and passed around the bottle to keep it from falling over, and the whole swung from a rafter. He cultivates a little patch and aside from his hut, has no belongings except two skin blankets and two pieces of clean cloth. By stupendous efforts on his own part and incidentally some help from the missionary, this poor, lone mountaineer has learned to read. As I contemplated the man with his sad face and simple surroundings, making an effort to rise in life, I was filled with unspeakable sadness. Here is evidently an honest man making an honest effort against colossal odds to improve himself and benefit his fellows, and in a very considerable degree he succeeds. Oftentimes in the evenings Castor-Oil calls the people together and slowly reads to them and offers prayer. He does it himself; he is not employed by the mission and for it he receives no pay or advantage whatsoever. I looked in on a meeting of this sort. There were seventeen present, not including the babies strapped on the backs of their mothers. These dark figures, undressed in brown, in this hut built by the Christian headman, kneeling on the earthen floor, formed a very pathetic scene, one not soon to be forgotten. The tears came to my eyes as I beheld them, and thought "of the

unlidded eye of God." They were striving slowly to climb upward. Where could they receive even so much assistance except from those who believe in the Gospel ?

I had heard it said that this missionary to the mountaineers is in the habit of going out to a mountain village and firing his rifle. At once a crowd would gather, and he would preach to them. I asked him to let me try it at Kaya. I fired a rifle shot ; I aimed at a cactus tree and missed it, but hit the point. On the whole it was well that lion kept out of the way the other night. At this signal the savages assembled from various villages and sat about in front of the hut where Maynard was staying, incidentally removing jiggers from their feet ; and behold the marvel ! One hundred and seventy-five took part in the service ! Many of the women had babies strapped on their backs, and the amount of hardware worn on their legs, arms, and ears was truly amazing. That same day at Chawia, I fired my rifle, and in fifteen minutes savages began to gather, and in half an hour nearly a hundred warriors were present to listen to the Gospel. On the way up young men and young women, nearly naked, were having an immoral dance ; but when the missionary appeared they disappeared into the banana plantations and thicket, and not a soul was left. This incident is a striking illustration of the influence the missionary exerts in the community, even among those who are not Christians. After the service, enlivened by a man taking snuff, we tramped back to Kaya, where I slept in a grass hut.

The first night I was " awfully " cold. The temperature was around forty-five, but I had been in the tropics a long time and my blood was thin. In the middle of the night I turned out and wrapped my

focussing cloth around me, tied myself up in a towel, put on all my clothes, covered up with a rubber blanket, heaped on my red and orange tent for changing negatives, placed a lighted lantern under my feet to keep them warm, and finally wrapped about twenty fathoms of trade cloth that happened to be in the hut, around me. My appearance seemed to scare off the cold, and after considerable effort I managed to get into reasonably comfortable circumstances. In the morning when disentangling myself I was thankful the hut didn't catch fire during the night !

But where was the missionary sleeping ? As is his custom, with a loaded rifle at his side in a little grass shanty with no door, on a grass bed. In the morning he bathes in the mountain brook ; and who would use a wash-basin with the clear water of the highlands flowing over smooth rocks ? When no soap is near, he uses the native soap, fine river sand. Once right here at Kaya he could not hold the service because a huge lioness was near by, the natives told him. He went out and shot the beast, having the thicket fired on three sides to fetch it out, and then gathering the mountaineers together preached the Gospel to them. The testimony I am able to give as an eye-witness is that missionary work in this lofty district is a monumental success and worthy of liberal support.

Saturday morning, after a good breakfast, we left Kaya for Mbale. For an hour our men had been roasting sweet potatoes at a fire near the hut. On these roasted plantains they made a hearty meal. It is winter in these mountains, and the highlanders, because of the chilly air, are not seen out of their huts until after the sun is up. When departing from Kaya, the old chief came with his big spear and accompanied us as a matter of courtesy. Just as he was

saying good-bye he asked for a rat-trap, declaring that the rats are killing him. The rodents in this region are very audacious ; they come at night when the natives are asleep and eat the hard part off their feet until the blood comes. Probably it was a tribe of them that investigated Bishop Hatto in his tower on the Rhine. One Sunday Maynard was conducting service in a mountain village where a plague of rats was on. One man brought a hundred and fifty to the meeting, which had all been killed in and about one hut. He threw them down in front of the missionary one at a time saying, " Rats, rats, rats, rats, rats, rats, rats ; Master, pray that the Almighty will stop the rats ! " Other animals are just as enterprising. Dinner to-day lacked the proper amount of oily substance because the dog ate all the fat that had been brought along for cooking purposes.

The view from Chawai is one of the finest to be had from the lofty summits of this range. Away to the north-east Mbololo peak cuts the sky at over six thousand feet above the Indian Ocean. Northward is Iale, the loftiest summit in the range, seven thousand feet above the tide. Eastward is Sagalla ; and to the south Kasegao. The view across the Taita Plains bounded on the east by Sagalla and filled with Baobab, sycamore, Mbambara, Mhaguba, Mzaule, Mkombeleka, Gunjahiks, Mao, Mbutse, Mhagari and Tamarind is most entrancing ; and in the opposite direction clothing the mountain top is a thick forest of Atare, Mzigana, Mwavwa, Mnyingonyingo, Mosi, Maiza, Maruvundai, Mgogoli, Kirundurundu and Mrimo.

In order to intensify the impression of the actual situation it is necessary to mix in with the above a liberal allowance of fauna in the form of a dozen

different kinds of antelope, including the eland, kudu, buffalo, and hartebeeste, rhinos, giraffes, zebra, leopards, lions, civet cats, wild cats of all descriptions, warthogs, guinea fowl of four different species, partridges of at least three species, hornbills (greater and lesser), white-necked crows, parrots, eagles, vultures, kites of all kinds, black, brown, and white ants (three varieties of the latter), two varieties of jiggers (male and female), lizards, pythons and spitting snakes. One Sunday morning after service in Sagalla, the boys came rushing into the mission-house to say there was a large snake in one of the huts. The missionary snatched up an axe, it being the nearest weapon available, and ran to the place. He struck at the reptile with the axe, but unfortunately it glanced off, and the snake bolted. He dropped the axe and ran after it. The snake was soon cornered, and as the preacher was about to give the finishing stroke, spat straight out and landed him in the eye. The agony was intense. It is something like tobacco juice or lime. He stopped to despatch the crawling thing, and then rushed into a room and stuck his head into a basin of cold water. He could not see at all that day, and very little the next, and had a bad eye for a week. A native said that one of these snakes had spit on his leg and it raised a blister. The spitting snakes have been killed eight feet long ; they ought to be killed at sight ; Patrick would be welcome here.

The Wataita number about thirty thousand, and have never been conquered ; they inhabit three mountains, Dabida, Sagalla, Kasegao, given in the order of their population and importance. They dwell in villages of circular grass huts. Each hamlet has a granary and often a beer hut. Frequently a family has a village of its own. The groups of windowless

huts are surrounded by enclosures of cut thorns, with a gateway of sticks stuck in the ground. The interior arrangements are very primitive. Three stones form the fireplace, and four sticks driven into the ground with a rude framework for skins form the bed. Each cluster of huts is governed by its own headman, who pays respect to the chief.

Religiously the Wataita people believe in Mlungu, a supreme being about whom they have a very vague idea. They do nothing worshipful except in seasons of distress, when a sheep or a goat is slain to propitiate Mlungu, and probably to influence their ancestors. There are certain indications that ancestral worship exists among them. They also believe in charms as granting immunity from certain dangers, and have a superstitious dread of eating or even touching the meat of various animals. There are three Protestant male missionaries working among them, as many ladies, and as many Catholic priests.

Much remains to be written and said concerning these interesting mountaineers. Once they were robbers, and even in recent years expeditions have been sent by the Government to their lofty villages to kill and destroy. Now all is peaceful, and the few white people find it unnecessary to close and fasten the doors.

On August the ninth I witnessed the massing of the mountaineers. The morning dawned on the Dabida Mountains bright and clear, still and cool, a perfect Sabbath.

> " 'Twas morning ; and Afric's young sun in the east
> Lay in loving repose on the green mountains' breast."

Over the deep valley to the left of the rising sun, white clouds rolled lightly and lazily as if loath to disappear



EAST AFRICAN WATERBUCK, SHOT AT MILE 459.



AN MPALA. THE MOST GRACEFUL ANTELOPE IN AFRICA.



FOUR CIVILISED MASAI WOMEN.



MASAI WARRIORS, BY D. O. ROBERTS, C.E.

into still thinner vapour. Above the milk-white mist the magnificent peak Kasegao towered in gigantic splendour. A great stillness pervaded everything, save only the sound of river water rushing over brown rocks in the valley below. As the morning advanced the sun shone warmer, a slight breeze sprang up, and the silence was broken by the missionary ringing the bell bearing the inscription, "Holiness unto the Lord." This was the first signal for the assembling of the people. I went out to look. Toward the south, beyond the deep green Mondugu Valley, I saw a string of savages filing down the colossal side of the massive Mwawada Mountain; beyond this and more than two miles distant, single figures strolled along the narrow track on lofty Ushumbu; others were moving toward the place of worship down the steep side of Mgocho; they came along brown Terini and down the Marangeni Road; groups and long lines passed quickly over the brow of Mogo across the Msungi, and others from the north-west climbed the Saga Hill. These mountaineers, ex-robbers, fierce clansmen, carrying their steel-tipped spears and arrows soaked in Giriama poison, filed along the crooked mountain tracks, down the well-worn clay ditches, and converged at Mbale. Such a sight might well recall the fierce Highlanders of Scott; but here

> The bell had summoned to the glen
> Ere long a full nine hundred men:
> The Mountaineer cast glance of pride
> Along Dabida's living side.

As they passed my tent I watched them; oily dudes with shell-shaped metal bells on their ankles and circles of wire above the calf of the leg; others with necklaces; still others wearing huge ear-rings four inches in diameter; one youth with a feather

in his hair and a few with red turbans ; women satisfied to wear skirts two feet in length and two hundred yards of beads about the neck, with babies fastened to their backs—large and small, old and young, of various shades from coal black through maroon to peanut colour. Mostly they had skin bags containing some plantains to be roasted for the day's food. One boy carried a solitary yam. On such simple diet these gathering mountaineers are satisfied. I fell in with a group and passed to the place of worship half an hour before the service. There is no church building for this great crowd ; the mustering of the men of the mountains for morning worship is under the dome of heaven. Is not such a temple better than

> " Rich windows that exclude the light
> And passages that lead to nothing?"

The great chief was there ; having fastened his huge spear in front of the crowd, he took his seat where his influence would be most pronounced. I noticed boys with stomachs expanded twice their natural size ; one man with twenty-eight rings on the fingers of his two hands ; still another wore some thirty ear-rings in his lobes. One of the congregation stopped to show me a jigger he had taken out of his foot. Indeed, this was a feature of the congregation ; between prayers jiggers were removed with clumsy knives whetted to a sharp point, *Laborare est orare.*

Thirty minutes later, still they come in long lines down the mountain paths, up from the valleys, climbing the steep, precipitous sides of the mountain on which the mission stands. Here come the wildest of the highlanders. They have descended from six thousand feet above the sea. They carry swords, bows and arrows, knives, and curious little pouches containing snuff, which they place between the lips and teeth.

These wild men hang their skin food-sacks on the limbs of trees, and one of them stops to carefully examine the preacher's three black cats. Here and there is seen a stone-mason or other skilled workman dressed in clean, white loose garments and wearing a tarbush. There comes a man with a chunk of wood an inch in diameter and four inches long in each of his ears.

The service is about to begin, and still they come in long strings up and down precipitous inclines fit only for goats and mountaineers. Many are heavily armed, but all are well behaved. Women with shaved heads and men with hair done up in five hundred little knots, and others with their hair daubed with red clay and oil. Let this crowd be actuated by revenge, and what havoc they would wreak on their unfortunate enemies, for these are unconquered tribesmen. Even the warlike Masai failed to storm and take their utmost fastnesses. In this congregation are spearmen who down lions with sharp sticks and stab a leopard with a short knife. They are attending worship with Mdomoka bows and Muyama arrows, at their sides iron-pointed spears standing upright, and knives dangling from their shoulders. Not many moons ago these valleys heard a savage yell, saw a wild rush followed by a bloody massacre ; now after only two years of missionary work they gather this Sunday morning nine hundred strong. Sometimes fifteen hundred or even eighteen hundred have at one service on this mountain side heard the Gospel. The chiefs are here ; the headmen have come ; the young men, the warriors, the hunters, the wives, dusky maidens, and children—a real gathering of the clans. In all the region there is not a sound of work, no shouting of the chase. It is Sabbath in the mountains.

They are packed in closely, sitting on the ground as one imagines the multitudes sat on the shores of Galilee when He who gave the bread of life ministered unto the people. There is cheerful talking till the service opens, when all is quiet and attention. Old, familiar hymns are sung in the language of these mountaineers, which is rightly spoken by only three white men in all the world. Then the service of the Church of England is conducted by the missionary. The swarthy audience kneels during prayer. They may not comprehend the full meaning of all this, but who shall say there is no real worship on the Dabida range this quiet Sabbath morning ?

The Mission to the Mountaineers is a stupendous success. This massing of the mountaineers at the Mbale Mission is the most picturesque and thrilling sight this deponent has thus far witnessed in the hot continent of Africa. The changes wrought in the narrow span of twenty-four moons make a modern miracle.

CHAPTER V

The last Stage to Victoria Nyanza

Okuwumula sikutuka.
To rest is not to arrive.

Uganda Proverb.

BEFORE leaving memorable Mbale in the Dabida Mountains, I visited the ridge to see Heselwood's school, which is conducted in a building to accommodate fifty for writing, but one hundred for reading. The average attendance is sixty. The cost of the school-house, including unhewn log seats and desks made of the Mukindu palm, was less than eighty rupees. A remarkable work is being done here to raise the tone of the youthful mountaineers. The schoolmaster has taken a notion also to raise some chickens, and for that purpose has put up a grass-roofed pen and a pile fence. The latter is made of sticks of Masai wood driven into the ground. These have sprouted into beautiful green tips, making a living boundary for the hens. If only they bore egg-fruit, the rivalry would be profitable. Surely Masai sticks would have delighted the heart of Robinson Crusoe.

I was loath to leave, but after a satisfying breakfast, we began the steep descent accompanied a third of

the way by Mr. England. The procession halted by an outcrop of slippery brown rock, where he said good-bye ; and a member of the party shouted back,

> "Fare thee well ; and if forever,
> Still forever fare thee well."[21]

Every man then set into the march with right good heart. We tramped past many trees armed with long, white toothpick-shaped thorns known as Mzaule, yellow apples of Sodom, and a beautiful but poisonous fruit resembling a rough-skinned green orange. Thus early in this trans-continental journey I learned that it is dangerous to pluck and eat in a strange forest, unless a supply of cheap natives is available to experiment on. A weary and unwary traveller would naturally rush to these trees, and leave his body under their tempting branches to the hyenas or other wild beasts ; hence it is called Hyena Fruit. A very curious feature of the landscape is the frequent large euphorbis tree resembling a monster human hand. Indeed, my imagination served me so well that I could easily picture a battle between mysterious giants and a group of Olympian gods, in which the former, being worsted, called for quarter and held aloft their monster hands signalling for an armistice.

The Big Ford of the Voi was crossed at eleven-thirty A.M. When here before it was eleven-thirty P.M. with less light and more noise. The rain had obliterated the lion tracks ; but to the Mountaineer it seemed advisable to have some, so by a curious manipulation of his right hand in the sand, he made a fine imitation. This raises awkward questions as to whether he had arranged the striking tableau of the other night in like fashion ! When once well on the plain we met

a black string of young black women carrying in black baskets on their black heads black earth taken from a black swamp in the neighbourhood of black Sagalla. This unlikely material yields white salt by a simple and primitive process-washing.

Here Maynard pointed out a white spot well up on the forest-clothed side of Mount Sagalla, which proved to be a Christian Church building, whose history is well worth telling. Sagalla was peopled by a savage tribe of Wataita. In their bandit days it was their custom, after their harvest was garnered, to employ their spare time drinking sugar-cane grog, and appropriating the neighbouring harvests within a hundred miles. Without chief or king, internal strife and quarrels were frequent and bloody, differences of opinion being settled by an appeal to the strong bow and the poisoned arrow.

An agent of the Church Missionary Society went to Sagalla to preach the Gospel of peace to these warlike savages, few of whom had ever seen white men. They did not take kindly either to Wray or his message, indeed, they accused the preacher of causing every misfortune that befell them. He was not even permitted to visit their villages, nor to cut wood for building purposes, nor to draw water except in certain vessels. They confined him to his own compound, shot poisoned arrows at him, and beat him with sticks. But he persevered and won them by degrees. Then came a dramatic transformation; their chief idol was an old tree, ugly as are most of the heathen gods all the world over. The missionary conceived the idea of cutting the tree into pieces, despatching it to Great Britain and selling it, the proceeds to be used to construct a fine iron meeting-house. This has been done. The building was shipped by sea

to Mombasa, then by rail to Voi, where over eight hundred men, women and children gathered and carried it free on their heads for twenty-four miles to its present beautiful site. Everything is utterly changed. The contrast of the present state of things with the past proves beyond question the masterful work of the missionaries and the power of the Gospel to transform the hearts and lives of robbers. Their parliamentary hill, where grave and uncanny councils were held, has become the home of the missionary. The things against which the hardy tribesmen fought have been adopted and are now the order of the day. Their language has been enriched by words for Forgive and Love, and their characters enriched by corresponding virtues. The habit of prayer and keeping the Sabbath is an institution of the mountain ; their tree-god, hideous and ridiculous, has become a Christian church useful and beautiful ; and the preacher, once despised, is now honoured as their benefactor and guide.

Voi is a most unhealthy station, especially for young children ; though the local cemetery contains not above ten graves, a hospital and graveyard elsewhere are nearly supported by contributions hence. The railway station should be removed from its present site alongside a malaria-breeding bog to a point some mile and a half up the line, higher, healthier and far more convenient as a station. This business is one of the several blunders of the railway men.

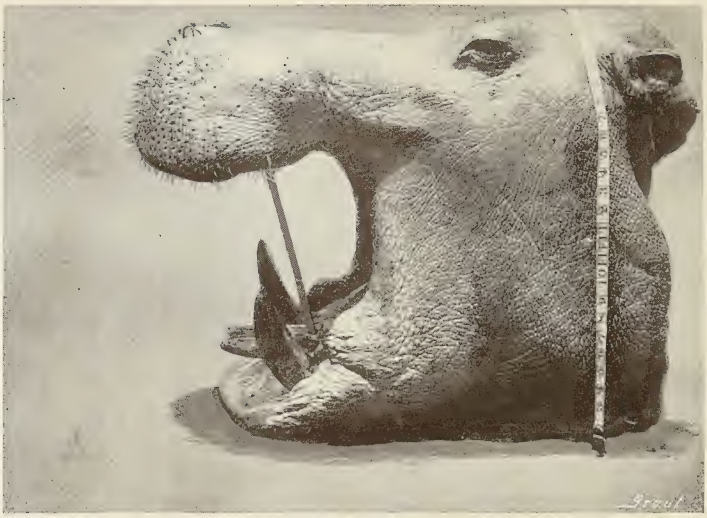
At Voi I went aboard a first-class carriage and turned in for the night, after closing the windows and blinds. When awaking in the morning, we were running amidst herds of antelope of different species. The air was fresh and bracing ; the highlands had been entered, and not far from the station Sultan



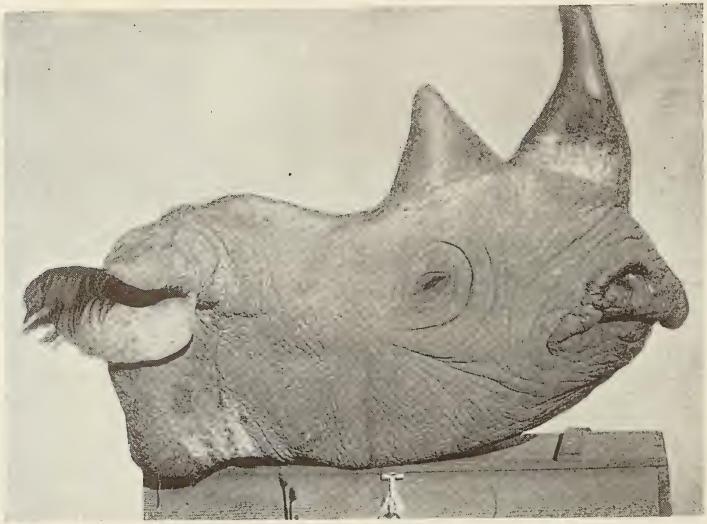
DEAD ELEPHANT.



ROBERTS' HYENA.



HIPPO HEAD.



RHINOCEROS HEAD FROM SNOUT TO EAR, LYING ON A CHOP BOX.

Hamud, named after the late ruler of Zanzibar, a fair landscape presented itself to the eyes—odd-looking, treeless, isolated peaks, with intervening grass-lands pasturing herds of zebra on which in turn pastured monster vultures. Directly on leaving the Sultan station the train entered a beautiful plain containing many stately trees, with large open tracts surrounded by picturesque mountains partially covered with verdure. Presently I saw for the first time three giraffes running, trotting or galloping off—their gait is difficult to describe. At each movement of their ungainly bodies they seemed to be in imminent danger of falling forward, the long, unwieldy neck with disproportionately small head threatening to overbalance the animal at each jump. What high times the lady giraffes must have teaching their babies to walk !

We stopped to lunch at Nairobi, where, a week earlier, a hyena had killed a boy, biting him across the back. In the cemetery are a number of persons who have been killed by wild beasts. Sometimes it is the other way round ; near Stony Athi a huntress chased a rhino several miles and then shot him. At Lumuru an Englishman has taken three thousand acres of land for fibre growing. Grapes have been grown successfully in several places near. In this region the white settlers now number about one hundred, and are increasing weekly, but not so fast as the white ants. They grow potatoes, cabbage, beans, maize, and almost anything usually found in a tropical country. Mtama, from which native flour is made, and bananas are in profusion. A kind of sheep, often red and white spotted, with hair instead of wool, may be seen grazing near the town.

Money has been raised to erect a Protestant church

in Nairobi, and work will begin this year. The present average attendance at the Sunday service is about twenty-four, or one-fourth of the foreign population. This is better than London. Here, as in other sections of the world, the observant traveller is easily convinced of the undesirability of having many missions operating in one field. It not only seems to be a waste of the financial generosity of the home churches, but serves to excite questions and embarrass the natives. It perplexes a black-skin to profess conversion at one point and join a church, and then move to another village and be told that his way of worshipping God is wrong, although taught by a white missionary, and that something else is right. To the poor recent savage who has not yet learned to discriminate and who can hardly be expected to enter into the intricacies of theological discussion, this condition of things is not to be reckoned beneficial.

At least the natives are in this district spared from the proselytizing of

> "Such as do build their faith upon
> The holy text of pike and gun,
> Decide all controversies by
> Infallible artillery,
> And prove their doctrine orthodox
> By apostolic blows and knocks,"

although further along, in a civil war, something dangerously like this took place. Here it is a good hour and a half by train from Nairobi to the next mission station, Kikuyu, in one of the finest parts of British East Africa. The Scotch Mission is erecting a church three miles from this station; no workmen are employed except natives, who cut the granite with hammer and chisel. With these instruments they produce remarkable results, making the stones

very smooth. This is of good augury for the success of the industrial system, so economical and so educacational, in a word, so Scotch.

All along through this section the natives stand by the side of the track and wave their hands and yell with emphatic and evident delight upon beholding the passing train. They seem quite as far advanced as white children. At four o'clock in the afternoon we scaled the summit of the escarpment just before the rich Rift Valley. From here a descent of over a thousand feet was formerly made by running the cars down a steep incline by a cable, the down car helping to supply power for raising the up-going one. Our train passed along the permanent road, which makes a steep descent, being easily controlled with air brakes, down to within two or three miles of Longonot Crater, which is said to be a mile in diameter.

The train stopped at Kiabe, where resides Missionary Hurlburt, the head of the Africa Inland Mission. This society now has nineteen missionaries on the field, not including seven children or two men to arrive this month. The health of the entire body has been all that could be desired. Mr. Hurlburt pointed to his daughter, fourteen years of age, a picture of perfect health, as a proof of the substantial accuracy of his statements. There is no reason why this station, eight thousand five hundred feet above the sea, should not be as healthful as America. The Africa Inland Mission is interdenominational, supported solely by voluntary offerings without appeal, and is evidently organized on the plan of the China Inland Mission. The scheme of the mission is to extend the stations from Nujuru clear across to Lake Chad, no station to be lower than four thousand feet above the sea. This range is peculiarly adapted to whites,

and the native population totals from forty-five to one hundred to the square mile.

Lake Naivaisha contains fantastically shaped islands, on one of which is a poultry farm. An ostrich farm is also in fine feather some three miles from the station. I noticed large herds of sheep in the neighbourhood of the lake, and occasionally a Masai kraal. A short distance out from here is a Government zebra farm, seventy-nine animals having been captured to begin with. The farm is conducted with a view to producing a hybrid between a horse and a zebra, or between a zebra and a donkey. There are plenty of lions in the plain, and red buck in the mountains. We passed Eldonis Eboro, *i.e.*, Mountain of Smoke, after dark. At various points in this vicinity steam jets throw up vapour constantly. There is a spot named the Stink Hole, eighteen inches across, passed when coming down the Rift Valley, near the old roadbed. It exhales sulphuretted hydrogen from a volcanic crater. A fellow traveller found close to it the skeleton of a buffalo, the skull of a rhinoceros, some pice, and any quantity of various kinds of insects. The local legend declares that any person sleeping at the side of the Stink Hole will wake up dead. What a number of people ought to be provided with beds here !

Further along a man-eating lion was giving trouble. An assistant Superintendent of Police, travelling in his own carriage, heard about this beast. He gave orders for his car to be detached from the train and shunted on to a side track at the station. Two other passengers, Herr Lager and Signor Macaroni, he invited to sit up with him in his carriage and watch for the lion. The men smoked and drank until midnight, when they decided to keep watch by turns, the host

taking the first spell. He sat on the lower bunk, Lager occupied the upper, and Macaroni took up his quarters on the floor. They were all armed, and the rifles were lying on the table. It has been assumed that the sentinel dozed and that the lion was watching from behind a scrub a short distance away, and being below the level of the carriage, spotted the sleeper through the open door. The car was standing on a cant, and the door jarred shut when the lion entered. The beast seized the man, he gave a scream, but the lion's teeth in his chest killed him. Macaroni woke up to find his head softly pillowed against the body of the lion, which was standing over him. He managed to get out of the window; and Lager in jumping from the berth to slip into the servants' compartment, also touched the lion. Somehow the savage beast succeeded in getting his prey out of the window, and jumped through himself; and when the next day a search party went out, they found the victim disembowelled and with one leg eaten off. Lager is reported to have said that he took hold of the lion's mane and tried to pull him off! He is a large man and demands large faith!

This is the region for lion stories. Many of them are frightful and truthful. For instance, near one of the stations lived a man-eating lion and a whiskey-drinking foreigner. Each decided to hunt the other. Now, it was the man's good fortune to have on a very heavy overcoat; and when he had gone about a mile and the lion sprang on him, instead of biting his shoulder, he only got a piece of the coat. A native policeman was walking ahead with a lantern and rifle. It is said that the lion could not endure the smell of the whiskey and dropped the foreigner, but seized the native and went off with him. It sounds

rum, but the lion may have been a teetotaller. There are excuses for the foreigner, for at certain points along the road water cannot be obtained, and I have seen the poor natives come with their gourds and cheap earthen vessels to beg water of the engine-driver of the passenger train on which I was riding. For railway purposes a water train is run once a week, and at almost every station a four-hundred gallon steel water tank has been sunk in the ground near the track. In the top of each of these tanks is a manhole. An Indian boy who had no other place to sleep, was spending the night in one of these empty water tanks. A lion, who had not been educated by reading Kipling's story of the Tiger, the Hedgehog and the Tortoise, spotted him, bounded to the tank and tried to scoop him out. The paw of the beast could not quite reach the boy, but he succeeded in grabbing the lad's blanket. With more than ordinary juvenile thoughtfulness, he took out a box of matches and, by setting fire to the blanket, scorched the lion's paw until he skedaddled.

I spent a day at Nakuru, in a beautiful section devoid of timber and almost of shrubs, but covered with grass. A brackish and fishless lake, supposed to be an extinct crater, is about three miles from the railway station. Nakuru is a corrugated iron village with a small Indian bazaar, rest-house, engine shed and switch yard. The water supply comes some twelve miles through galvanized iron pipes from the Njoro River a thousand feet higher, into a high service tank in the railway yard. Some eight stations are supplied with water by a similar system. There are large districts where the rains are frequent and fairly regular, yet the ground is so porous that the rivers soak away, and so the land can support no population.

A wise system of artesian boring might make it immensely productive. Meantime as a fortunate consequence, I found very few mosquitoes in this region. Whortle-berries grow plentifully, so fruit would probably prosper. Hippo are in the lake, lions on the mountain side ; hunters are in their element.

The train I was on stopped here. The only train through to the lake leaves Mombasa on Saturday and travels all Sunday, despite the protests of many residents. Similarly excursion trains were run by this remarkable administration out of Mombasa on Sunday ; when objections were formally presented, the reply was that if they did not pay, they should be withdrawn ! I asked a railroad inspector why my train did not run through instead of the other : he replied, " The power must be balanced." Righteousness does not seem to weigh in the balance against convenience. But as in all my long journeys I have never ridden in a railway train on Sunday, I did not propose to make an exception in Africa. This decision gave me a variety of experiences the rest of the week.

We resumed our journey the next day by goods train, an hour and a half late. As we passed up the steep grade from Nakuru I got a fine view of the lake, a rugged hill standing out in the foreground, and the still more imposing mountains beyond. After Elburgon the train passed into a country heavily wooded. In contrast to the previous part of the journey, the woods here were green except for the numerous dead trees. There was some good juniper or cedar timber. The forest is dense and tangled, an impenetrable mass except where it has been hewn out. In passing through cuts twenty feet in depth, there was no rock visible in the ground. After winding around numerous curves and over viaducts built by

an American bridge company, the train came into a a clear space, giving an exquisite view of the magnificent grassland we had just left. I rode on the engine from Elburgon to Viaduct O through a dense forest which was probably the most difficult part of the road to survey. Several of the bridges are built on a two per cent. grade and an eight hundred radius curve. By the roadside many bell-shaped flowers, similar to the morning-glory, mingled with a profusion of wild blackberries. After leaving Molo the road lay through a large open space, and when the summit was reached there appeared a long ridge of rolling prairie which, although uninhabited, like the rest of the escarpment, seems to be suitable for agriculture or stock farming. The Mau Escarpment at a distance resembles a plateau more than a mountain range, as there are few rugged peaks or deep valleys. At high noon on Friday, August fourteenth, we stopped at Mile 490, and I photographed the sign,

SUMMIT 8320 Ft.

We put the brakes on and ran down a two per cent. grade. After a change to a third-class carriage, Tunnel station was reached about five o'clock. Mr. Church is in charge of the construction of the tunnel, which is five hundred feet long and is cut through hard clay. He has three hundred Indians at work. Three men blew themselves up a few days ago by dropping a candle into a half barrel of powder.

Probably five hundred Europeans were brought into Africa to assist in constructing the Uganda Railroad, and about thirty thousand Indians, five thousand of whom remain. They are no help to the country. They come for so many rupees a month and rations——and the rations are better than they would get at home—so they send their rupees to relatives in India,



SLEEPING SICKNESS VICTIMS, ENTEBBE, UGANDA.



NATIVE PRISONERS, ST. FLORENCE ON VICTORIA NYANZA.



SLEEPING SICKNESS LABORATORY AND MONKEY BOXES, ENTEBBE, UGANDA, VICTORIA NYANZA IN THE DISTANCE.

and go themselves at the end of a three or five years' agreement. While for skilled labour the Indian is superior to the African, for unskilled labour he is inferior. When the imported Indian works on contract he is active and efficient, but if paid by the month, is lazy. The effect on the natives of the Indians with indifferent morals has been anything but beneficial, and some of the raids by the Masai and other savage or semi-savage clans are purely the result of these imported dark fellows ill-treating native women.

At Mile 546 *I saw the first of the naked savages of Africa.* Civil Engineer D. O. Roberts insisted that I should have breakfast with him at Mahoroni, after which he took me a trolley ride to Kibigori. It was a beautiful landscape through which we passed at a terrific speed. The skilful engineer is equally successful as a hunter. He pointed out the place where he bowled over a monster elephant, and told of a narrow escape at Kiu. He decided to sleep in the railway carriage that night instead of his boma. In the morning the men came and related that a lion had been in the camp during the night. Upon going over to the boma he saw a number of plates lying upside down around the yard. With these the boys had covered the lion tracks, fearing that the master would not believe their story unless they could show the footprints of the beast. The huge brute had gone into the bath-room of his tent and drunk some water! On careful examination it appeared that the root of a tree extended a foot and a half above the ground. The lion in leaping the enclosure had landed on this root, which had sorely wounded him. He was found dead a few hundred yards from the camp. In this district I thought I saw some bears,

but a closer look showed them to be huge monkeys.

Three P.M., Saturday, I arrived at Port Florence, and had my first view of Victoria Nyanza. During the journey from Mombasa to the lake, about as far as from London to Aberdeen, I enjoyed, owing to my Puritan principles, a great variety of trains on the Uganda Railway. This has enabled me to get a better idea of the train service and the track of the line than I could possibly have done had I ridden straight through in a first-class carriage. The track is good and the bridges excellent. I began the journey in the finest car on the line, then in a second-class carriage; on Pinto's engine; a first-class carriage; then on the locomotive of a Persian engine driver; a goods train next; a freight engine; a railway trolley at a terrific rate of speed; and finally on a rations and pay train. For the miscellaneous accommodations I was privileged to pay first-class fare. I saw the equipment; a dozen small engines, forty-five English and thirty-five large American bogies, good on the sharp curves. This hungry family devours 25,000 cubic feet of wood monthly; coal seems yet to seek. It is a thirsty crowd, but is fed on strictly temperance principles, at great expense in some places; the only saloon is the Commissioner's private car, and even for long pulls only soft drinks are provided.

The engineers who laid out the line seem to have been shy of paying much for way-leave; perhaps they had bitter English experience. Anyhow, they have skilfully avoided densely populated sections; sometimes for twenty, thirty or even fifty miles not a solitary native or native hut can be seen—especially at night. I forgot to ask if the company works on the land-grant principle, and has all the lots near the

line on sale. Meantime there is not much suburban traffic, and two trains a week each way accommodate the through passengers. The scale of rates is also ingenious ; natives rank with sheep and goats, second-class with donkeys, first-class with horses, while mules naturally are charged between horses and asses.

The lake terminal at Port Florence is thickly inhabited with twenty whites. It is replete with all modern conveniences, railway station, post office, telegraph office, club, jail, and other accessories of a modern Western civilization. I profited by the Railway Hotel, which is known by the Indian name of dak bungalow. For one day no charge is made, after that a rupee daily ; board five and a quarter rupees daily. The lake is distant only a hundred yards, but the use of water, within and without, has hardly dawned on the Indians who run this place. The table-cloth was distinctly the least clean I have seen anywhere.

The natives highly appreciate many features of the civilization introduced to their notice. The bolts of the fish-plates on the rails supply them with excellent raw material for spear-heads. Iron wire is the local currency, and the advent of the telegraph has been to them like stringing up sovereigns across the country. The poles in many districts speedily became wireless, a strong hint to introduce wireless telegraphy. Note the aspiration of the black man after the best system !

CHAPTER VI

Victoria Nyanza and the Sleeping Sickness

THE LAND OF NAKEDNESS—STEAMING ACROSS LAKE VICTORIA—THE LAND OF DEATH

> Enswaswa eteyanula erega engalabi—
> The water lizard who stopped too long in the sun, his skin became the top of a drum.
>
> *Uganda Proverb.*

THE Land of Nakedness is a pleasing sight with its landscape completely clothed in fine grass, luxuriant herbage and flourishing crops. Men and women are, unlike the landscape, unclothed. Here one sees startling effects of nudity. The nearest approach I have seen to the Kavirondo in the lack of covering for the body was at Mount Douglas in New Guinea, but there only the men were naked, while the women wore short skirts of native grass.

Opposite Port Florence across a twopenny ferry, lies Kusumu, where are a hospital, a native bazaar, and a village of Nubians. Along the base of Maragul Mountain lie the villages of the naked Kavirondo. The highest British official, an Assistant Commissioner, is resident there, but will shortly remove to Kibuye Hill, behind the railway station.

The exports hence are hides and goat-skins, beeswax

from the German territory, ghee, rice and karconga, something like our peanut. Ivory export is lessening, as the hunters have been too skilful. It is said that one man, whose imagination seems not only elephantine, but mammoth, saw an elephant charging; he shot, but when the smoke cleared away, he still saw the elephant charging. Deciding that the animal was hardheaded and hardhearted, he once again endeavoured to quench its thirst for his blood with a further dose of lead, and retired gracefully aside. When the haze disappeared, he saw three dead elephants. They had been advancing in Indian file. The evil influence of the Indians seems spreading rapidly.

In the goods yard at Port Florence, I photographed a heap of ivory, the largest tusk weighing a hundred and thirty pounds, a hundred and sixty pounds being the utmost ever reached. Some years ago an individual tusk was sent down from the lake said to have weighed two hundred and forty-two pounds. The largest single shipment of ivory from this port was three tons, and its value in Mombasa fifty-four thousand rupees.

There is no church or mission at this lake-side terminus, although the population, native and foreign, would warrant it. But a day's journey from Port Florence, an American mission has recently established itself with a staff of five missionaries and one child. The mission is located at Kimosa on the border of the Nandi Range, five thousand feet above the sea, overlooking a valley across which Mount Elgon towers ten thousand feet higher. I sought information concerning the mission, and was recommended to see "Dad" Barnes. I found him engaged in moving a three-ton pile-driver at the end of the wharf just beyond where the "Winifred" was moored. This William Barnes,

Englishman, Man-o'-warsman, is a quaint and interesting individual. He has been twenty-five years in the Orient, but only seven in East Africa. His explanation is: "My people are all spliced or dead, gone and scattered, so I have stopped here." I will quote verbatim his account of the missionary work of the Americans and his observations on the surrounding region.

"They have a thousand acres of land, two-thirds of which is arable and the rest forest. It was very cheap, but they had to pay something for it. The country is inhabited by the Kavirondo, a pastoral people, cultivating their own ground, but not for sale, simply for their own needs. In addition they have goats and cattle. They are not a bad lot of people, and they are very friendly with the mission. The Yankees seem to have gone the right way to work. The natives show a great liking for them. Mr. Hole started a school and has fifty boys and girls. They employ forty men for farming, but they have no other industrial work at present. Religious service is held for half an hour every morning, with a very good choir. Chilson has picked up Kavirondo and preaches to them. On Sunday they have a big meeting, and then the chiefs and lots of people from the outlying villages come in. I supplied them with a bell the other day. They used to have an old war drum, but it played out, so I got Civil Engineer Roberts to let me give them four feet of rail, and that fetches them right and left.

"The climate is temperate, something like the Escarpment. You need four blankets if you sleep in a tent. I always measure climate by blankets. If it is a sleeping suit, it is tropical. If you come to one or two blankets, you are rising. It is two here in Port Florence, and four up there where the Yankees are.

They are getting out a water-power saw-mill from the States and intend erecting it on a small mountain stream. Everything grows there that will grow in England or the States. I got some of their popcorn. They gave me some and I planted it up on the hill. Some of the ears are a foot long, and they have still bigger ones up at Kimosa.

"When these Quaker missionaries first came out, they got into conversation with me, just as you have to-day, and I loaned them all the help I could; after that they always would come and stop with me. Then when I got sick, they told me I had got to scoot, and I had to scoot too. They sent down a hammock and men, and I was up there three weeks. They are good fellows, and the women seem just as good. There is a young chief up there who is rather rambucksical. He had an argument with Chilson. He didn't believe this and that, and Chilson climbed up and down him, up one side and down the other, so at last the chief confessed that Chilson was right. Chilson licked him in argument, so now he comes regularly to church. Chilson is a bit of a bull-dog chap. He goes for them and hangs on.

"They have a native chief up there whom Hobley sent up. The young chap's father was a chief and he died, so the young fellow came into his boots; but he was too young to govern the tribe, so they sent him up there to be educated. He is a howling swell too. He wears patent leather boots and a block hat. They are educating him there. He has a retinue of four followers and they follow him, and in the afternoon when we were having a quiet yarn, he would come out with brown boots and a stiff hat. No, he is not like some of the ladies out here who wear two or three beads—full dress. They are cultivating any

amount of European and American vegetables, and growing tomatoes as big as your two fists. It is a fine soil; you have simply to throw the seed down and wait for the rain."

His dilations on the lake, Port Florence, and Sleeping Sickness, with a few rats, mice, ants and chameleons thrown in, are sufficiently interesting to warrant occupying valuable space in this great work. Barnes turned around to see that the pile-driver was being properly swung about, scratched his head and looked at the pea-nut-coloured water of the shallow harbour and said: "There are only nine feet of water in this part of Kavirondo Gulf. Only one fish is found here good to eat, a sort of a perch about ten inches long, with a large bone. There is a little fish something like the sardine, which is very sweet, but bony. Oh, yes, there are also cat-fish and a sea-serpent. Sir Harry Johnston, I believe, had an interview with him, met him one day. There are traditions among the natives about this sea-serpent, but he has met him. That new ship which is being built here was brought up in pieces on the railway; but the "Sir William Mackinnon" was brought up on men's heads. Parts of her are planted all over the jungle where they chucked them down. The lake has risen recently. Whether it is some obstruction in the Nile I don't know. I have always kept the register of the water since I came, and for the last eight months the lake has risen two feet. There is no tide, and a strong wind blowing into the bay will only make it rise six inches. I drove that pier over there which I showed you, and it is now under water. I was telling a greenhorn sort of fellow, and then we pulled his leg. I told him that I had a narrow strike yesterday. 'Why, what did you do?' he said. 'I was driving a pile, and it fell clean through



AN INDIAN STORE IN KAMPALA, UGANDA PROTECTORATE.



A ROYAL PRINCE OF THE BAHIMA IN HIS CHARIOT.
Photograph taken in Uganda.



EDWARD KAHAYA, CHRISTIAN KING OF ANKOLE.
Herbert Clayton reports the King's weight at twenty stone.



WATERCARRIER.

the bottom of the lake, and the water fell six feet in two minutes.' 'How did you stop it?' 'Well, I was afraid the lake was all going to run in, so I got another pile and wrapped it with sacks and stopped the hole.' And he believed it !

" There is nothing much to say about Port Florence except that we have sociable hippos here. They don't attack us. You can go out to the bay and have twenty or thirty close to the boat. You have to pay a heavy licence to shoot them, and I believe this is the reason they are so sociable. On the Nile they will come for you and raise Cain generally ; but here they are quite sociable, as I say. There are plenty of round-nosed crocodiles about here.

" I have only seen a few cases of Sleeping Sickness. I don't believe any Europeans get it. The disease originated in West Africa and came across through the forests. It is worth seeing. They seem in a sort of haze and are limp like a bundle of rags hove down. No motion in them ; their eyes are expressionless and they don't have any movement whatever. They don't care about speaking, don't seem to care to do anything. I believe it is a living death. The first symptom is a swelling of the glands of the throat. The doctor feels the throat, and if these glands are swollen, he knows there is something wrong."

After getting up and giving a few directions concerning the pile-driver, the old salt seated himself on a huge timber and told about the zebra rats and the whistling mice found in this region. He then took a another turn in biology and told of an American naturalist, who came out to collect butterflies and birds for the Rothschilds, and how in Mombasa alone he found over a hundred new species of moths and butterflies. But the specimen collector came to a sad

and untimely end. He took to drinking Painkiller and finally killed himself. "Dad" caught a chameleon and tried to tame him. He put him up a tree and fastened kerosene tins around the trunk and greased them so that the chameleon's feet would not hold. He claims that they are very useful in keeping down insects. As for lions, he testifies that they do not visit Port Florence, but there are many leopards. "When the railroad was being built through Simba, there were two man-eaters there. They were very fond of Bengalis—I suppose it was an acquired taste —and used to sample one or two each day."

The interview was terminated by a disquisition on white ants. He said "that corrugated sheeting puzzles the white ants. Some people say they eat metals. The Bombay mint was robbed of a number of ingots of silver. The natives said it was the white ants, but it was found that it was not. They are horribly destructive brutes. They are eaten by the natives. There is an ant here, a little black beast, and they are always shifting their territory from one side of the road to the other. They get the dust and shovel it out and travel between these elevations, and if you watch them you will see there are some bosses and if you go and touch them you will know all about it. They are up your trousers and everywhere."

I shall recollect Port Florence because of the thunder and lightning, mosquitoes, and lack of all religious buildings and teaching whatsoever. On Monday I went on board the "Winifred," the first time I have floated on the great Victoria Nyanza. Indeed, it is only a few years since Dad Barnes or some other ancient mariner could sing

> "We were the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea."

The sky was bright, the air cool, although Port Florence is only nine miles south of the equator. The "Winifred" left her moorings at high noon, nearly ten o'clock at London. Quaint old Dad Barnes watched the Indians slip the loops off the mooring posts, and the twin screws stirred up the mud, while a dozen whites stood on the jetty to see us off. The new corrugated iron residences on Kibuye Hill for the government officials, the jail and other public buildings on the highlands, and the large rectangle of the railway yard on the shore made distinct lines on our left across the fading landscape. On the opposite side as we steamed out were the Kusuku huts, bazaar, and Union Jack all blown to shreds, the most ragged British flag I have ever seen. The iron-roofed hospital building was last seen some twenty minutes after leaving the wharf, surrounded by native huts, where are a score of cases of Sleeping Sickness with their accompanying tales of sadness. The rugged, low-lying coast line, the Escarpment and the Nandi mountains making a wavy horizon, fill up the picture of the Kusumu side of the gulf.

This second largest fresh water lake on the planet is named after Queen Victoria. I left Port Florence on the steamer "Winifred," having photographed the new ship "Sybil" lying on the stocks, and headed for Entebbe, which is known to many as Port Alice. The nomenclature is rather feminine, but there is a good mail service. The dhow is a hundred and seventy-five feet in length between perpendiculars, and with a full cargo she draws six feet in fresh water. She is schooner rigged, has two pole masts, and derricks for working cargo. When loaded, she goes off at ten knots an hour. She carries an old cannon, never yet loaded, and inspiring fear lest anyone should be told off to fire it; also two huge lightning rods, which are needed

on Lake Victoria. The skipper tells me that in May and June they steam through water-spouts of flies. I have myself witnessed a storm of insects which have been drifted across the lake to the shore ; vast clouds of them swarm a few feet above the water. The "Winifred" is making her seventeenth trip. She carries four officers and twenty-eight sailors, and accommodates thirteen passengers at the saloon table. In the poop are dining-room and six state-rooms, fitted with Hoskin's patent berths. Her woodwork is teak, polished and fitted up with jalousie panels. Her engines are of the twin-screw, triple expansion surface condensing type. She uses eighty-two tons, or about twenty-seven cords of wood for a round trip *via* Jinga. The vessel cost nine thousand seven hundred and thirty-four pounds, with an additional expense for tools to rebuild her on Victoria Nyanza of eight hundred and sixty pounds. All the passengers at the first-class table take intoxicants except my secretary and myself. On Saturday, when I was getting a credit cashed, the supply agent for the "Winifred" came in a great flurry wanting whiskey, for he said he had "just received a telegram that the Commissioner is coming and a lot of big people, and I must have a case of whiskey."

At three P.M., Homa Mountain was off our port beam. It is seventeen hundred feet above the lake. I first wrote it "above the tide." Were that so, it would make a big hole. The surface of the lake is three thousand six hundred and fifty feet above the sea, its bottom rather less. It has been properly buoyed and triangulated. Sentinel Island is inhabited only by birds, which took to wing when the skipper blew the whistle. It is reported that in olden days people who were no longer wanted by their tribesmen were transported to this island, and there left to die of hunger.

At five o'clock, we let go the starboard anchor in forty-eight feet. Distance run, forty-three miles, to romantic Rusinga, an island six miles by four. It is important for its lime, which is not found on the mainland. I went ashore in the skipper's gig and made peace with the natives by salutations. I saw some very fine cattle, and some hippo tracks, and took several photographs of the Kavirondo villages and villagers. The natives were experts in decoying birds right into their villages. In one hamlet I saw a score of live quail in individual closed baskets.

The government is making arrangements to erect a few lights so that the north end of the lake may be navigated at night with safety. The captain of the "Winifred" tells me that he can make the run at night as it is, but that he gets no thanks for taking the risk, and hence elects to cast his anchor in some convenient nook and wait for the light. On Wednesday, August nineteenth, at four A.M., the Fahrenheit thermometer registered seventy degrees, and there were light, variable airs with an atmosphere calm but hazy. The temperature from April to August never seems to exceed seventy-eight. We started at six.

The floating islands amidst which the ship steamed at various times were indescribably beautiful. The flowers, the papyrus, the birds, make a fairy-like oasis in the desert of water, fit place for the gathering of the light and airy beings born of the imagination of the ancient poet. One good look at these floating bits of landscape, and they remain indelibly on the memory. The lake is a beautiful deep blue when once out of the shallow Kavirondo Gulf. This Victoria Nyanza is a bright expanse of water having, as nearly as I can make out, an average length of two hundred and fifty miles and an average width of two hundred. The

north coast is beaded with islands large and small, along a string of which we threaded our way : some bare rocks covered with the guano of ages and inhabited by cormorants, others fertile and capable of supporting a teeming population. The Sesse Archipelago in the north-east is composed of one large and eight or nine smaller islands, all inhabited, save only where the fearful Sleeping Sickness has wiped out the population. In the sail across from east to west, we left to the north, Buvuma, *The Isle of Death*, a dark and gloomy patch in the ultramarine of the surrounding water. Its story is enough to give one the blues. One chieftain says that when he came to a certain village not many moons ago, it had eighteen hundred inhabitants, but now numbers a few more than one hundred and eighty ; in another place where there were three hundred and fifty heads of families, there can now be counted but fifty. An island that twelve moons ago had twenty-two thousand inhabitants, now has only eight thousand. The natives say that hyenas have appeared since Sleeping Sickness has swept over the island, they were not there before. Whether they have caught the odour of decaying bodies and swum over from the mainland is unknown. It is not probable that they have come by spontaneous generation.

After a day's trip of a hundred and ten miles, we anchored at five-thirty in the harbour of the "Chair," which is the meaning of the native word Entebbe. The "Sir William Mackinnon" was lying by the small jetty. A few houses were visible in the cleared jungle of the foreshore, while on the top of the charming hill some four hundred feet above the lake waved the Union Jack. I went ashore in the skipper's gig and landed at the custom-house wharf and took off a missionary to dinner with me on the steamer. It was dark when I

again went ashore. When approaching the native sentinel he called out, "Halt, who goes there," I replied "A friend," to which the ready answer was given, "Pass, friend, for all is well." A large Protestant church has been in course of erection here. The foundations are laid and about four feet of the wall built. This has been covered with grass, and work suspended, as the advisability of removing the entire population from the lake shore in the infected districts is under serious consideration.

It was February of 1901 when the brothers Cook, skilful physicians and surgeons in the hospital at Mengo, treated the first published case of the so-called Sleeping Sickness east of the vast Pigmy Forest. Since then there have been sixty-eight thousand deaths, of which ten thousand have been in the last four months, an average of eighty daily. In one village of forty families, only six healthy people are left. A woman came who has lost husband and two sons, two others were dying and one was still well.

The British Government sent out Colonel Bruce to study this awful scourge. The infected area has been mapped, and in East Africa it proves to be confined to the shores of the Lake, the islands and valleys of the Nile and the interior near Ensoga. It stops some short distance up the hillsides, and is checked by a fifty-mile stretch of sandy, rocky coast. It has long been known on the west coast, and apparently has travelled across up the Congo. It is spreading into new areas and becoming more virulent as it goes. By February, 1903, it reached Port Florence, and the danger is great that it will travel down the Nile to Egypt, or down the rail to Mombasa, and so to India. Hence, the hospital at the terminus segregates all cases recognised.

It is, however, difficult to detect the malady in the early stages, and though the disease is invariably fatal, it seldom kills within a month and may be two years in running its course. The temperature at first is fairly normal, then rises, especially at night ; in the last week it falls four or five degrees below normal. The lymphatic system is slightly enlarged. The gait is often weak and staggering ; there is much trembling, especially of the hands and tongue, till control over the limbs is lost. The patient becomes listless and stupid, sinks into coma, and dies. Once the disease has established itself, there is not much mental distress, but one native on receiving the fatal verdict burst out, " What can my wife cultivate now ? What is the good of her cultivating now ? "

The commission investigating the disease has established laboratories at Entebbe. Guinea-pigs, dogs, rabbits, donkeys and goats seem safe, but monkeys can be infected ; so as they are easily procured, easily fed, and not liable to other diseases, dozens of them are isolated and each is provided with a box and a post to which he is chained. In them the sickness develops slowly, and only three have yet died. By examining the blood of any infected animal, whether man or monkey, the disease has been associated with a certain microscopic protozoon. Colonel Bruce showed me some under a microscope magnifying five hundred diameters. It then appeared to be half an inch long, mostly tail, but with a nucleus and a sort of fin. Its size is small, but its power for mischief is great. A most alarming feature is that this parasite, which has been named *trypanosoma* has been found in the blood of white men as well as in natives. This fact is startling ; till lately it was supposed that whites were safe, but now there seems to be grave danger, and it



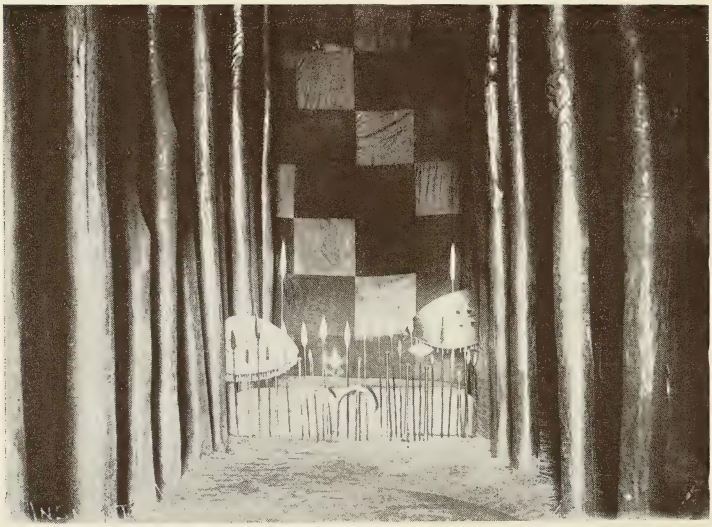
MISSIONARY MILLER, HIS SCHOOL AND SOME OF THE STUDENTS, NAMIREMBE HILL, UGANDA.



A STREET ON NAMIREMBE HILL MENGO, UGANDA.



THE GREAT TOMB OF MTESA, MENGO, UGANDA.
The lightning rod is a wide copper ribbon.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE GREAT TOMB OF MTESA, MENGO, UGANDA.
A rare photograph.

may well be agreed that when this animalcule is present an early stage of the disease has already set in. Yet it is sometimes present for several months before the disease appears. On the west coast, a few whites have this trypanosoma, but they had not connected its presence with the Sleeping Sickness. Colonel Bruce did not know of any white man who had died with these symptoms, but it is to be feared that the wife of a Congo missionary has succumbed to it since. The test for the bacillus is to take ten cubic centimetres of blood and centrifuge it, then draw off the clear fluid and centrifuge again, and then repeat the process a third time.

It is evident that the presence in the blood is not necessarily fatal, and the later symptoms suggest derangement of the nerves. The cerebro-spinal fluid has therefore been examined, and in every fatal case the trypanosoma has been found in the brain.

The creature is introduced into the system by the bite of a fly. The method of verifying this was ingenious. On one map a red dot was placed wherever a case of Sleeping Sickness was known, and a yellow dot wherever a victim travelled inland. On a similar map a blue dot was placed wherever one species of biting fly was found, a red dot wherever another species was found. No connection has been established between the travelling victims and the spread of the disease, so it seems that it is not contagious. The blue dots are not related to the infected areas, so that suspected fly is honourably acquitted and leaves the court without a stain on his character. But the two series of red dots correspond exactly, and it seems to follow that the sickness breeds the tsetse fly or that the bite of the tsetse fly breeds the sickness, or that the fly and the sickness are joint effects of some other

cause. Public opinion blames the fly. It seems useless to offer a reward for each tsetse fly brought in, dead or alive, for from the waters of the lake they rise in clouds. Mosquitoes can easily be prevented breeding by draining swamps or covering them with oil; but it is a large contract to keep all Lake Victoria coated with a film of kerosene. Yet prevention is better than cure.

And in this case it is easier, for although the source and nature of the disease are fairly understood, no remedy has yet been devised. Tonics are given, but so far have not stimulated the leucocytes in the blood up to the pitch of devouring all the intruders. The experts intend to take live trypanosoma to Europe in the blood of a monkey, and there to experiment till they discover some anti-toxin or some species of friendly bacillus that they can imbue with a deadly hatred of the parasite, so that if injected into the blood it will hunt it down and exterminate it. It is very much to be hoped that the experimental trypanosoma will be carefully watched; if they break loose in the street of London, not even the traditional tenderness of the Englishman for " the little 'un " will avail them. Meantime we strongly advise a heavy export duty on the tsetse fly, and do not recommend protection in his case. Retaliation would be a better policy.

CHAPTER VII

The English Capital and the Native Capital
Entebbe, Mengo-the-Beautiful and a Visit to the King

Obwesigi bwingi bukabuzaho ekikere omukira—
Too much self-confidence lost the frog his tail.
Lunyoro Proverb:

ONLY three pale pink Europeans were living at Port Alice in 1893, the original Entebbe being two miles nearer the end of the porous peninsula. Two years later Commissioner Barclay fixed on it as the best place on the lake shore for the headquarters of the administration of the Uganda Protectorate. Those who care about the political aspect of the African map may remember that in 1890, Germany and England drew a line from the coast to the lake, north of which only the British might make treaties with the native chiefs. For a time a British East African Company tried to exploit the district, but retired in favour of direct Imperial control. "East Africa" is one Protectorate with capital at Mombasa; "Uganda" is another, covering one hundred and fifty thousand square miles and a population of five millions. Its nucleus was the ancient kingdom of Uganda with the

native capital at Mengo-the-Beautiful, though there are also other native kingdoms, Ankole, Toro, etc. Modern boundaries are somewhat artificial, and far-sighted officials like "The Mighty Atom," Sir Harry Johnston, would abolish them, using the splendid Nandi plateau for a white man's settlement, where should be built a new capital for all British East Africa, within three weeks of London. Meantime Entebbe remains the administrative centre of Uganda.

It was chosen because it was already of some slight importance, near the lake, a peninsula of porous rock, easily drained, and promising to be healthy. Port Alice was laid out with broad streets, English residences, lawns, stores, bazaars and a botanical garden. Unhappily the site has proved unhealthy, although there was a small jungle near which the Commissioner cut down lest mosquitoes should breed. The very convicts and warders need quinine daily, and can only work alternate days ! When the dread Sleeping Sickness made its appearance on the lake-side, that gave the finishing touch. Unfortunately, the offices were erected at Entebbe with barracks for the Ugandese, Nubians and picked Indian troops. On the other side of Flagstaff Hill, which rises four hundred feet above the lake, several native huts are clustered, and the name Entebbe is given loosely to all three settlements. As it means The Chair, it is appropriate for a capital. While dealing with vocabulary, the nature of the language may be illustrated by saying that one native is a Muganda, several are Baganda, they speak Luganda, and live in Uganda.

The native population musters nearly four thousand, and maintains a flourishing market. The provision dealers stock matoki hot steamed bananas, gonja cooked and caked bananas, mahoga native flour,

papias, sugar-cane and meats. Drapers display gaudy blankets, print goods and the favourite Americani from Pelzer, South Carolina. The European population is about sixty, including ten ladies who have done wonders in civilizing the peninsula.

The next night after my arrival in Entebbe, a brilliant function was given by Colonel Sadler, the Commissioner. The Residency was brilliantly illuminated with kerosene lamps carrying shades of yellow, pink and other colours. The reception room was beautifully decorated with plants and flowers from the Residency gardens and the Botanical Garden. Vases of roses were in great profusion. Twelve ladies were in attendance, and twice as many gentlemen, including both Anglican and Roman bishops. At supper a whole sucking pig made its appearance, and claret cup followed ham, tongue and chicken sandwiches down the throats of the jolly guests. The charming wife of the Commissioner presided over the evening's pleasures with consummate grace. Topical songs were greatly enjoyed, as was a selection by the wife of Colonel Bruce, while nine dances kept the ladies well exercised. Here in the midst of Uganda, this extraordinary display of a modern civilization, as exemplified by the pick of the foreign society of the place, was in remarkable contrast to the immediate physical and intellectual native environment.

I spent Sunday in Entebbe and found three buildings in which foreigners worship on this peninsula. The first is the Mohammedan mosque used largely by the Swahilis. Wherever the government or Indians or Arabs go, Mohammedanism goes. Then not far from the sea shore, further towards the point, the French Catholics carry on a fairly vigorous work in a large brick building constructed by natives. They reported

that in the whole Protectorate there are over sixty thousand baptized converts, and more than one hundred thousand under instruction, but not yet baptized. From June, 1901, to June, 1902, nine thousand five hundred adults and four thousand nine hundred children had been christened. Père Brescon preached a sermon in English at the eight-thirty service, which was listened to by some thirty Goanese and Europeans in one wing of the church. The priest read the story of the good Samaritan from the Gospel of Luke and then gave the following explanation, which is quoted verbatim :—

" A certain man fell among thieves who stripped him. There was a certain lawyer who stood up and tempted Jesus and said, ' Who is my neighbour ? ' Who is this wounded man, my dear brethren ? This wounded man is the pagan society which is in the hands of the devil. We must pray for them because they are all in their sins and will go to hell.

" Who is this wounded man ? Yourself and myself. We are wounded by the sin, by false company, by bad company, by bad passions which wound our hearts. When Jesus came in this world, He saw the poor condition of the community ; all sects of the Jews, and all the Gentiles are in the hands of the devil. And then he instituted sacraments, especially the sacrament of penance, to cure the souls, and we must go to Him. There is a word from St. Augustine, ' Who prays well, lives well.' I think, my dear brethren, we must also say, ' Who confesses well lives well.' I go further and say, What is the reason so many men go to hell ? It is not because men have committed many sins, but because they have not made good confession. There are some men in this world to whom Jesus said, ' Whose sins ye shall remit shall

be remitted, and whose ye shall forgive shall be forgiven.' Who were these men, my dear brethren? These are the priests. My dear brethren, there must be someone in this world who has the same power as Jesus Christ. Let us go to His representative, the priest. Let us be forgiven our sins. If not, we will go to hell, if not we will go to hell. What bad condition for eternity!' '

At the Church of England in the afternoon, the building was full to hear the Bishop preach. The Commissioner read the Scriptures and the Bishop delivered a powerful sermon. The last man had to bring in a chair, so large was the attendance; but it is distressingly small when the Bishop is not there.

While looking about Entebbe, I purchased two "chop" boxes and had them filled with condensed milk, rice, oatmeal, etc., and under the persuasive eloquence of Bishop Tucker proceeded to procure a tent, before starting off for Mengo-the-Beautiful, the old capital of the native kingdom. In all my travels in all parts of this world—and on this journey alone I have already gone nearly one hundred thousand miles—I have never carried a tent. Having decided to get one, I patriotically purchased Americani, the great trade goods of Uganda and British East Africa, and had one constructed nine feet in length. A broad road runs from Entebbe to Mengo which caravans traverse in six hours. On the way I spent an hour visiting the Ankole village. A chaplain to the Ankole relates how on one occasion he camped in a dirty little village of Wanyakayana and noticed a native man sweeping out a part of a hut. As the proceeding was very extraordinary, he requested an explanation. The native gave the ready reply that the cows were to sleep there. The

chaplain then asked if they would sweep out the hut for a man, to which the black-skin gave the prompt word, "No." "But is not a man of more value than a cow?" "Why, of course not; does not a cow give milk?" The people of this village are Bahima, members of one of the tribes of Ankole. No one knows exactly where the Ankole came from, but their faces when seen in profile resemble the Somalis, and some think they came originally from Busoka. They are a very different type from the natives of Uganda, lips thinner and faces longer. Apart from their colour and hair, their faces are almost European, and they seem African John Bulls. They are the cowherds of the Protectorate.

In Mbara, the first object of interest was a big hole with a pile of cinders by its side. This was a Bahima bath, arranged by filling the hole with hot stones and pouring in water. Almost a day is required in its preparation, but as the chief, like his people, seldom bathes, this is not to be considered a great hardship. Chief Igumira, Healthy Man, who is held in durance here by the authorities, is a son of the King of Ankole. He is a heavy, powerful warrior, over six feet in height, has a defective eye, but carries himself with a chieftainly bearing. When I asked him how long since he came from his father's capital, he said, "A cow is born six times since I came here from Ankole." Interesting evidence as to the belief in trans-migration! He has a royal basket in which he is conveyed by twelve of his tribesmen when visiting outside the huts of his own village.

Mengo-the-Beautiful is the general name of five building-capped hills on and between which live some thousands of people; and a particular appellation for the hill on which the King's palace is located. On



CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S HOSPITAL FOR NATIVES, MENGO, UGANDA.



BISHOP TUCKER'S RESIDENCE, UGANDA.



A DISTANT VIEW OF THE GREAT THREE STEEPLE NATIVE ENGLISH CATHEDRAL, HILL OF PEACE, MENGO, UGANDA. THE FINEST BUILDING BETWEEN THE NILE AND THE CONGO

one of the two horns of Namirembe Hill, the Hill of Peace, stands the Protestant cathedral, built of native materials and by native workmen, a most creditable affair. Bishop Tucker's thatched house built of wattle and daub occupies the other horn and affords a view seldom matched in the world. From this vantage point you see on your right the Hill of Flaying, Rabaga, where are the White Fathers, named for their dress. Kampala or the fort, containing official buildings, rises in front and between the two Mengo Hills, while behind is Mtesa's hut tomb, and the industrial mission. Beyond all rise the green mountains of Uganda, tier upon tier, to the broken sky-line in the usually hazy distance, with a dash of Victoria Nyanza thrown in. Like ancient Samaria, Namirembe is surrounded by a valley beyond which rise hills and mountains like a vast amphitheatre, suitable for a congregation of ancient gods. No view that I have seen in all the world is suggested by this prodigious plantain landscape, save only that from the Angus Hill near Mount Douglas, inland in the savage New Guinea. This entrancing scenery is difficult to describe, but it is a spot to be visited, photographed and remembered, beyond most others which even extensive travellers may have seen. May the day be far distant, however, when personally conducted tourists come up from Mombasa or the Nile, to gaze on it. There are already two excellent Cooks at better work, and too many might spoil the broth.

The Cathedral is the most elaborate native structure in the kingdom. It occupies a lofty situation, very much to the disgust of certain government officials who live on another hill considerably lower. It is surrounded by school buildings, the immediate grounds being thus occupied to an extent precluding

my taking a photograph of the entire exterior of the sacred edifice. In front is a row of graves, at the head of each of which stands a cross bearing an inscription in metal ; among them is the grave of Bishop Hannington. Built of a quarter of a million of large unburnt bricks made by the natives, with a grass roof and three thatched towers, the whole appearance of the structure is in sympathy with the immediate and distant landscape. The auditorium looks capable of seating three thousand. It is ceiled with fine reed work, probably a half million reeds washed, scraped and artistically tied having been necessary to complete the job. The very existence of this structure indicated the remarkable influence the industrial missions have on this native race. But in dealing with the people of Uganda and in contrasting them with other black-skinned peoples, the fact must be borne in mind that these natives have for hundreds of years possessed an ancient semi-civilization. It is beyond question that the influence of the Egyptian has been felt at the sources of the Nile. On the east side of the first platform, where the choir stalls will be placed, the Katikiro, or Prime Minister, sits during the service. The King is too young to come such a distance, and has a church in the royal enclosure where he worships. On Cathedral Hill, the Protestant Christian activities centre. The attendance at service is large. The Bishop honoured the Author by inviting him to discourse to the Sunday morning congregation, though exigencies of language compelled the help of Archdeacon Walker as interpreter. When he arose to speak an audience of over two thousand were present, the men occupying one side of the building and the women the other. The attention was universal and complete. An American organ assisted in the services,

the bulk of the crowd was dressed in American print, and the audience was addressed by an American speaker.

This hill is not idle on weekdays. In some English towns the expensive religious plant is allowed to be idle the greater part of the time, but under this tropical sun things hustle. About a thousand pupils gather on the Summit of Peace during five days for instruction, while near the cathedral live the whole Protestant missionary community of the capital. A hundred feet lower down than the cathedral, the skilful doctors Cook see thousands of patients annually and dispense bushels of pills. These men are equally active in evangelistic work. I attended an open-air meeting conducted by them in the bazaar on Nakasera Hill, and found the senior surgeon bad at estimating the size of a crowd; I whispered to him and asked how many were present, and he said eighty; I counted the attendance and there were a hundred and fifty. Some people would suggest that it is best to err on the side of the less rather than the more, when reporting attendances at religious meetings. With this I am unwilling to agree. When the open-air meeting was ended, the ladies rode their bicycles down the hill, followed by a leaping, running, gesticulating, shouting crowd of curly-headed natives. Had they been cannibals seeking a square meal, the ladies must have had a lively time. The women's work is vigorously prosecuted and a fine body of Christian ladies and gentlemen represent the Church of England. A more sane, sympathetic and substantial body of Christian workers would be difficult to find on this planet.

It was a most enjoyable week that I spent at Bishop's Court on Namirembe Hill. Several times I heard loud shouting from Kampala and beheld a small mob of

natives, some of whom had travelled a long distance, gathered on the bare parade ground to pay their hut tax, three rupees a year. I do not remember ever having seen a more jolly and apparently delighted body of tax payers than these dark citizens of Uganda.

On Sunday evening, my last day in Mengo, while standing on the Hill of Peace and taking a long, last look at the wonderful landscape, I said to a young man passing, "Are you a Christian?" He paused, saluted, and must have misunderstood my meaning, for he replied, "No." Then he dropped his head and thought for a moment and looked up and said, "Christ?" I answered, "Yes." His countenance bore a solemn aspect as if in deep study of a most serious problem when he replied, "I know Him." This led to some more meditation on my part, for here lies involved the whole story of Christian missions in the Kingdom of Uganda. Kings and princes, this black lad will likely never be intimate with, and perchance not even with the dark chieftains of his own people. But he says, "I know Him." How became he acquainted with the One whom he calls Christ? He must have been introduced by someone knowing both the dark lad and the Master. Then too, he says this in the English language. It is certainly a tremendous statement made at sunset on the Hill of Peace. He could hardly have made a sublimer assertion; and whether he dies of the dreaded Sleeping Sickness and his body lies buried under an earthen mound soon to be washed away, and all human trace of him obliterated, this will be his password and gain for him entrance to the palace of the greatest, the King of Kings. He passed on, but "I know Him" tarried.

Part of the week's stay in Mengo was occupied in making preparations for the long tramp through the

very heart of the Dark Continent, including the vast Pigmy Forest to the Aruwimi River. Meantime, even a good republican might be excused for paying a visit to the King of Uganda. Archdeacon Walker, Chaplain Millar and myself, accompanied by Nathaniel River Dry-skin carrying my photographic apparatus, started from the Bishop's residence on the top of Namirembe Hill, went between the Cook brothers' dispensary and the new hospital buildings down the main road leading from the three-steepled cathedral to The Grind-Stones, Mengo. This road hurries along a ridge for some distance, the water on the east running into the lake and the water on the west direct into the Nile. Leaving the brilliant native market on the right and descending the hill, behold the residence of the Third Minister, who apart from conspicuous political position is also a minister of the Gospel. In the middle of this broad road a row of trees two hundred and twenty yards apart had been planted by the Prime Minister to enable the chiefs of the kingdom to measure out the land in accordance with the treaty drawn up by Johnston in the year of grace nineteen hundred. At the bottom of the hill we crossed the main road from Kampala to Entebbe, along which runs the telegraph line, ascended the slope of The Hill-of-Mengo, and, diverging to the left, entered the enclosure of the Prime Minister. He and other chiefs were in consultation, and after a very pleasant talk with them, our party went on toward the King's enclosure. But I soon stopped to take a photograph of a Kagange, waiting house, within the outer fence of the King's grounds. This outer fence, made of reeds set diagonally, forming a series of diamonds, is almost two miles in circumference. At the main gateway was a brazier kept constantly burning. During the day the fire is in the

house ; at night it is placed in the centre of the front gate as a sign that the king lives. Upon the king's death the fire is extinguished, and formerly when a successor was elected, a new fire was started from the tinder-box of the Senkole, Head Executioner. This trio of officials makes one think of our Arabian Night friends, Caliph, Vizier and Executioner. In the good old days, the King's palace was in the tenth enclosure, but now, owing to the necessities of the times, it is only in the third.

The King I found living in a brick house with a galvanised iron roof. He is a nice boy seven years of age, has a fine face, and usually wears a long white night-shirt with a large silk handkerchief in the pocket, a vest, and over all a fine silk garment called a bushuti. On his head he wears a white embroidered cap. He is the son of the old rascal Mwanga, but gives promise of becoming a very sensible ruler. After taking his photograph, I intimated that I would like to take a picture of the King on his throne. In a few minutes men started on a dead run, and promptly returned trotting along with the throne, the royal carpet and the leopard skin. These are both held sacred, and in former days it was death to tread upon them. The royal robes in which the King dressed himself consisted of a long black bushuti embroidered with gold and silver, and a white embroidered cap. In his hand was a drum major's staff. When the chair was brought, it was covered by the Union Jack. The King signed his name and handed it to me, after which I went in to view the house. Where King Daudi Chwa sleeps there are extra beds occupied by guards, and sentinels sleep around the house throughout the night. At the door of the King's residence is a notice posted up on the wood-work. It reads as follows :—

" Mengo, August 23rd, 1903.

" This notice is written by me, Apolo Kagwa, Prime Minister of Uganda, to keep the palace of the Kabaka King that it may be held in honour. It is good for the King to get up at six o'clock to pray to God, so that he may pray properly, without being sleepy. Also it is not well for those who do not sleep in the King's house to wake him up and ask him how he slept. When the King has washed his face, those who do not sleep in his rooms may ask him, ' How did you sleep ? ' and they should ask this when he is sitting in his hall. This is all to give honour to the King. This is the law of the King's house. Now all ye who sleep there, observe it ! "

CHAPTER VIII

Alfred R. Tucker, Bishop of Uganda

A BIOGRAPHY

> Lubare ombere, ngotadeko nembiro—You may say, "Lubare, help me," when you are exerting yourself to run.
>
> *Uganda Proverb.*

THE chair of King Mtesa is to be found to-day at Bishop's Court, and is most worthily filled by Bishop Tucker, a true king of men. Few have witnessed such stupendous changes in a nation, and fewer still have helped to make them. Look at him amidst the books of his library. About the room are divers spears and combination shields and stools. On the floor is a leopard skin, and on the many shelves are valuable volumes and sketches made by himself, while on the wall is the motto,

> "Where is thy flock,
> Thy beautiful flock?"

What is the story of Alfred Tucker's life? For truly does Hegel say, "A great man condemns the world to the task of explaining him." The Bishop is an artist and the son of an artist, brought up in Westmoreland among the hills and dales of the Lake Country, near the homes of Wordsworth, Southey



ALFRED ROBERT TUCKER, BISHOP OF UGANDA, ON HIS FAMOUS MULE BY THE GATE TO MTESA'S TOMB, MENGO, UGANDA.



THE GREAT CATHEDRAL DRUMS, MENGO. Natives say these drums can be heard at a distance of 15 miles.

and Coleridge. Their associations are among his earliest memories, their haunts were his haunts, and the hills and dales in which they delighted were the delight of the future bishop.

The study of nature in the Lake District entailed a large amount of active out-door exercise, mountain climbing, and so forth. He and his brothers being possessed as young men with the spirit of emulation, when they heard in 1876 that some traveller had climbed three of the highest mountains in the Lake District, in one day, determined to outdo him. They started from Langdale at four o'clock on a beautiful morning in the month of June, and made their way through Langdale, past Dungeon Ghyll, up the side of Bowfell nearly three thousand feet above the sea level. Thence on to Esk House, up Great End, to the summit of Scafell, the highest mountain in England, three thousand one hundred and sixty-six feet above the tide, by eight o'clock. Down to Styhead Pass, and into Borrowdale, past Lodore, through Keswick, and from thence to Skiddaw by one o'clock, after twenty-five miles. After resting a quarter of an hour, the young artists rushed down the sides of the mountain into the valley of St. John, and on and on to Thirlmere. "The brow of mighty Helvellyn" was at first enveloped in mist, but at eight o'clock they stood on the summit looking towards the setting sun, the mists all cleared away and the view with which they were rewarded was something beyond description—glorious. Rapidly descending into the valley of Grasmere, past Rydal into Ambleside, and to Skelwith Bridge, home was reached at a quarter to twelve at night. Altogether, they had been nineteen hours and three-quarters on the road, during which they climbed these four highest mountains,

involving ten thousand feet of climbing; and had marched some sixty-five or seventy miles. The feat was done on temperance principles; they had nothing but water to drink on the road. That climb has been the record for the last twenty years so far as is known. A splendid unconscious preparation for a life-work and a prophecy of an uphill climb successfully achieved.

Alfred Tucker's first picture in the Royal Academy was painted nearly thirty years ago. It represented a midnight scene in Leicester. There was the empty street, empty save for one solitary figure. Rain clouds were clearing away from the face of the moon. Cold and cheerless outside, the warm light from the windows on either side of the street gave indication of comfort and happiness, but without was the solitary figure of a woman with a child in her arms. The feeling expressed in this picture was an indication of much that was working in his mind.

For many years he had been engaged in Christian work—Sunday school teaching when a lad of eighteen; then temperance work as he grew older. All the dales in the heart of the Lake District were taken in hand with the object of pressing temperance among the many intemperate dalesmen, and Band of Hope work was so successfully pushed that in Langdale there was not a single child that was of an age to join who was not an enrolled member. It soon became a question, as Christian work grew upon him, as to whether he was to shake himself free from it so as to devote himself entirely to art, or whether he was to give up his profession and devote himself entirely to Christian work. As time passed by this question became more pressing, until at last he felt there was no other alternative but to relinquish art and continue to do that work which in God's providence seemed to have come to

him to be done. Instead of merely painting the homeless, he decided to seek them out and bring them to the Father's home.

To qualify himself more entirely for the work, he determined to go to Oxford. In 1882, on St. Thomas' Day, he was ordained by the Bishop of Gloucester. His first curacy was at Clifton, near Bristol, with E. P. Hathway, vicar of St. Andrew the Less, Dowry Square. When after two years the vicar resigned the living, he accepted a curacy at St. Nicholas, Durham, with H. E. Fox as vicar. Alfred Tucker and Henry Fox had lively times in Durham. On one occasion when conducting an open-air Sunday-closing demonstration, they were pelted with assorted vegetables, flour and eggs. Fox was the son of an old Indian missionary, Henry Watson Fox, one of the founders of the Telugu Mission. Of course, he was imbued with the missionary spirit, and Tucker soon found himself engaged whenever opportunity occurred in advocating the cause of missions.

The way in which Christian workers were crowding one upon the other, both at Clifton and Durham, strengthened in his mind the conviction of the necessity of making room and going forth into the regions beyond. The work at Durham was a very happy work, almost entirely among poor people. In itself it was a missionary work. Still that did not satisfy him. Christian workers abounded on every hand, and he thought to himself one day, " the Gospel has been preached in this city of Durham at any rate for a thousand years, and away yonder in Africa and many other parts of the world there are millions who have never heard of Christ." Communicating his thoughts to friends and relatives at home, he got a very urgent letter from his brothers saying that his determination to go out

as a missionary had so affected his father's health that they feared the result would be fatal if he persevered in it. On the counsel of friends, he decided that he must postpone his departure. Three years passed and his father's health improved, so he felt that the obstacle had been removed. He then wrote to the Church Missionary Society and asked if they had an opening for him in East Africa. The response was immediate, and he was asked to go to London to see the secretary, Prebendary Wigram. They talked things over, and it seemed that what they wished him to do was to go out to East Africa, taking the leadership of a party that was then forming under the auspices of Douglas Hooper, to start a new mission in East Africa, and possibly eventually to make his way to Uganda. Shortly after, the Prebendary having communicated with the Archbishop of Canterbury, Alfred Tucker received an offer of the bishopric of Eastern Equatorial Africa. This was the first instance of a curate becoming a bishop. On the twenty-fifth of April, 1890, the curate was consecrated by Archbishop Benson, with the assistance of Dr. Temple, Bishop French of Lahore in India, and Bishop Loystan, formerly of Mauritius. The same evening he started on his way to East Africa.

The year of his ordination he had married and has one child. Both wife and child were left behind, as the conditions of life in Africa in those days were such that it was impossible to take a wife and young child there. He must of necessity have left them at the coast during his travels in the interior, and they both felt that it was best for them to stay at home. There is no warmer friend of missions than Mrs. Tucker, and she has done much to support the work in a most self-sacrificing way.

The party had a fair voyage out, and eighteen days later found them at Mombasa, where they were greeted with very sad news. One of the party that had preceded them to Mombasa, a man named Cotter, had died that morning and was just about to be buried. This, of course, was a heavy blow. However, the new bishop soon set to work to see what the prospects were for a journey to Uganda, which he had determined to make. He must of necessity, he gathered, travel through German territory. So he held a confirmation service at Freretown, then went on to Zanzibar, where his caravan was organized, and on the tenth of July started in company with Stokes, well known as a caravan leader, who had more than two thousand men. At first there were eight missionaries; but another member of the party soon failed in health, and was sent back to the hospital at Zanzibar, where a few days later he died. Two of the party had thus passed away.

Slowly they went on their way up through an almost unknown territory until they reached the mission stations of Mamboya and Kisokwe, near Mpwapewa. There the bishop held confirmations and generally examined and organized the work. Then passing on they found themselves in the country of the Ugogo, and it was not long before the party learned something of the nature of the people through whose country they were passing. Two of their porters were brained as they were tramping through the forest and their loads taken from them. A little later Bishop Tucker told the leader that he felt the country was in a dangerous condition; he could see men with shields and spears pass in the distance, and he felt that there was some disturbance in prospect. It was not long before two German soldiers that were with Stokes'

caravan were murdered, and the way was blocked by thousands of savages with spears and seines, short swords. Fighting was out of the question, for as a missionary party they were absolutely unarmed. The only thing to do was to enter into negotiations with the leader of these people, but it was some four or five days before an arrangement was made for them to go on their way.

Eventually they made their way onward till they found themselves in the great country of the Unyamwezi, a country with a teeming population absolutely untouched by missionaries. The missionaries longed to settle down and do something for them, but their destination was Uganda. And so they travelled on until they found themselves close to Victoria Nyanza at a place called Usambiro. It was there Mackay had died only a few months before ; and it was there the remains of Bishop Parker, Alfred Tucker's predecessor, were resting ; it was there that his colleague Blackburn was also laid to rest !

On arriving at Usambiro the bishop was intensely disappointed to find that means of crossing the lake were wanting. No canoes had arrived from Uganda, and the boat belonging to the mission had left Usambiro only a few days before their arrival. Under these circumstances it was determined to start off to a distant mission station called Nasa, one hundred miles away. The journey was accomplished and the bishop was on his way back when he heard to his sorrow that another of the party had been called home. In the bishop's absence the whole party had been struck with fever. One of the others was very, very ill, and in ten days' time he had been taken home. Evidently, like Gideon's thirty-two thousand, they were too many. Then came the bishop's turn. He fell ill with fever,

and attack followed attack. Then ophthalmia set in. He was hardly able to walk through physical weakness, and for nearly a month he was practically blind. Just when sight began to come back to one eye, and he could hold a book, he held an ordination service, but as he prounounced the benediction he sank down in a faint. That service was never to be forgotten.

But one day the joyful cry was raised, "The boat has come, the boat has come!" Everything was already prepared for the journey, and all hoped that the trip across the lake would restore them to health. And so it proved. A start was made, and in a very little time the fresh air and good water and fresh fruit that they were able to get worked a marvellous change, and Uganda was reached with health nearly restored. While crossing the lake a sudden squall broke, and but for the shredding of the sail they must have been upset. Arriving on the twenty-sixth of December, they found the country in a state of unrest, almost on the verge of rebellion. Lugard had arrived; a treaty was negotiated by which the country was brought under British protection. The rivalry between the various parties and the state was such and the elements in the country were so inflammatory at that moment that the bishop noticed when he went to church,—a great church with a congregation of nearly a thousand souls,—every man had brought his gun with him there, every man was armed, and at the slightest provocation there would have been an outbreak. Indeed, one Sunday morning during service a shot was fired somewhere not far away, and every man seized his gun and ran out, and the bishop was left with only the women, and many of them ran out too. Happily nothing occurred at that time nor until the following

year. Then an outbreak occurred, and the Roman Catholics, or French party, were completely defeated by the Protestants under Captain Lugard. This was in January, 1891.

It was during this first visit to Uganda that the foundation of the native ministry was laid. Six men were set apart as lay evangelists, two of these being great chiefs. Others were put in training. It was hoped and desired that these men might eventually be ordained. Tucker found there was a great thirst for the Word of God in Uganda, and he determined that with all speed the Bible should be put into Luganda, and so set George Pilkington apart for the work. He was a first-rate classical scholar and an able man, and in six years that great task was completed.

In the meanwhile the bishop's presence was required at the coast, Uganda being only a part of his jurisdiction. Having set things in order at the lake, he determined to make his way to the coast and then go home to England and tell the people at home of the great opportunities in Uganda, which had not been at all realized. There were only two missionaries in Uganda, and he felt that he must have twenty as soon as possible. He made his way down country with Douglas Hooper, who had left his wife at the coast. They had a very hurried journey and lived on very hard fare. He did what necessary work there was in Mombasa, and started for home. He appealed boldly for twenty missionaries to go to East Africa, and within three months he had more than seventy offers of service. As a result, twenty new missionaries were actually planted down in East Africa within two years.

"In the course of 1891 the Imperial British East



THE CHIEF (STANDING) OF BIGO, UGANDA, WITH PRESENTS OF BANANAS, BEANS, ETC.
MONSTER ANT-HILL TO THE RIGHT.



AN INHABITANT OF DWARFLAND
Photographed at Kikoma-among-the-rocks, Uganda.



THE GRAVE OF BISHOP HANNINGTON IN FRONT OF THE GREAT MENGO CATHEDRAL.

Africa Company decided on financial grounds to withdraw, but offered to maintain their representative for another year in Uganda if a sum of forty thousand pounds sterling could be guaranteed, for the largest part of which a few individual members of the company were prepared to accept the responsibility. Would C.M.S. friends contribute fifteen thousand pounds? The facts were stated in Exeter Hall by Bishop Tucker, and eight thousand pounds was promised there and then by those present, and eventually sixteen thousand pounds was remitted to the company. By this means Uganda was saved. . . . ."

I will let the Bishop talk now:—"I spent six months at home and then made my way once more back to Africa. There was a good deal of work to be done at the coast. I had to visit Kilimanjaro, a snow-capped mountain some two hundred and fifty miles from the coast. At that time three great men were dominating this part of Africa. One was Mandara, the great king of Clagga on Kilimanjaro; another was Mirambo, King of Unyamwezi; and the third was Mwanga, King of Uganda. My journey to Kilimanjaro was a most interesting one. I was able to arrange for the extension of the work at three or four different points, and then made my way back to the coast.

In 1892 the time came for another visit to Uganda. This time I determined to travel by an altogether new route, as the route through German territory was a very unhealthy one. From all I could gather I felt that the journey could be made through a much more healthy country in what is now called British East Africa. I had a party of eight missionaries. I determined to travel in much greater comfort than on the first occasion. I felt that it was necessary

for the health of the men. Good food and not undue length of journey were essential to a successful conclusion of the expedition. Most careful arrangements were made for rest and for refreshing ourselves along the road. The result was that after eighty-nine days of marching we found ourselves in Uganda without one of the party having had even so much as an attack of fever. A more successful journey it would be impossible to imagine.

It was on this journey that I discovered the remains of Bishop Hannington. On arriving at Mumia's, in Kavironda, I remembered to have heard that it was in that place, one hundred miles from the place of the murder, the remains of Bishop Hannington had been buried. I accordingly visited the chief and told him the object of my coming, and that I had heard that our bishop, who had been killed in Busoga, had been buried in his village. I saw in a moment that he was considerably alarmed at my statement, and he very vigorously denied any knowledge of the whereabouts of the Bishop's remains. A young man, however, told me that the remains of the Bishop were actually in the village and that he knew where they were. Half an hour later, when everybody had left, we made our way past a cluster of houses till eventually we found ourselves in a little cleared space covered with grass and roots. In the centre was a small bush; going to this and putting down his foot, the young man said, 'Here they lie.' A little after six next morning we commenced digging. In about half an hour we came upon the remains of a wooden box with a tin lining, and then we found some bones, and then eventually the whole of the remains came into view. There was the skull, easy enough to recognise; there was no question about it, it was that

of the Bishop. Those who had seen any photograph of him would recognise it in a moment. One of his boots was there. I had a box brought and lined with sweet grass, and reverently the remains were placed within, and thus we carried him to my tent and there the remains were carefully examined by the doctor, who expressed the same opinion, that they were no other than the remains of Bishop Hannington. The box was fastened up to look like one of our other loads. It was essential that our porters should not hear of it, as we might have trouble in getting them to carry it, as well as in passing through the country. And so the box was carried day after day with us until the twenty-third of December, when I once more found myself in Mengo, the capital of Uganda.

"Now the question arose, how these remains were to be buried in our churchyard. Should it be done privately or publicly; should we let the king know or should we not? I felt that if possible they should be buried publicly. So Mr. Ashe asked the king for permission to bury the remains, telling him of the recovery and of my wish that they might be buried in the graveyard on Namirembe Hill. At first the king was somewhat alarmed when the subject of the bishop was renewed; but Mr. Ashe quieted his fears and told him that we only wished permission to bury the bishop's remains. This he gave, at the same time saying how sorry he was for what he had done in the days of his ignorance, and promising himself to be present in the church when the remains were laid in their last resting-place. It was for New Year's Day that the services had been arranged. The Resident was present, the king, and a vast congregation of Christians and non-Christians. Some gathered

through curiosity; others were there to show their sympathy. It was a day never to be forgotten. Early in the morning, a little after six o'clock, a number of the chief Christians gathered at my house, and at eight o'clock the procession wound up the hillside. There was the coffin covered with the Union Jack, and there were the chiefs and their followers in their white dresses gleaming in the sunshine. It was a great scene. I spoke to the congregation and reminded them of the unhappy days through which we had passed. 'But now the sad days are all at an end. The old year has passed away, and with it the sorrows and misunderstandings of the past; the new year has dawned, and we will now look forward to brighter days and to better things. The past will be forgiven and,' I added with special reference to Mwanga, 'the murderer will be forgiven.' The service over, the remains were carried out to the graveyard, and there, with King Mwanga standing at my side, they were solemnly committed, 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,' there to rest till the resurrection morning."

This year 1893 that had now dawned was a memorable year for other reasons in the history of Uganda. It was during this year that the first native deacons, on Trinity Sunday, were solemnly set apart for their office and ministry. Churches had now begun to spring up in the country; Gospels were being printed and were being bought up like wildfire by the people.

Another memorable event connected with the year of Grace 1893 was the special mission of Sir Gerald Portal to Uganda. The question of the abandonment of Uganda by Great Britain had become a great political question in England. There were those who protested against the extension of the

British Empire and who advocated the abandonment of that position which, in the providence of God, Great Britain had acquired in the heart of Africa. To the missionaries the question was rather one of a breach of faith with the Ugandese. They had placed themselves, in signing the treaty of Captain Lugard, under British protection, and to tear up a treaty so solemnly entered into was felt to be dishonourable. Moreover, the French party in the country were eagerly waiting for an opportunity of taking the place of those whose position in the country had hitherto been the paramount one. Sir Gerald Portal, under these circumstances, was appointed by the British Government to visit Uganda and to report upon the advisability of their retaining or abandoning it. He arrived in Uganda towards the end of March, and on the first of April, to the great delight of the English missionaries, the Union Jack was hoisted on the Hill of Kampala. All felt that once hoisted it could never be hauled down again. Sir Gerald remained in the country two months forming an opinion and writing his report. Confidentially he gave the bishop his opinion ; he would report to the Government in favour of the retention of Uganda. He left behind him when he departed for the coast several officers to administer the government provisionally. Bishop Tucker left about the same time that he did, he travelling by way of British East Africa and the Bishop by way of German territory. He had a very rapid and successful journey to the coast, and shortly after was summoned to England by the Church Missionary Society to advise with them, should any difficulty arise, or any question in connection with Sir Gerald Portal's mission. Happily no such question arose, and he was able to devote his time to pleading for

missionaries. The result was that within a year he found himself once more in East Africa.

In 1895 it was decided to make a new departure with regard to the up-country work. It was felt that the time had come for the work of English women among their Uganda sisters. A party of five ladies had been chosen in England, and in July this party with six men arrived at Mombasa on their way to Uganda. The Bishop felt that a great deal depended upon the success of the expedition, and that if any of these ladies should fall by the way, the work among the women of Uganda would be much hindered. Many evil prognostications had been made against this journey. The Administrator declared that in all probability the Bishop would have to bury them one after another on the road, and that he would arrive in Uganda without any of them. Most careful preparations were made for their comfort and easy travelling ; the result was that they arrived in Uganda on the fourth of November in perfect health, only one having had a slight attack of fever. Their reception was of the most wonderful character. Thousands and tens of thousands of people came around to greet them, and joy was expressed on every hand at the prospects of the women of Uganda.

In 1896 the missionary work had grown immensely. Churches were springing up in every direction ; confirmations were held and ordinations ; more native deacons were set apart for the ministry ; and then it was felt that extension to the regions beyond was the next move to be made. Accordingly the Bishop paid a visit to Toro, and the mission there was inaugurated. Unyoro was also visited, and various other stations were opened. All this, of course, entailed a vast amount of travelling, always on foot.

The country was then very far from being what it is now. Swamps were unbridged and roads conspicuous by their absence. Some of the swamps crossed on this journey were so wide that it took a whole hour to get through one. All this, of course, was very trying to health and strength, and it was not long before he found on making his way towards the coast through German territory that his strength had been very largely sapped by the exhausting nature of these journeys. On reaching the Nguru valley, a hundred miles from the East coast, he was seized with an attack of dysentery which very nearly cost his life. For six days he was carried in a hammock, and only just reached the coast in time to be taken in hand by the doctors and kind nurses of the University's Mission in Zanzibar. There for several weeks he was most carefully doctored and nursed back into health again, though on arriving in Mombasa the doctor ordered him home for thorough restoration. This visit was synchronous with the Lambeth Conference in June, 1897. It was a remarkable gathering of bishops from all over the world. Doane of Albany, N.Y., was one of the most striking personalities, Whipple from Minnesota was a man whom he remembers with joy; his large heart and generous nature drew Tucker to him strongly.

The work was growing to such an extent that Alfred Tucker felt that a division of the diocese was necessary. It was not until 1899 that he was relieved of the charge of all the coast districts and the work in German territory. In 1900 he became Bishop of Uganda as distinct from Eastern Equatorial Africa. From that day to this the progress of the work in Uganda has been even more rapid than in the days gone by.

With hardly diminished strength and with largely

increased responsibilities, the work has just that absorbing interest for Bishop Tucker that it had in the earliest days. The native ministry has now grown so that there is a native clergy numbering thirty-two. All this is a token of the wonderful way in which God has blessed this work in Uganda. The position is one of hope, and the prospects are the very brightest. The Bishop feels that before long other divisions of this sphere of work will have to be made, and other bishops consecrated for the charge of districts that are fast becoming evangelized. The need for this he stated well in a magnificent speech at Brighton in 1901, which has become almost a missionary classic. From the facts and the results of his statesmanlike policy, he sets forth what is the primitive and ever-successful plan of propagation. A sentence or two may worthily close this inadequate tribute to him ; for it is the work and not the worker that he would wish to be urged :—

" Ten years ago the number of baptized Christians in Uganda was something like 300. To-day it is 30,000, an increase of exactly a hundred-fold.

" Ten years ago there was but one church—one place of Christian worship in the whole of Uganda. To-day there are 700.

" Ten years ago there were but some twenty native evangelists at work. To-day there are some 2000 Baganda men and women definitely engaged in the work of the Church—again an increase of exactly a hundred-fold. . . .

" And who has been the instrument in all this wide-spread evangelistic and missionary effort ? It has been the Muganda himself. The Church of Uganda is a self-extending Church because, from the very beginning, the line which has been adopted has been that of laying upon each individual convert the



KIKOMO-AMONG-THE-ROCKS.



ON THE ROAD TO NABIBUNGO.



THE AUTHOR'S COOK HOUSE AT NABIBUNGO. BOY HOLDING HALF A GOAT.



A BIG CHIEF'S HUT IN THE PALACE GROUNDS AT MENGO, UGANDA; ARCHDEACON WALKER AND MISSIONARY MILLAR.

responsibility of handing on that truth which he himself has received, and which has made him 'wise unto salvation.'

"Everybody acknowledges that if Africa is to be won for Christ it must be by the African himself. It is very easy to talk about the evangelization of Africa by the African, but it is not so easy for the European missionary, with all his abounding energy and vitality, to sit quietly by and train the native to do that work which in his inmost heart and soul he believes he can do so much better himself; and yet that must be so if ever Africa is to be truly evangelized."

CHAPTER IX

Bird's-eye View of the Present Religious Situation in the Protectorate of Uganda

> The land of the rustling of wings, beyond the rivers of Ethiopia. A present shall be brought unto Jehovah of hosts from a people tall and smooth, terrible from their beginning onwards.

THE old religious belief of the people was called lubare worship, the main idea of which was a propitiation of evil spirits by sacrifices. There was a general belief in a Supreme Being called Katonda, who was regarded as the creator of the world. Below him in rank were a number of minor spiritual beings called balubare. They had their shrines, known as spirit-houses, where a lubare spear and fork were stuck in the ground. They would bring offerings of food, sheep, cattle and goats to be sacrificed, and often as gifts to the mandwas, priests. Then, when some misfortune overtook the country, such as an outbreak of smallpox, a public ceremony would take place, the object of which was the propitiation of the angry spirit of smallpox, and human victims would be sacrificed. A sacrifice called "kiwendo" used to take place from time to time, when people would be captured anywhere and kept

prisoners till enough had been collected. The executioners would go out at night along certain roads and catch everyone they met. Just before Speke reached the country, seven hundred peasants, two hundred and six boys, five hundred women, and thirty-five chiefs were caught and divided out among thirteen slaughter places, and more, the names of which are not given in the state records. Among those captured was the then prime minister; but he was released as it was not lawful for him to be killed in a kiwendo, and Mtesa also let off fifteen chiefs, six boys and fifty women. This enormous slaughter, a great one even for those days, was called Nalongo. The method of slaying differed in different places. In Damba, the people were tied to stakes and eaten by crocodiles; in Namugongo, they were sliced up and roasted; at Nkumba, limb was cut from limb and the limbs were thrown about, women being clubbed on the head.

Then there was the propitiation of the spirits of the lake, so that there might not be so many violent storms to wreck the canoes. A chute was constructed from a place near the lake, and a large number of human victims killed and their blood allowed to run down this chute into the lake so that the angry spirit might be appeased. That was the sole idea of their worship, to propitiate the evil spirit, of a good spirit they had no idea.

Lubare worship has now, comparatively speaking, lost its hold on the people. In Uganda itself, you see very little of it; the ancient spirit-houses have practically disappeared. If you ever come across a former priest of the spirits, he hastens to disclaim the position. Indeed it is becoming increasingly difficult to learn anything about the ancient religion of the people. Those who were formerly its adherents are disinclined

to speak about the old days. A certain feeling of shame possesses them at the very idea that they could have sunk so low, and it is with the very greatest difficulty that you can get them to talk about it. The belief in this worship was to a certain extent undermined by the inroad into the country of the Arabs carrying with them Mohammedanism. Mohammedanism was the first cause of the breakdown in their ancient worship.

At this juncture, Christianity came upon the scene, and then commenced the conflict between the Crescent and the Cross, a conflict which culminated in the Christian missionaries being driven out of the country for a brief space. Belief in Jesus Christ as God and Saviour, however, was to be found in the hearts of many of the people who were left behind. Christianity was represented by the Anglican Church and the Church of Rome. These forces soon gained the upper hand, and Mohammedanism was displaced. The rivalry between these two forms of Christianity has continued more or less ever since.

The Anglican mission began work with Alexander Mackay, in 1877, and the next thirteen years were a time of sowing. There were probably two hundred baptized Christians in the country in 1890, when reaping-time began, and the first lay evangelists were set apart for work. From 1878, Mackay, of Uganda, had added to his industrial labours the task of translating the Scriptures into the vernacular, and printed the Gospel of Matthew with type cut with his own hands. But he ever felt that a scholar, nay, many scholars were needed for this. Now the work was seriously undertaken and proceeded under the direction of George Pilkington with great rapidity, so that within six years the whole Bible was translated and published.

The Ugandese have a peculiar faculty for teaching and a great love for it, and this has been one of the means to which I attribute the rapid progress of the work throughout the country. The great mass of it has been done by the Uganda evangelists and teachers themselves. That little band of seven lay evangelists who were set apart in 1890, has grown now to a band of two thousand one hundred and ninety-three ; that little company of two hundred baptized Christians existing in 1890, has grown to a multitude numbering forty thousand. Last year alone, five thousand six hundred and thirty-one souls were baptized in the fifteen centres of Uganda.

Owing to the small staff, it was impossible at first to provide special workers amongst the children ; but owing to the increase of the missionary force during the last four years, this work has been seriously taken in hand, and the Protestant mission have now under instruction in one way or another, twelve thousand eight hundred and sixty-one children. The eleventh maxim of the Sacred Edict is equally true among pale pinks, yellows or blacks, " Instruct the youth and thus prevent evil doing." Wherever there is a missionary station, there special services are conducted regularly for children. This work amongst the children is most important, for without, we should probably see a generation of merely nominal Christians growing up ; but with these educational efforts, the next generation promises to be even more highly taught Christians than the present.

The work has spread through the country far beyond the borders of Uganda proper, to Ankole, Toro, Bunyoro, Wadelai and the Kavirondo. When the Christians were driven out of Uganda at the time of the Mohammedan rising fifteen years ago, they sought

shelter in Ankole. They were hospitably received by the people and were sheltered until the Christian power had gathered force, when they came back and drove out the Mohammedans and became the dominant power here. Ever since, the Christians of Uganda have had a great desire to evangelize the people of Ankole. Over and over again they have said, "We wish we could do something for the people of Ankole." One day the prime minister wrote to the Church Council and said, "I have got two men who are anxious to go to Ankole to teach and preach; can they go?" The Church Council said "Yes," and wrote a letter to the King of Ankole and asked him to receive them. They stayed for some time, but apparently could do nothing, so they came back. A little later another effort was made by Mugema, who is so great a chief that he cannot live on the same hill with the King and has the right to stand when he pleads before him, while all others must sit. He said, "I have two men who want to go to Ankole; may they go?" The Church Council said "Yes," and wrote another letter to the King of Ankole as before. These men were able to teach a few lads, but the medicine men of the country got hold of their pupils, so they too soon came home. Soon after they came back to proclaim the story of their failure, Mr. Clayton, who was working at Koki asked if he could go to Ankole and take two evangelists with him. He was kindly received by the king. After staying for a while and teaching some of the people, he returned to his work, leaving the native evangelists to continue the work in Ankole. They stayed some time, but eventually the medicine men again drew the young men who were being taught away from their influence, and they returned to Koki. This was the third failure. Then some while later Bishop Tucker

wanted to make a journey to Toro to confirm. Dr. Cook wanted to see what prospects there were there for medical work, so he was asked to go along. They started off and went by way of Ankole. When they got to Koki, they took two evangelists, Andrew and Philip with them. When they reached Ankole, the king came down to greet them in the most friendly fashion. There came with him a horde of savages with greased bodies almost naked. The Bishop told them what he wanted, and then commenced a two days' tussle, the missionaries doing their utmost to persuade the king to allow these two men to remain and teach, and the medicine men doing their utmost to stir up the old heathen ideas of the country. They used all sorts of arguments to prevent the men from staying. They did not like absolutely to expel them, but they devised all manner of excuses. They said, "There is no food in the country, and the men cannot live if they stay." But Andrew and Philip answered, "Give us a drink of milk night and morning; we don't want anything else." The king said he didn't know whether there was any milk. "What!" said the Bishop, "you the King of Ankole and say you cannot give a drink of milk to two strangers! In Uganda, the people say you have twenty thousand cattle, and what will they think when we go back and tell them this? They will think you are a very little man." This seemed to shame him, and he consented to their staying. The last night the missionaries were there the king sent down and made some sort of an excuse, but the messenger was told to go back and tell the king he must not go back on his word. Dr. Cook and Bishop Tucker went on their way to Toro and prayed daily for these men. After a little while they had got a dozen young men about them and were

teaching them. A little later the king himself was being taught. A few months passed by and the prime minister and several other chiefs came to the teachers and said, "Now since we have learned so much about Christianity, we don't believe in these charms any more. You take them." But the teachers refused to do so and told the chiefs, if they really meant what they said, to destroy the charms publicly. So the king ordered a fire to be made in front of his town and called all his people together, and there in the full light of day they took off their charms and threw them into the fire. Then the people followed the king's example and threw their charms into the fire all day long. A church was built, and in it a congregation of three or four hundred assembles. There are now a dozen centres where Christian teaching is given.

Missionary work, so far as Europeans are concerned, was commenced in Toro eight years ago, and since then nearly three thousand people have been baptized. The king is a Christian man and most of the great chiefs of the country. The prospect there at the present time is most hopeful. The young men are coming out in large numbers as evangelists and teachers —so much so that at the present moment there are two hundred and thirty-eight of these working in different parts of the country.

Bunyoro, again, which four years ago was ruled over by Kabarega, a prince of slave raiders and slave traders, is now ruled over by a Christian king, himself a preacher of the Gospel. Seventy young converts are working as evangelists in different parts of the country. Away to the northward the work has extended up to Wadelai, and Lloyd is on a journey at the east side of the Nile which promises most fruitful results.

In Busoga within the last three or four years the



THE KING OF UGANDA AND HIS PRIME MINISTER.



THE THIRD REGENT, HIS WIFE AND TYPEWRITER, MENGO,
NATIVE CAPITAL OF UGANDA.



THE AUTHOR'S PORTERS AND COOKS HAVING WORSHIP IN FRONT OF THE MUGINI, THE REST HOUSE FOR NATIVES, NABIBUNGO, UGANDA.

work has made giant strides. The Bishop recently confirmed no fewer than two hundred men and women. Five years ago hardly anyone dared to place himself under open instruction of the missionaries. If he did, it was at the risk of the severest persecution. Most of the teaching went on in secret. But now a great deal of the opposition has broken down, and within the next few years I do not doubt that we shall hear of large accessions to the Church in Busoga.

The work among the Kavirondo opened most unexpectedly. Three years ago Mr. and Mrs. Crabtree, working about ten miles from Mengo, found they were nearly worked out. They applied to the Bishop for a holiday, to visit a great chief, Kakungulu, who lived about sixty miles away at Unga, on the left bank of the Nile. They proposed to return in about a fortnight. A favourable reply was sent, and they started, but they have not returned yet. When they got to Unga, they found that this chief had crossed the Nile and was then in the Bukedi country. They were determined to see their friend, so they followed him, and they found that, having been asked to establish some sort of administration in the country, he had opened stations. He built forts at these stations, and wherever he built a fort he also built a church, where they found teaching going on. At length the Crabtrees found him at Mount Elgon, nine days' march from Mengo, where he had built a large place on the mountain side. Crabtree wrote to the Bishop that he thought their getting into this out-of-the-way place was a providential leading, and begged that he might be allowed to stay there. It was at once agreed to. Kakungulu stayed there with his people for some time, but the place was unsuitable for their maintenance, so he moved seven miles to Mbale, where he is now. Roads are being

cut, and houses are springing up in every direction. Crabtree has translated two gospels, while a reading book, Bible stories, prayer book and hymn book have been printed for the Kavirondo. He is settled at Masaba, in a country swarming with people. The mission wanted to go there, but hardly knew how to get there. For though, of course, they could have gone and planted a station in the midst of the people, that is not their plan. They believe in having a line of stations all the way along, with native evangelists to carry on the work. Now the chain is complete from Mount Elgon westward to Ruwenzori, a distance of nearly five hundred miles. All over that great area the Gospel is now being preached.

In all this extension of the work beyond Uganda, the principal agency has been the Uganda evangelist. There are now scattered about in various parts of the country something like one thousand and seventy Protestant churches and places of worship. These can seat one hundred and twenty-six thousand eight hundred and fifty-one people, and the average Sunday attendance for worship in these places amounts to fifty-two thousand four hundred and seventy-one.

With regard to the great question of self-support, the maintenance of thirty-two native clergy and of two thousand odd lay evangelists and teachers is entirely provided from native sources. From the cathedral, which will hold three thousand worshippers to the little country church, with its accommodation for probably five and twenty worshippers, all these places are built and repaired entirely by the natives themselves. All working expenses are provided from the same sources, both for churches and schools, and school-teachers able to impart elementary instruction

in reading, writing and arithmetic, are not only maintained, but to a large extent carry on these schools almost independently of European supervision. A missionary said to me, "I recently came down from Kisalizi, six days' journey from here, where I visited a school that had never seen a European, and found them writing letters—writing in ink in a beautiful hand which would be acceptable in any business place in Europe. It was marvellous to see it." The teachers who carry on these schools are trained on Namirembe Hill. There a number of young men are gathered who have been sent in from out-lying districts and are under training as pupil teachers; and when they have been trained, they go out and take up these schools and run them themselves. So that the whole of the work initiated by the C.M.S. is entirely independent, apart from the maintenance of Europeans. Not a single ha'penny of European money has been spent on it. Books are never given away, the people always purchase them at a very considerable price. When the carriage from the coast was expensive, a man had to work at least a month in order to buy a New Testament. Prices, however, have gone down since the completion of the railway. Last year there were sold in Uganda, between seven and eight thousand Gospels and portions of God's Word. Four thousand New Testaments and six hundred entire Bibles were sold, all that were in stock, otherwise the sale would have been much larger. Of books of other kinds, prayer books, hymn books, etc., seventy-six thousand eight hundred and forty-seven were sold. During the last four years the total number of books of all kinds sold was two hundred and forty-five thousand, three hundred and eighty-nine. That will give some idea of the way in which education is spreading through the country, and also

some idea of the thirst for knowledge which the people have. The sales of books average something like one thousand pounds sterling a year. That means one hundred and fifty thousand days of labour, or nearly four centuries and a quarter with no Sundays.

The medical work is carried on in the closest possible connection with the Church. The C.M.S. has been most reluctant that any idea should arise in the country that this is a work apart from the missionary work. The doctors, nurses and all employed in the hospital and dispensary have a definite aim, that of winning the patients to Christ. One of the doctors in turn, as the people are gathering around the dispensary, has a short service for them and preaches the Gospel, after which the distribution of medicine begins. Here are instances of the great increase that has taken place in this work. The first year, the work was systematically undertaken, medicine was given to six hundred patients at the dispensary ; last year there were eighty thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine. The first year one hundred and forty-one patients were treated in the hospital, and last year nine hundred and seventy-two. The first year six hundred were vaccinated, and last year there were eleven thousand seven hundred and sixty-five. Such is six years' development ! The hospital was struck by lightning last December and completely destroyed. Happily no lives were lost, but there was a great loss of surgical instruments and fittings. The workmen are now recommencing the building and it will be finished in eight or nine months.

Industrial work has been conducted entirely on the same lines under the supervision of Borup and Savile. Printing forms a prominent feature in the work. Last year the presses turned out two hundred thousand impressions. A number of trained printers are in

government employ and doing excellent work. Carpentering, brick-making and brick-laying form other departments, and evidence of their proficiency is to be seen not only in the capital, but throughout the country. The prime minister is building a house. Another great chief is also building a house. All these houses which are springing up in every direction are the work of these men trained in the industrial mission.

That is a rough sketch of at least the present conditions in the country. The prospects for the future are most hopeful. There are under instruction now an ever-increasing number of young men, who are fitting themselves for work as evangelists and teachers. The Archdeacon has a class of very promising young men who have been sent in from the country districts to be prepared for ordination. In the future a largely increased staff of evangelists and teachers will be at work. The prospect for the educational work is equally bright. The thirst for knowledge seems to be extending far and wide, and an ever-increasing number of young men are being trained as school-teachers. There is good evidence that the work is not only extending widely, but is also deepening. If the work is not deep, comparatively few of those who are baptized will go forward to the rite of confirmation. No one is ever baptized who is believed not to be a true believer in Jesus Christ as his God and Saviour. That is the test made for baptism. An applicant may have very mixed motives ; he wants to get on in the world, it may be the fashion. But the workers go deeper than that, and the constant inquiry of those who have to prepare candidates for baptism is whether there is a real heart conviction that there is salvation in Christ. But of course, in dealing with such large

numbers there are doubtless occasional mistakes. The confirmation statistics furnish strong evidence of the deepening character of the work. Up to last year the most confirmed in any year had been two thousand two hundred and thirty-two. But during the eight months of the present year that have elapsed, three thousand two hundred and twenty-one have been confirmed. These people go on and study the Epistles and other books of the Bible, in which they are examined. Then the numbers coming forward for baptism indicate a wide extension on every hand. In 1896, a great revival year, the number baptized was three thousand five hundred and forty-two, whereas this last year the number baptized was five thousand six hundred and thirty-one. It is growing in width and it is growing in depth. It is growing as regards its native agency; it is growing in its educational work as proved by the large extension of schools for the training of children throughout the country. There will probably be baptized during the year between six and seven thousand souls. That is the situation of the Anglican Church work.

In regard to the work of the Roman Catholics, I can speak from what I saw as I went through the country. A large number of people are ticketed or labelled with the "miraculous medals of the Virgin." In Toro, a bucketful of them has been brought to the Protestant mission. A Protestant worker in referring to the medals said, "I have been curious when I have seen people labelled with these signs of being members of the Church of Rome, to know what knowledge they have of the fundamentals of Christianity, and over and over again I have inquired of those who have come to me, 'Have you ever heard of God?' 'No.' 'Have you ever heard of Jesus Christ?' 'No.' They are

absolutely ignorant. They are numbered among their converts and labelled partly, I suppose, because it makes it more difficult for Protestants to get hold of them." It is very hard to determine what is absolutely the force of true Roman Catholics in Uganda. There are many Roman priests in the country, and two bishops as representing two distinct missions. One mission is that of the White Fathers, whose headquarters are in Algeria, almost entirely Frenchmen. The other, represented by Bishop Hanlon, has its headquarters at Mill Hill, in England, but the greater number of its missionaries are Dutchmen. With them the Protestants work with a good deal of cordiality and friendly feeling. But their relations with the Frenchmen have in days gone by not been so cordial, owing largely to the political proclivities of the missionaries and the strong effort that was made in the early days to bring Uganda under the rule of the French Republic. These designs were happily frustrated, and now, owing to the hopelessness of any such prospect, the French mission seems to have accepted the conditions and things are going on more happily.

Mohammedanism exists to a certain extent in the country among the people of Uganda, as distinct from immigrants from the coast—Arabs, Hindus, and Swahilis. But it has not taken deep root. The Ugandese as a rule object very strongly to the rite of circumcision. And there are very few Mohammedan teachers, so that the nominal Moslems are profoundly ignorant of the tenets of Mohammed. Were it not for the fact that a political division of the country has been assigned to certain Mohammedan chiefs, my own belief is that it would very soon die out. Of course, Mohammedanism has not taken a back seat in Uganda

without a struggle. In early days, Christianity was very nearly driven out of the country; and in more recent years a strenuous effort was made to obtain a position of predominance, if not actual sovereignty of the country. In 1897, the Nubian soldiers who were brought into the country by Lugard seven years earlier, raised the standard of rebellion. Several British officers were murdered at Luba's, in Busoga, where they had entrenched themselves. A siege was undertaken, which continued for nearly three months. Had the Nubians been conscious of their strength, there is little doubt that their object would have been achieved and Christianity destroyed. Happily their leaders were lacking in an apprehension of the true position of affairs. They allowed themselves to be attacked in detached parties, and after many weary months of harassing warfare, they were ultimately subdued, not however, before their attitude had induced an attitude of rebellion on the part of King Mwanga, and a large number of heathen and Roman Catholic chiefs. Mwanga forsook his capital and fled to Budu, a great centre of French influence and discontent. There he was pursued by Colonel Ternan, the head of the military in Uganda, and was defeated. He took flight and escaped into German territory. After a while he reappeared in the hope of rallying his scattered forces in Budu. Failing in this, he retreated into Bunyoro where he was joined by a number of independent mutineers and by Kabarega, King of Bunyoro. He was unable even with these additions to his force to make any stand against the advance of the British forces, and eventually retreated across the right bank of the Nile. In 1899, he was surprised and captured by Colonel Evatt along with Kabarega and several other mutinous chiefs. This was the



THE "TORO PIGMY" AND THE YANKEE FLAG; THE ONLY AMERICAN FLAG EVER ATTEMPTED BY A PIGMY, KABAROLE, TORO.



IN THE HEART OF AFRICA: THE AUTHOR AND SECRETARY, AMERICAN TENT AND THE YANKEE FLAG A PIGMY UNDERTOOK TO MAKE.

last serious attempt made in Uganda to set up a Mohammedan power in the Lake region.

With the old paganism cowering away self-condemned, Mohammedanism stagnant and illiterate, the future of this land is with Christianity.

CHAPTER X

To the Mountains-of-the-Moon

Three peaks, one loftier, all in virgin white,
Poised high in cloudland when the day is done,
And on the midmost, far above the night,
The rose-red of the long departed sun.

Lewis Morris.

NO one wants to leave the Hill of Peace ; I was no exception. But I believed the most exciting experiences lay before me by the Mountains-of-the-Moon and in the Land of the Pigmies, even " In the forest deep and darksome." At five-forty-five A.M., on Monday, with the Bishop accompanying me, I left his residence about which hung delightful memories, and began the long and thrilling journey westward. At the office of the C.M.S. I said good-bye to Phillips, the business man of the mission, and to Bishop Tucker. It was a dull, hazy morning, but my porters were full of good cheer as we filed the quickstep down Namirembe Hill and up past Bulange, The Twist, where the Protestant industrial mission is situated. As we passed, one merry member of our caravan shouted, " If you have one good man you can go very far." We soon came upon a jolly company of fifty natives on their way to the capital to work out

their hut tax, and a few minutes of rapid marching brought into view Lubangi, The Ladder. In less than an hour our journey lay through one of the many papyrus swamps found throughout the kingdom of Uganda. The country crossed is composed of small hills and swamp valleys. Here entered a branch road, along which filed a string of young men dressed in pure white, on their way to obtain marriage licences. Just then the head porters shouted, " If you have the wisdom of an Englishman you are older than your father." During the morning we passed through eight swamps spanned by causeways made of the trunks of the palm, supported by sticks driven in and filled in with earth. This is a land of life. If a man has a walking cane made of a certain kind of wood and sticks it in the ground, if he doesn't return for it too soon, he will find it sprouted. So with the sticks driven in to hold up the sides of the causeways.

It was a few minutes after noon when the caravan halted at Bigo, and my chattels were unloaded at a rest hut originally constructed for the Commissioner, built of reeds with a grass roof and a grass floor. This bivouac was a welcome spot in which to keep dry from a thunder shower. The chief, who was absent from his village when I arrived, visited me later in the afternoon, and brought thirty bundles of food as presents for the caravan. These were carried by women and children, while a number of sub-chiefs accompanied the chief. He has a keyless watch of which he is very proud, a present from one of the missionaries, but is afraid to wind it up, and waits till a foreigner comes along.

The journey to Mityana consumed less than seven hours. On the way were a few huts in the midst of a garden of bananas. This wee village contained a robust

native who jumped up and ran to the road, and with great respect bowed and seized my right hand in his two hands and extended a hearty greeting with a large number and variety of grunts. I said to him, "I am going to Mityana to see what the mission is doing there," and he replied, "That is very good." Then I hurried off, and was sprinting along at a lively rate when this black fellow came at a dead run, went past me, knelt down in the mud at the roadside, holding a green banana leaf beautifully folded into a cup containing two clean hen's eggs. These he offered me saying, "Accept a poor man's present because you are going to see what the Lord is doing at Mityana." This was most kindly, spontaneously and respectfully done ; when I was about to make a return present, my good boy Nathaniel said that it was not given for any such purpose, and that I should greatly displease him by giving him anything.

Up the steep Hill-of-Perspiration the perspiring procession passed, leaving on the right the big chief's enclosure squared off with a high double diagonal reed fence, and approached the mission property, where the gardens were cleaner and everything bore a more refined and prosperous aspect. At Mityana a very cordial greeting from learned Frank Rowling and Walter Chadwick awaited me. Rowling has forty-five churches under his superintendence with a total capacity of twenty-five hundred, and is doing a splendid work. Mityana is situated in the Province of Singo, which is the largest in Uganda, but very sparsely populated. This lumpy country is almost entirely composed of hills and swamps, and might be greatly improved by a mammoth steam roller and some agricultural drain pipes. The south of Singo is covered with elephant grass, which in the north is shorter.

Lions and herds of elephants pass through doing damage to the native plantations.

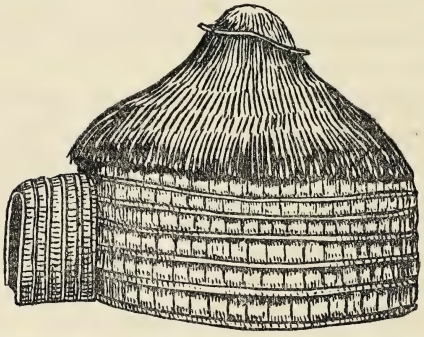
A beautiful view from the front porch of the Rowlings' house is obtained of a lake about the size of the Sea of Galilee, and containing four islands. Soon after the missionaries came here, Paulo Mukwendo, the great chief of Singo, and the third principal chief in the country, sent them a present of a nice fish, with which they were delighted. But on opening the fish a wriggling worm was exposed, and so they told the boys they might take the fish. *They* ate it after dark not to see the worms ! All the fish in the lake are like this. The natives smoke and dry them, after splitting them open.

The following day Chadwick, who is rapidly getting the language and gives great promise, accompanied me on the journey. I noticed many beautiful flowers such as the African marigold, tall thistles, mimosa trees with a much smaller flower than the European kind, wild date palms from which are cut all the poles for building purposes, and ferns for the first time in Africa. Large elephant tracks abounded. The day's journey through grassland ended at sloping Kabungeza, where I had the grass cleaned out of the rest hut and sent men down to get fresh ; this made a nice floor which acted at the same time as a comfortable bed.

Next day, halting for a meal at Kijemula en route to Kikoma, Zebuloni, the chief in the neighbourhood, a fine looking man partly dressed in clean white coat, and shirt, brought me a present of three papias, five sticks of sugar-cane, a metal wash-basin full of mubisi, a non-alcoholic drink made of the juice of a large bunch of plantains, half a dozen fresh eggs, twelve ears of Indian corn, and baskets of cooked food

for the men. I invited him to eat with us, but he refused, not knowing how to use a knife and fork. At this meal, besides the usual vegetables and chicken, we had a very tasty mixture, mogoyu, made of crushed beans and mashed sweet potatoes, splendid eating; the remembrance makes my mouth water.

Soon I met my first real dwarf, named Bwanswa. He was fifty-four inches in height and about thirty-five years of age. Born on the edge of the forest three days from the Ruwenzori, he was stolen when very young by the Bakonjo, and by them taken to



NATIVE HUT ON THE MOUNTAINS-OF-THE-MOON.

the steep slopes of the lofty Ruwenzori. When seven years of age he was stolen from his first captors by the Bunyoro, who raided the Bakonjo and took Bwanswa away as a slave to Mwenge, where he grew up, being initiated into the Bunyoro tribe by having three front teeth extracted. His description of the process is graphic; the native surgery has not advanced to the use of anesthetics. A native hoe is a favourite pair of forceps. Five is the regular number extracted, so he was lucky. His captors made him cut firewood and cultivate the land. He can read a

little, but seems to be dull. His former belief was in the spirits of his ancestors. These were supposed to inhabit rocks, trees and stones. He is now quite contented with his lot, and has no wish to go to his fatherland.

Kikoma is located in the midst of entirely different scenery from that through which I have passed. Huge boulders lie about, and a hundred miles away over the round rocky heights, snow-covered Ruwenzori cuts the sky at twenty thousand feet above the sea. This appears to be a healthy and certainly a very beautiful station for a mission house. Here I found two missionaries, Lewin and O'Connor. At the noon meal Lewin said that this was the first time five Europeans had ever sat down together in his house; previously the record was four. Kikoma is the name of the rock which stands large and conspicuous near the mission house. In the olden days it was supposed that a spirit abode in the rock, and people came there to worship the spook. It was the ancient custom to bring ground native millet seed, mix water with it, and sprinkle it over the rock to propitiate the spirit. At times the people would bring offerings of fire, and after putting it beside the rock where the spirit was supposed to come out, would feast on the provisions. A good heathen in the olden days would come out and pray every morning.

It does not appear that human sacrifices have ever been offered at Kikoma, but in the district where Kamulase was king, about three reigns ago, and where a part of the body was buried, they had human sacrifices to provide a retinue in the other world for the dead king, his favourite wife being the first. There is a hole resembling a long, deep well. Spears were placed in the bottom, and the victims were

thrown in after their hands and feet were cut, and impaled alive on the spear points, while drums were beaten. Twenty or thirty were thrown in immediately after the death of the king, and for several years afterwards the hole was opened every month and fresh human sacrifices offered. A Protestent church now stands against the place, and the ordinary attendance on a Sunday morning is three hundred heathen, while one weekday morning I saw three hundred and fifty present.



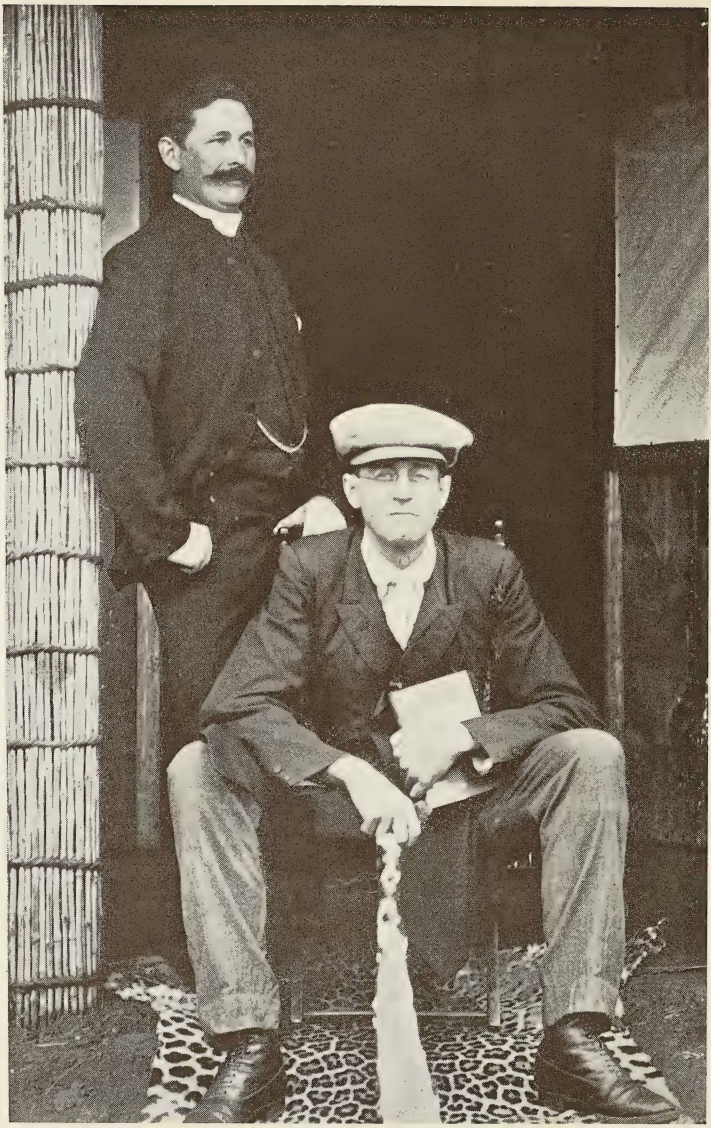
NATIVE PIPE MADE OF THE MIDRIF OF THE PALM.

Kikoma-among-the-Rocks is a hundred miles or more from Mengo-the-Beautiful, and about the same distance from the capital of Toro. All the bigger rivers around here have their sources among these rocks, the three largest being the Nkusi, the Kuzizi, and the Katabalanga. They all eventually reach the Albert Lake, the first two directly. Excitement runs high in Kikoma at the present time because of the anticipated visit of Mrs. Rowling. The natives have never seen a white woman. At one village they could not understand the balloon sleeves, and asked many serious and ridiculous questions about them.

Before three o'clock in the morning our caravan



KING KASAGAMO, HIS QUEEN, AND PRIME MINISTER, KABAROLE, TORO; SHOWING THE SACRED LEOPARD SKIN AND THE KING'S FOOTGEAR.



MISSIONARY FISHER AND THE AUTHOR AFTER A SEVERE ATTACK OF FEVER, HOLDING THE TAIL OF THE SACRED LEOPARD SKIN, KABAROLE, TORO.

left Kikoma-among-the-Rocks, and after five hours of continuous marching through good roads and at times through wet grass, it halted at Kaweli, where I made the acquaintance of white ants, as termites are generally called. The part white ants play in the economy of nature is to dispose of all the wood in the forest that dies and might otherwise stop up rivers and make the jungle impassable. They also act in the place of worms in turning up the soil. The natives eat them during the season, when they are flying. When an ant-hill gets full, a certain number of the ants receive wings for one night. The wall of the ant-hill is thinned down to the texture of paper. Then at sundown it is burst away and they swarm to form a new hill. When they get to this stage they are very nice and fat. The signs when "the anthill is going to fly" seem pretty well known, and many are the sponsors to introduce the débutantes into society. Birds gather together, and when the swarm appears, dive through them. Hawks skirmish round and fish up the stragglers, dropping their wings only. The natives think it cruel for winged creatures to prey on one another, and cover the hill with a frame of reeds and sticks. On top of this they place a cover of barkcloth and plantain leaves. At the foot of the ant-hill a small hole is dug in such a way that the ants when flying upward against the cover will fall into it, and they are scooped out. The natives are often seen sitting about the ant-hills picking up these ants as fast as they can. They take them by the wings and bite off the ant and throw the wings away. When you take an ant up in this form it is important to be careful and put it between your teeth. If placed between the lips the little creature gives a biting sting. Grasshoppers are considered a great

delicacy in Singo. When nicely cooked, they are exceedingly tasty and smell just like meat. Being in Rome, I did as Rome did, and encouraged the local industry. The taste seems acquired. Potted ants and grasshoppers would probably not command much sale in Europe.

One of the most horrible tortures in Africa in the old savage days was to strip a man and tie him down in the path where the reddish-brown biting ant came along. These ants migrate in armies, and have warriors to defend the egg carriers. The ants would first kill the victim by their bites, then eat every scrap of flesh off his body. Nothing but fire will stop them. One of the most disastrous fires in Mengo was caused by trying to burn these fellows out. Three missionaries' houses were consumed. I had an experience with some ants in a rest hut. We were eating lunch at half-past two one morning when suddenly I was called upon by a new kind of insect. In came one of the boys with his trousers legs tied around his ankles with strips of banana bark, and every now and then whacking at his bare feet. We were being rushed by biting ants, and had to seize the table and run out into the open; even there they followed us and became almost unbearable.

The first Sunday of the caravan journey we rested at Nabibungo. Here was a Moslem chieftain who presented much food, including a live goat. The surrounding country is beautiful and apparently capable of supporting a vast population. At evening time I was strolling about and found that my Christian porters, without any suggestion on my part, were conducting evening prayers. As active lions and leopards were prowling about, we blockaded the door of my rest hut with thorn trees. On Monday I met my first

jigger, and that in a finger of my left hand. I had said that it was my wish to be bitten by one of these gentry, and that in a place where I might easily examine it. Obligingly enough this jigger inserted his entire body in the flesh alongside the finger-nail. It resembled a small black splinter, and indeed such I supposed it to be until I called for a needle and my boy Nathaniel, who at once grasped the situation. The jigger was extracted with its bag containing many eggs, without pain to me. I replaced it by a drop of pure carbolic acid.

The next day we broke the record by doing over thirty miles, and the following day recorded about the same. The power of endurance of the Uganda porters is remarkable; it is said that they can march from two to four days without food, if necessary.

CHAPTER XI

Toro and the Mountains-of-the-Moon

THE LAST STAGE INTO KABAROLE, THE CAPITAL OF TORO—WELCOMED BY THE KING AND THE MISSIONARIES—OFF FOR THE SEMLIKI

Nambere omutuma gurara nuho amaguru gazindukira.
Where your heart sleeps, there your legs get up early.—
Lunyoro Proverb.

THE geographical position of the Kingdom of Toro is at the extreme western limit of the region of East Africa, which is under British protection, the western boundary of which is a geographical line ; yet it may be said that Toro is separated by the Semliki River from the territory of the Congo Free State. The King of Toro has within his dominions the mass of mountains called in modern times Ruwenzori, but in ancient days the Mountains-of-the-Moon.

On Thursday, I left Butiti and its drum-band to go up to Kabarole, where dwells Kasagama, the King of Toro. The road was a good path, winding over two stiff hills. At daylight a strip of wild woodland was reached, and the caravan was greeted by whistles which sounded wonderfully human and came from the throats of tropical birds. The nimble cooks ran ahead

to prepare food on the far side of the forest, their shouts resounding like giant voices in some unearthly hall. Many of the trees were tall and well developed, and from their branches hung creepers three and four inches in diameter. The thicket on either side of the road was impenetrable except with sharp-edged instruments to cut a track. The heavy rain of the night before made the going uncertain. One of the Yellow Bags slipped on a mischievous root and fell, but let himself go and saved the bag.

After a half-hour's ticklish tramp amidst primeval and other trees our way wound through tall elephant grass fifteen to twenty feet high, which lined either side of the road and soon brought up at the Forest Rest Hut. Here we had tea and tom-foolery. To Kabarole, the distance is nine miles. I now asked my two Yellow Bags to make a lively spurt; and they did so, for they took me a stretch of seven and a half miles in just exactly one hour and a half. This these Christian Yellow Bags did after having already done four hours of heavy marching over hills, valleys, stony ground, slippery places, inclines of over forty-five degrees, woodlands, swamps and mud. While going at this high rate of speed, I saw running in the distance two white-robed figures. They ran up alongside of me, fell upon their knees and presented the King's salutations and greetings. To be greeted in such a delightful fashion by the King's special messengers when approaching the capital was good. I hastened a native to the King with my own greetings, and coming up the road, was met by the pioneer missionary to Toro, Arthur Bryan Fisher, and with him walked up Bukwali Hill to photograph Fort Portal, named in memory of the brothers of Sir Gerald Portal. The fort stands four-square on the Hill of Njala, with

the Union Jack flying at the mast top, and across the deep moat, in the foreground, the parade plaza slopes gently down the hill. Rows of trees have been planted about the fort. Behind Fort Portal is the Government village occupied chiefly by Swahilis, and beyond is the beautiful Lake Kyojo, located in an extinct crater.

Having a desire to show proper respect for the representative of the British Government, I proceeded up the hill and entered the fort by the east gate, but found the healthy Collector in bed and left him there. This was at nine-twenty a.m. in the tropics! We struck along the main road leading from the fort and for the third time this morning crossed the Mpanga River, where men were washing Americani on the rocks by rubbing it with soap and then pounding it. My caravan wound across the Mutiny Bridge, built by loyal soldiers during the Mutiny to keep them employed, and ascended the King's Road as far as the Kabarole Market. This is a small enclosure on the left containing stalls and shops where are sold salt, firewood, meat, vegetables, Americani, prints from Manchester, a small assortment of cutlery, bark-cloth, beads, with other articles dear to the native heart. I pulled my head out of a focussing cloth and received a hearty greeting from missionaries Johnson and Maddox. We then continued up the King's Road past the hideous-looking gallows within its diagonal reed fence.

About four hundred yards further along, waiting to welcome us, stood Kasagama the King, his prime minister, several riflemen, a band, and about three hundred and fifty chiefs and their retainers, mostly dressed in long white garments. This crowd, standing on the green landscape of the high ground, made a perfectly picturesque and indelible picture.

The King is a tall, heavily-built man of twenty-eight years of age. He is the biggest man physically, politically and spiritually among the natives of the Kingdom of Toro. While his guard presented arms, Daude Kasagama gave me a hearty welcome, adding that I was the first visitor from America whom he ever had the pleasure of greeting. He asked if I spoke the same language as the English, and noticed that there was no difference in the features !

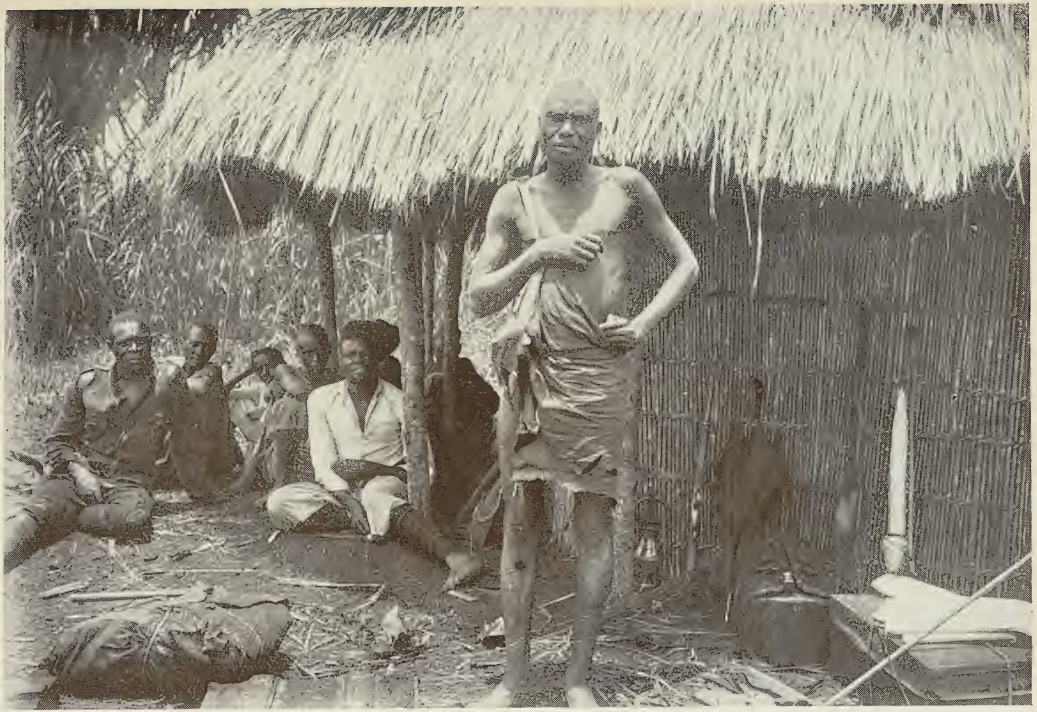
He is a striking figure, and the story of his life contains thrilling incidents. His father's name was Nika. His mother bears the Christian name of Victoria. She is a heroic woman. In the old savage days, there were frequent wars between Nika and Kabarega, the notoriously bloody King of Bunyoro, who, for joining the Nubians in their rebellion against the British Government, was finally arrested and deported to Seychelles, where he still is. The natives say that he killed more men than the wars, and they relate that whenever he went out on any expedition he had a man's throat cut on his threshold and smeared the blood on his forehead. When Nika died, the queen-mother with her three sons and a few relatives fled to the court of Ntale, King of Ankole. It was not long, however, until Ntale became suspicious of the presence of the three young princes of Toro and sent an invitation for the queen-mother to bring them to his court. But she was secretly informed that the crafty Ntale was not friendlily disposed and probably intended some deadly design on the lives of the young princes. So she arranged that only two of the children should pay the visit to the court, while Kasagama remained with his mother. Almost immediately the two lads were murdered, and Kasagama and his mother fled to Budu in Uganda, the old woman carrying him

on her back. They were hospitably received by the chief of Budu, and by that powerful warrior protected. While resident at Budu, they met Archdeacon Walker in his station at Misaka; and there afterwards the young prince was found by Lugard, on his way to Kibari for the purpose of bringing the survivors of Emin Pasha's old Sudanese into the Uganda Protectorate. Lugard, glad of the opportunity to put the young king on his father's throne, took him along, and built a fort on the banks of the Mbuku River, where he left him with a few Swahilis and passed around the south end of the mountain to Kibari. On Lugard's return with the remainder of the Sudanese, he built a chain of forts across Toro. These he garrisoned with the Sudanese whose presence he did not require in Uganda, in order that they might be a buffer between Kasagama and his father's old enemy Kabarega. Lugard had authority to enlist and pay only three hundred soldiers, but he found himself in possession of some thousands. These he did not venture to take into Uganda, but left them in Toro practically without any control, and they seized the opportunity to decimate the country. They seem to have instituted a reign of terror, for the natives hereabouts still sing a song in memory of those times. It runs :—

Tala, tala, tita,
Mugungo.

which refers to the custom of the soldiers, when, if the people did not come quickly to work on hearing the bugle call, they struck them violent blows over the back. Those who lived through the dreadful experience of the Sudanese Reign of Terror have said that during that period they had forgotten the crowing of a fowl and the bleating of a sheep.

King Kasagama walked with me up the King's



A REST HOUSE ON THE EASTERN FOOTHILLS OF THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON, TORO.



KITCHING'S BUTITI BAND, TORO.



MITYANA CHURCH AND DRUMS.

Highway from the place of greeting and told me that he was converted to Christianity in 1896, on the fifteenth day of March. His conversion contains remarkable elements, among which are the following. Through Uganda teachers he first heard of Christianity. These men had been sent down to Toro by the Uganda Church. But he does not seem to have really embraced Christianity until after being compelled to flee to Mengo. An English officer, who came down to Kabarole, was, unfortunately, altogether in the hands of his interpreter, a scamp of the first water, who allowed no one to have access to the Englishman unless he first gave a bribe of ivory. The interpreter entertained his employer with an assortment of lies about what was going on, until the official was led to arrest Kasagama and his uncle, as some say, thinking that they had a store of ivory and wishing to compel them to disgorge. His un-British method was to flog the uncle and put the King into the chain gang. The chiefs and all the King's people wished to storm the fort, but the Christian teachers prevented them by saying that although this European had done wrong, justice would be meted out in Mengo. Next morning, the officer felt he had gone too far and released the king, who at once went to Uganda, feeling that there he could be understood and would be righted. The Commissioner held an inquiry, when the official from Toro was summoned with his witnesses, and his case broke down so completely that he resigned. Kasagama was compensated and ordered to return to his country. With such an ending to his troubles, the King was greatly impressed; having in the meantime learned to read the Gospels and knowing the truth of Christianity, he declared that he would not return to his kingdom unless he was baptized, as he knew that

God was with him and Christ was his Saviour. The British Commissioner attended his baptism. He has been a staunch Christian ever since, and in times of trial has been most faithful. At one time some of the people wanted to go back to the old heathen worship, and when the King heard about it, he was sitting in his Council. His reply simply was, "Let us pray about it." The whole Council went down on their knees and prayed about it, and the matter was settled then and there. At the time of the dedication of the church, the King offered prayer in which he used this sentence, "We have worked with reeds and mud, but we have built with our hearts."

Such were the stories he poured out as we walked up the King's Highway, preceded by the armed guard and two captains, and accompanied by the Prime Minister and the great chiefs resident at the capital, a large crowd. We passed between vast gardens of plantains and entered the plantation of the Protestant mission; and then turning sharply to the right, proceeded up a well-graded and well-kept road, lined on either side by a single row of eucalyptus and other trees, to the native church on Kitete Hill. The King and myself entered the church in company with the missionaries and some hundreds of natives. A short service was conducted by Mr. Fisher, during which the hymn, "Jesus loves us" was sung and a prayer offered by the Prime Minister, thanking God for my safe arrival in Toro, and that I had been led to visit the kingdoms of Uganda and Toro. I could not have desired a more courteous and impressive reception than this received at the capital of Kasagama. It was full of good cheer, but solid and impressive, the sort of thing one is not averse to looking back on in future years.

The living agency used by God to bring the Gospel to this far-away country, Kabarole, was a member of the royal family, Yafeti, chief of the great province of Mwengi. He had been taught and baptized in Mengo by the Church Missionary Society's workers, and requested reading sheets and books and Christian teachers to be sent to Toro. The teaching went on, but the Nubians stationed in the country seized a quantity of books and burned them. They also dispersed several little congregations of readers. Notwithstanding these trials and difficulties, the work went on, and Kasagama the King joined the "people of the Book." The Church of Uganda sent more teachers, and two buildings were erected, at Kabarole and Mwenzi. After this came another period of trial. Both Kasagama and Yafeti had false charges made against them and were called to Mengo to answer them. Happily, both were acquitted. In 1896, at the time of the visit of the Bishop, the first baptisms in Toro took place. Fifteen persons, including the queen-mother, were admitted into the Church, who had mostly been under instruction for three years. And now in the Kingdom of Toro there are nine Protestant European missionaries, nearly one hundred "synagogues," as the natives call the preaching stations, and three large out-stations. There are twenty-five hundred baptized persons and a vast number of adherents. An aggressive medical work is going on, a new hospital is just being completed. Work for women and children is prosecuted by Mrs. Maddox. It is wise and efficient.

On Sunday I attended service in the Protestant church. The building was crowded with an attendance of at least seven hundred. Everybody seemed to be there, from the King to the Dwarf. The singing was hearty and in time. The natives cannot sing English

tunes as they are written, as it is impossible for them to take the semi-tones ; but it is possible to predict just how they will change a tune, as their variations are in accordance with principles which they unconsciously follow. Harmoniums and kindred instruments are useless here. The service was at nine a.m. and was conducted by Apolo Kivabulaya, a native clergyman from Uganda, who first came to the country among the pioneer missionaries in 1895. Apolo has probably had his share of trials since he became a Christian. He was the principal teacher in Mboga when he was suddenly arrested on a charge of murder. It came about in this way ; a spear had been left in a most awkward position outside the house of a Christian woman ; an alarm was raised outside, and the poor woman rushed out, tripped and fell, impaling herself on the spear. Apolo happened to be passing near, and hearing the groans of the poor woman, went to her assistance. Seeing her desperate condition, he called some men near by to come to his help. On seeing what had happened, they accused him of murdering the woman. He was brought before the chief, who sent the prisoner with his accusers to Toro. Owing to the absence of the officer in charge of the district, he was kept in prison for some time, but on the arrival of Capt. ————, he was discharged. Apolo has suffered much for the cause of Christ, but is a cheerful, earnest, hard-working native clergyman.

On the day of my arrival, the King sent down a present of sixty-five bunches of bananas and a fine sheep and goat. Later in the afternoon an emphatic rainstorm came on with an abundance of thunder and lightning and a roaring sound caused by the drops falling on the broad leaves of the banana trees, forests of which cover the slopes of the King's Hill, the Mission

Hill, and sweep on to the flat lands at their base. The water descended in sheets and was what the Irish car-driver by Lake Killarney called " a slight paspiration." This rainstorm suggested the reasonableness of the local proverb, " Airukire enjura omu rufunjo," that is, " He runs from the rain into the papyrus," which exactly corresponds to our well-known English proverb, " Out of the frying-pan into the fire." The rain in Toro is a feature of the country, and you cannot escape it. The rainy season seemed to have set in, but the storms usually approach on a schedule. The mornings commonly are cloudy up to about ten o'clock, when the sun shines brightly, lasting probably three hours ; then the heavens are overcast, and about three in the afternoon the clouds give their showers. The activity of the vegetable life is so great that the King's Highway ascending right up to his enclosure gates is sometimes well scattered with growing grass, in spite of frequent efforts to keep it clean. The amount of electricity in the atmosphere in this region seems to be out of all proportion to the amount of the atmosphere. At times foreigners find an inconvenient or even violent nervous headache bothering them. This is thought to be caused either by the electrical currents or the frequent shocks of the thunder concussions. The lightning strikes out right and left, showing no preference whatever for mission stations. The mission houses are now protected by monster lightning rods, which are heavy ribbons of copper run from the tops of poles above the roofs and swung in festoons to poles beyond the houses.

Some of the striking things about Toro are the cloud effects on the mountains, terrific thunder concussions, hot water boiling out of the ground, chiefly at Balanga, in which the people cook their food. There is also a

chain of lakes in the craters of extinct volcanoes. These lie to the eastward of the eastern slopes of the Mountains-of-the-Moon down to Katwe-by-the-Salt-Lake. There is only one brick house in Kabarole, which was the King's residence ; but the earthquakes have shaken cracks in it, and he has moved into a wattle and daub house, built by setting up poles in the ground about two feet apart for a frame, and lashing cross pieces made of saplings planted right and left to hold the daub in position. During the dry season, the atmosphere in Toro is exceedingly hazy, but during the rains magnificent views are had of the eternal snows capping the lofty summits of the Mountains-of-the-Moon, fifteen thousand feet higher than the fort, and only eight miles away.

The local Protestant church is composed of a varied and interesting congregation of natives. The King is a member, the Queen, the queen-mother, the Prime Minister, and all sorts and conditions of people down to a solitary dwarf who carries the high-sounding name of Blaseyo Mutwa, though Mutwa simply means a dwarf. He comes from the district of Mboga, to whose chief he was sold by his people along with many others during a time of famine. Now that the chief of Mboga has become a Christian, these dwarf slaves have been given their liberty. Some of them have elected to continue to serve their old masters for food and clothing.

Their weapons are bows with iron-tipped arrows, poisoned with a decoction of black ants and castor-oil berries. This particular dwarf was found at Mboga by a native pastor, instructed by him, and then brought to the capital of Toro, taught to read, and afterwards prepared for baptism. He is an intelligent lad thirteen years of age and teaches a junior class in school. The

senior classes object to being taught by him on account of his size. He believes in discipline and whacks the pupils on the head with his pointer.

He assisted in making an American flag for me, the first time a dwarf has ever attempted anything of that kind. He was not able to do all the work himself; the time was too limited for me to wait, so other persons assisted him in finishing up the job. The accompanying engraving showing the dwarf and the flag will give a fair idea of how well the work has been done. At half-past four on Monday morning, we started for the Semliki. I had spent an uncomfortable night and was not spry. There were but seven of my porters left who had come through with me from Mengo, the other eight having professed to be sick. They certainly looked so, and I paid them off and let them go, only to find that they suddenly left Kabarole when they found that I was well out of the place. The Men-of-Uganda do not like to go far from home, and they are fine actors, making themselves appear by a wonderful facial expression and various positions of the body, as if controlled by some deadly disease. I took on new porters under contract to take me to Mbeni. The caravan started off in good fair shape. We met two elephant tusks, each requiring four men to carry it, the larger of them weighing one hundred and fifty-six pounds, and at seven-thirty, I met Mikaeri Lusoke, big chief of Kimbugwe, who had killed the elephant to which the tusks belonged. The chief stopped to talk; he is a mighty hunter, one of the Church Council, one of the King's advisers, and the most valuable man in the kingdom next to the King. In his caravan were a number of loads of salt, done up in cylindrical bundles of banana fibre and borne on the heads of porters. Toro is noted for its

salt, which is taxed a rupee a load. Formerly, it was the custom of the natives to gather the salt on the shore of the lake at Katwe, but now it is necessary to dig holes.

Our course had been along the base of the Ruwenzori, through a picturesque country. Towering upward to the west were the Mountains-of-the-Moon ; nearer and to the east, numerous columns of smoke coiled up in the heavy atmosphere from amidst the plantain gardens—an ideal scene of rural peacefulness. At Lebona, I gave up for the day and stretched out on a bed of grass.

As I was passing from Kabarole to Mbeni as the guest of the King of Toro, the royal messengers provided an abundant supply of food both for ourselves and our men. I asked the King's messenger to provide men and a hammock that I might be carried the next day, fearing that fever was weakening me too much for the efforts necessary in pedestrianism. Tuesday was a fateful day ! I left Lebona at six o'clock in a hammock made of the fly of my tent, carried in true scriptural style by four men. The Prime Minister's messenger went ahead and the King's messenger behind. As we left Lebona, the snows on the lofty summits of the Ruwenzori were just visible. These were, however, not the main snow peaks. We came upon elephant spoor not more than three hours old when nearing Kasali. Tiger grass and bushy trees adorned the landscape. The fever made it impossible for me to settle my thoughts sufficiently either to write or wisely dictate to my stenographer.

A short time after arriving at Kasenyi, the fifteen men who had been bearing the Kitanda came up in company with the head-man and respectfully knelt down in the presence of the King's messenger, saying,





ON THE ROAD FROM KABAROLE TO ALBERT EDWARD NYANZA.



KATULI ISLAND, ALBERT EDWARD NYANZA, C.M.S. CHURCH AND PART OF CONGREGATION.

"Who are we that we should disobey the King's messenger? But we have come without bringing anything to cover us at night." The royal messenger replied, "When the men bring food I will see if others can be supplied; if not you will continue." The wonderful good nature with which they all indicated their willingness to abide by the decision of the representative of Kasagama is said to be characteristic of the dark-skinned races in this Protectorate. There is a contrast between the Bunyoro and the men of Uganda; the former are less vigorous, less coherent, less patriotic, and less independent, and as my boy Nathaniel says, "The Bunyoro have not a great deal of wisdom." On the road this morning, the King's messenger stopped a man carrying salt on his head and required him to put down his load and assist to the end of the journey. The clansman did it with great good cheer, leaving his packages unprotected by the roadside.

I was in great distress during the night and took medicine several times. My temperature went up to one hundred and four. In the morning it seemed wise to turn back and I was carried to Lebona, and on a grass bed in a leaf hut I lay down with an ever-increasing fever. Runners were sent forward to Dr. Bond, at Kabarole, who arrived on his wheel in the nick of time. My temperature was over 106° Fahr. when he came. I had the worst night of my life in that grass hut, and but for the blessing of Providence on the skilful physician who, with my very good friend, Johnson, of Kabarole, remained the night through with me, it must have been my last on earth.

It is not well for anybody to decry medical missionaries in my presence! While awaiting the coming

of the able Christian surgeon, in a hut on the foot hills of the Mountains-of-the-Moon, far away from native land and old friends, thoughts of the heart of Africa, and the possibility of being buried in that far-off spot in the dark continent, occupied part of the time. And I here and now, without an iota of concern about what critics or others may say, express to the two missionaries who abundantly displayed the Christian graces on that all but fatal night, my highest appreciation of their skill and courtesy, and last, but most fervently, I return heartfelt thanks to Almighty God for permitting me finally to continue prosperously on the great trans-African journey.

Swarthy carriers brought me back to Kabarole, where I was nursed back to good health in the home of my good hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher.

CHAPTER XII

The Journey to Albert Edward Nyanza

ALONG THE EASTERN SLOPES OF THE MOUNTAINS-OF-THE-MOON—ASCENT OF THE RUWENZORI—A NIGHT WITH CHIEF BWOGO OF KIRUNDU-ON-THE-EQUATOR—ALBERT EDWARD NYANZA

Nyantagambira akambukira omu bwato bwibumba.
Mr. Won't-take-advice crossed in a pottery boat.
Butiti Proverb.

THE Missionary Medicine-man and myself agreed on Saturday, the nineteenth September, that I might leave Kabarole, the conical capital of the kingdom of Toro, for Albert Edward Nyanza and the uncertain Congo line on the following Monday, making a second effort to pass around the south end of the massive Mountains-of-the-Moon. I was nothing daunted by the first failure, which was furnished by fever. It rather acted as an incentive to fresh effort. Merely as a matter of precaution I purchased a lot of useless meat extract at one rupee a can. The Prime Minister arranged for fresh carriers, as my Men-of-Uganda all became hopelessly home-sick, except "The Rascal," who was willing to stick to me to Mbeni, a border fort in the Free State country. The real name of "The Rascal" is Serwano Musaja Balagade. I gave

him the undesirable cognomen at the beginning of the journey immediately on leaving Mengo, because he showed a strong tendency to disseminate discord among the other members of the Uganda caravan. This seemed to be attributable to his not having been selected as one of the two Yellow Bags, a position of considerable honour. He later on proved to be one of the very best porters I have ever had; indeed, he is equal to the Chinese carriers who took me over the lofty mountains of Yunnan. I have continued his name Rascal as a matter of pleasantry. He carried me on his ample back across swift rivers, guarded the precious Yellow Bags, fixed my bed, and travelled fast or slow without a word or hint of complaint. My new men compared unfavourably with the Men-of-Uganda. As a rule they were smaller, possessed less vitality and ambition, and displayed a mental density which was highly undesirable.

During the afternoon of Saturday I called at the Roman Catholic Mission a mile out of the capital. Priest Achte says that Toro is one of the best places in the Protectorate for health, that there are no mosquitoes at the mission station, but plenty in the neighbouring swamps. In this matter of swamps Toro resembles other portions of the Protectorate. Heber had never visited Africa when he wrote

> "Where Afric's sunny fountains
> Roll down her golden sands."

Someone has suggested that it should read

> "Where Afric's swamps and mountains
> Meet one on every hand."

"We have plenty of old people," says the Algerian priest, "some eighty and ninety years of age. Their beards are white, but it is impossible to tell exactly

how old they are. One man we thought to be a hundred years and twenty old. It does not take the Toroites as long to learn to read as it does people in Europe. The natives of this country are clever, but not as clever as the Men-of-Uganda. The house here was built by 'boys' from Uganda, but they do not get 'big enough instruction;' the people are good-hearted. Some cannot attend church on Sunday because there is only one suit of clothes in the wigwam, and this is worn by turns."

The R.C.'s require all boys from ten to eighteen years of age to read and take a course of reading before being baptized. The girls and older people are simply expected to memorize a small catechism. A man desiring to be baptized remains in the station for six months. On these terms they have baptized about two thousand. The mission has had a rather precarious career, and gathers especially the poorer people and small chiefs, all but two of the big chiefs being Protestant.

The priests showed me over the garden and called my attention to the various growing vegetables. They grow some of the largest cabbage I have ever seen. Later in the day Priest Achte and his confrère called on me, accompanied by a large basket of fine vegetables, including the monster cabbage on which I had remarked when in the mission garden; also carrots, parsley, and large rough-skinned fruit resembling lemons, and other vegetables with the names of which I am unfamiliar. This was a welcome present, for I find myself disinclined to eat greasy or rich things. I began nibbling at the head of cabbage directly the priests had said good-bye.

A feature of a Toro Sunday is the beating of *the church drums*. These are greatly preferred to bells.

A bell was taken out to Mengo at considerable expense before the railroad was built, but it is not used to assemble the people. (It is the same in Fiji, where the natives prefer the old cannibal drums.) For that purpose the big drums are employed, and they can be distinctly heard many miles away. Drum-sound carries a prodigious distance. Many of the natives are under the apprehension that bells are used to frighten away evil spirits, and they sometimes hang up a gourd on a line across the entrance to a village that the wind may make a noise and frighten off bad spooks. The drum is a great institution in this Protectorate. There are many kinds of drums and many kinds of drum beats, each with a special significance. When a man enters into a chieftainship he is said to " eat the drum," and permanently abstain from beating it. When the King of Ankole was baptized in December of 1902, after the sacred ceremony he went down the hill with his people. The foreign missionaries, on inquiring what he was going to do, were told, " The King will beat the drums of the kingdom ! " They followed him and found a little enclosure with the people seated in a semi-circle around two drums decorated with a crescent-shaped pattern in black and white, and draped in native bark-cloth. Presently the King with great dignity arose, took up the sticks, and tapped both drums. To the missionaries this was a strange proceeding, but to the heathen audience it had a stupendous significance. For they have an ancient tradition that when a big chief or a king beats the drum of his chieftainship or kingdom, national disaster will shortly follow. Many were the heart-searchings and anxious whispers among the black-skinned gatherings as around the fires at night they discussed the momentous

events of the day, and deep would be the impression of good or evil left on them. Many thought that evil must certainly result, for the King had broken with his old belief in the power of evil spirits, which probably for centuries had held the kings of Ankole and their liegemen. The fact that disaster has not followed is, perhaps, helping the henchmen of King Kahaya forward in the belief in the new faith.

The natives distinguish the sounds with great adroitness. For instance, a foreigner fourteen miles from the capital of Toro was about to start at six o'clock in the morning on a journey, when he heard a drum going, and his "boys" told him that it was the Protestant drum. Soon after, another distant drum was heard, and they were equally positive that a Roman Catholic drum was sounding. The Kabarole church drum has been heard as far as "Big Ben" in Westminster when sounding out in the still air of the early morning, while the monster Mengo drum can be heard still further.

Then there is *the war drum.* Nowadays there is no need to beat it to call men to bloody conflict; but the King has it struck when he wants to call his people together for business, especially a leopard hunt. When the natives hear the drum, they pause for an instant to interpret its beat, and if it be the call to war, they run with all speed and agility to the King's enclosure, and in a few minutes hundreds of warriors will have gathered from different parts.

There are other musical instruments used by the natives. One of them is the ntongoli, an eight-stringed creation varying in pattern among the different tribes. The strings are stretched upon a gourd covered with skin and are made of a bark fibre from the nsibaga tree, which is very high. The musical

natives climb the nsibaga, cut off a branch, peel down the fibre, and make the strings. Perhaps the simplest musical instrument in use in this region of the Mountains-of-the-Moon is the njenje, a two-stringed instrument from the Congo Free State. The mountaineers, dressed in nothing but the merest fragment of cloth, when going on a long march are quite contented to encourage themselves by playing the njenje as they walk. Another instrument more or less musical is the ndere, or native reed flute. The King, when going on a journey, is satisfied if accompanied by a no more pretentious band than a single native flutist. Then there is the nsego, sometimes played when the King comes down stairs in his house; it is a pierced stick, and plays with "one voice." Then comes the pretentious ntimbo, a hollowed-out tree trunk varying in length, covered with cow skin or goat skin, and beaten with the fingers; this is a royal instrument possessed only by the King, and is an indication of his "glory." The King of Toro's band is composed of ikondere and drums. The men when playing on state occasions, as they did in the King's presence for my special benefit, accompany their playing with a quaint dance.

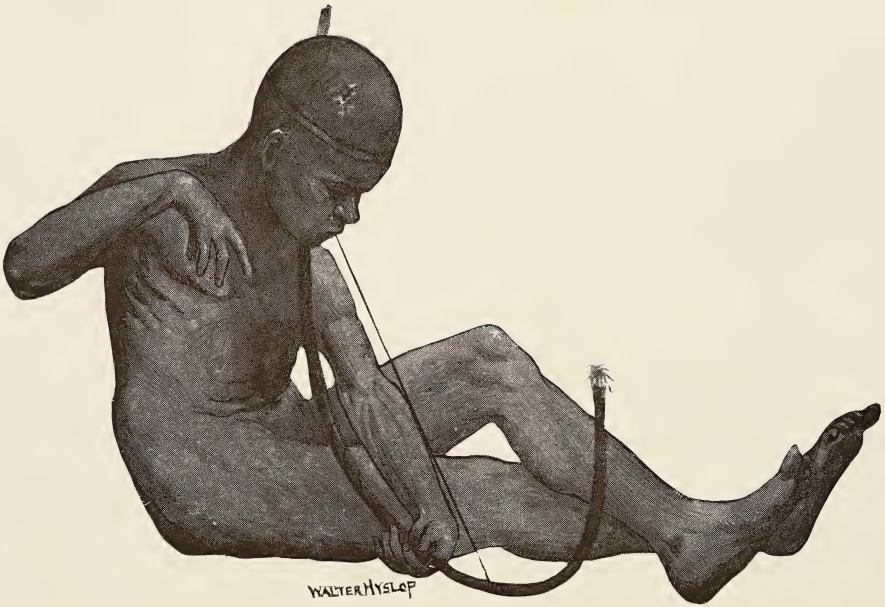
On Monday, the twenty-first of September, I travelled from Kabarole eighteen miles southward to Kasali, lying on the eastern foothills of the Ruwenzori. In the caravan were four of the King's musketeers with puttees around their legs, white Grecian trousers, blue sweaters, and red tarbooshes. These were despatched as a special mark of honour and favour, as also a messenger representing the King and Prime Minister. The caravan left my host's house in Kabarole before half-past three and stopped at Lebona at six. We passed on, after having a lunch, to the



¡MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, MBENI IN THE SEMLIKI VALLEY.



ARCHERS AT MBENI



A SAVAGE ON THE EDGE OF THE SEMLIKI FOREST PLAYING A PRIMITIVE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

day's destination at Kasali, where we arrived at ten o'clock precisely. The road at frequent intervals took a dip, and the view included many extinct and picturesque craters. On the way I passed large fields planted in regular fashion with American corn, and saw fresh elephant spoor. The monster beasts seem to have been in a hurry on the slippery road, and slid considerably in the early morning. The caravan marched through tall reed grass; one stalk I measured at Kasali was three inches over sixteen feet, and some is considerably higher. In swampy regions there is an extravagant growth of papyrus and other rushes, reeds and coarse grass. The road is about twelve feet wide from reeds to reeds, but the well-beaten track, which is never a straight line, does not usually exceed eighteen inches in width. A variety of small flowers, chiefly yellow, and an assortment of cheerful singing birds helped us forward. While at the rest hut at Kasali a deluge of rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, penetrated the roof, and gave us temporarily some anxiety. 100 inches of rainfall per annum is the record of the eastern flanks of the Ruwenzori. Soon after our arrival at Kasali bunches of bananas were brought, by order of the King's messenger, from various gardens by men and women bearing spears, and placed in a long row in front of the reed rest hut. The porters were then told off in squads in charge of the King's guards, and each man took a bunch of bananas and put it near the grass booth in which he was to sleep. One of them went to a euphorbia tree, tore off two limbs and placed them on the ground forming a double arch. Being full of sap, these refused to burn; a roaring fire was then made of dry grass and thorn bush under the euphorbia arch, and the entire bunch of bananas

was laid on top for the smoke and flame as well as the heat to sweep through, blacken and roast. These are eaten by the natives as they sit on the ground hugging the fire. The men seem to flourish on this simple diet, and in the case of the Men-of-Uganda do an amazing amount of work. A string of Negroes in single file, each with his spear and a crescent of bananas, will start off on a long journey and be perfectly satisfied if there is a sufficient supply of bananas. The fruit is eaten when it is as green as grass. Indeed, I have seen very few ripe bananas in Africa.

Early Tuesday morning we started for Kasenyi, which place we left after lunch at eight o'clock. Here I took a photograph including a native with deeply scarred tribal marks. The ancient religion of Toro might well be described as propitiation of the devil expressed in scarring the face, burning the chest, extracting teeth in the lower jaw, offering sacrifices of goats, fowls, beer, and in extreme cases on great occasions, *human sacrifices*. The Toroites seem to have known nothing about a good spirit. The devil was waited on by priests whom the people called by different names, such as Wamala, *i.e.*, Lake Devil, and Kagola, *i.e.*, Physician Devil. There is a tradition that the supreme devil, called Muchwezi, was originally shot up by fire out of one of the numerous crater lakes. This would seem to be evidence that Toro was populated at the time the chain of extinct volcanoes were active. It is from this tradition that the idea got abroad that Muchwezi's residence is in the crater lakes. These bodies of water are generally called Kyata Bulogo, which means death to wizards, from a one-time common practice of seizing people supposed to have acted as wizards, binding them,

and hurling them into these lakes to expedite their return to Muchwezi, the god-of-the-wizards.

When the missionaries arrived on the scene reverence for parents was an unknown quantity. When old people were no longer able to work, it was found inconvenient to feed them. They were transported by their relatives, tightly bound with banana thongs, and thrown into the papyrus swamps. Mothers and fathers had little love for their children and looked upon them as certain assets to be let out or sold to wealthy slave owners, or to fill the harems of the more prosperous chiefs. The children, the same hour they were born, were burned by fire on the chest and scarred on the forehead by a sharp knife, that the smoke from the human flesh and the blood from the forehead might act as incense in propitiation of the devil. Hence the Toroites are said to have their heads scarred with tribal marks from fire and knife. Soon after the introduction of Christianity in 1896 a great council of the King and chiefs was held, and all these old customs and habits were discarded.

It became a crime to extract teeth from the lower jaw, to burn by fire or to blood-let, so that Christianity has introduced a new tribe facially, and all children born since 1896 are called "Jesus children," because they are free from marks and wounds on the body.

Two leagues due south of the Mubuku, I suddenly halted to enjoy the most entrancing view in tropical Africa—the rosy-tinted snow on the lofty Ruwenzori. As the morning advanced the scene assumed the character of greater beauty and sublimity. And when the sun rose above the picturesque mountain of Kitagwenda, which protects the northern arm of the Albert Edward Nyanza, and flooded the white fields of eternal snow with indescribable splendour, I had

emotions somewhat akin to those which deluged my soul when crossing the hot plains of the Jordan, in the early morning. Then I beheld the glory of the bright and morning star, over the hills of Bashan, in the glow of the approaching sunrise! My vocabulary fails me on both scenes! The view over the rolling grassland from Kiktoma one hundred miles away,

> "Bounded afar by peak aspiring bold,
> Like giant capt with helm of burnished gold,"

is only excelled by this present view, for here the outlines are perfectly defined and their every grandeur appreciable. One advantage is that the transition from the plains to the mountains is sudden and well defined. The sublime milk-white climax to the plateaux of the continent, each higher than the other, from the Eastern Ocean to the Ruwenzori, is not surpassed by any elevated region or great protuberance of perpetual snow crystals on this planet.

These mountain masses with first tropical life, then a temperate zone to be followed by cold, pale fronts of the snow abode or frigid zone, introduce modification of climate in ascending the slopes that are not unlike those observed in travelling from the Equator to the Pole.

On the third day from Kabarole we marched from Kijumba to Mohoya. The chief feature of the day's journey was the mountain streams we crossed. The Mubuku has its sources far up in the frost land, and glaciers of mighty Ruwenzori, and has changed its cold course three times in the last five years. It is as fickle as the warm Hoang-ho, but hardly as dangerous. At the ford of the Mubuvu a message met me from Captain ——, dated Fort Mbeni, the seventeenth of

September, extending to me a cordial greeting to the Congo territory, placing himself at my disposal (!) and signifying that he will come a three days' journey to meet me. The scene is difficult to leave. I must think it over again. The snowy range of the Mountains-of-the-Moon are over 30 miles long and five miles wide, and in the midst is the highest point in Africa, reaching an altitude of about 21,000 feet. Here are glaciers and snow fields of surpassing beauty. Indeed, I know of no such range anywhere. Skirted and surrounded by grass land on all sides at the base, and stretching upward thousands of feet to a tree belt, and thence onward and upward to the fields of white, the sublime is reached ! One of the rivers I crossed on a bridge ; another on the back of a curly-headed porter to steady him when the current almost swept him off his legs ! A third I jumped by placing my hands on the shoulders of two men ; and landed with one foot in the water and splashed " The Rascal " all over. The heat became excessive after half-past eight. When the man bearing the basket occupied chiefly by the head of cabbage presented by Priest Achte arrived at the destination, he snorted and said, " one to you." I suppose he was congratulating himself that the day's work was done. The old chief of Mohokya soon arrived with a number of his heathen henchmen. He was dressed in trousers-once-white, coat-once-yellow, tarboosh-once-red, and a skin-once-clean. He presented a sheared sheep, many big bunches of bananas, Indian corn, beans and yellow yams.

On Thursday the journey of the chief part of the caravan, accompanied by the secretary, was from Mohokya to Kikorongo. Johnson, a few picked men, and myself left Mohokya at a quarter to six, marched

almost due south, and then turned dead to the right and began the steep ascent of the Mountains-of-the-Moon. There is romance in the ancient name ! One of the most important tribes dwelling on the sunrise slopes of the Mountains-of-the-Moon are the Bakonja. They practise circumcision, and since beginning to read the Bible, trace these customs back to the days of Moses. Many things once offered to God have since been presented to the devil. It is interesting to know how the various peoples dwelling not far from the Ruwenzori think about the lofty heights. The Toroites never refer to the Mountains-of-the-Moon, but call them simply lusozi, " hills." The snow on the top is referred to as " birika." The people of Uganda speak of the mountains as Gamalagala, which may be traced to the first word in the proverb " Gamalagala fumba bari," which means " The large leaf that boils the clouds ;" because in Uganda everything is stewed in banana leaves, and from the clouds that are shot down into the valleys surrounding Toro, the Men-of-Uganda think they are boiled up above, or that the " man up above " has taken the lid off his pot !

The tribal name Bakonja is derived from the name of the bananas which they eat. These bananas grow as long as nine inches and are stringy and hard ; fruit and stalk are brilliant red. They grow only in high altitudes. The Bakonja go up the Mountains-of-the-Moon fourteen thousand feet and hunt conies, the " feeble folk " mentioned in the Bible. A Bakonja has a very comfortable way of getting these animals. He sits by the mouth of the hole and lets them run into his knob-kerry. One being killed makes no difference to the rest ; they all run into the trap, seeming to be nearly blind. The Bakonja's chief

food is a large kind of melon called uju, and they are also fond of snakes and frogs. When the missionaries first came to Kabarole, these men came down from the mountains and contracted to catch the rats and mice about the houses. They covered the place with small snares made of grass, and would sometimes go off with a rare bag when there was no cat in the neighbourhood. Their only trade with Europeans was old tin boxes, with which they made ear-rings and covered spears. They would stipulate to catch three rats for a sardine tin, but the missionaries have now taught them also to value cloth.

Occasionally an unfortunate village situated on the mountain side is swallowed up by a lively landslip. Villages are usually built over old land-slips, as they are the only flat places. In the lofty summits of the Ruwenzori lie the eternal snows. Vast glaciers may there be seen, but only eight Europeans have ever reached the snow line. Among these was the wife of Missionary Fisher, the only lady who has ever stood on a glacier in Africa. In four days she passed from a temperature of one hundred and ninety-four Fahrenheit in the sun to thirty-two Fahrenheit in the sun. Part way up the mountain we laid hands on two men, Hair-of-the-head and Twin-meat, belonging to the Abany-binda, a tribe of fishermen ; they were on their way to Albert Edward Nyanza. It is a curious fact that this tribe of mountaineers dwells in elevated situations in the Mountains-of-the-Moon, its members going down thousands of feet to the lake to catch the fish and vending them to other mountain savages. They also cultivate the soil. On approaching our destination at Kitabu, a mountain village ruled over by Chief Kasami, the church drum sounded, and the congregation of tall, lank mountaineers came out to

extend a hearty greeting. A poor Christian man made me a present of two eggs done up in a banana leaf. I wanted to purchase a chicken of the chief to learn the price of chickens in the Mountains-of-the-Moon. So I asked Kasami to sell me one. His reply was, " Do you think Marko Kasami would take money from a guest ? " So I found it impossible to purchase fowls, but the price is about a penny. As we were accomplishing a rapid descent of the Ruwenzori a thunder and lightning storm swept over the range. The Mountains-of-the-Moon certainly attract lightning. Recently in the neighbourhood of the main range there have been struck the missionary's house at Butiti, the church and a missionary's house at Kabarole. The situation has become so serious that the Church Missionary Society has provided lightning ribbons for mission buildings. In a recent storm at Butiti the banana plantations lying between the church and the King's residence were struck in three places. There is no question but that the atmosphere in the mountains is more invigorating than that in the plains, and I greatly regret not being able to take time to stop longer and fully recuperate in the bracing highland air. In the early afternoon we began a hasty descent of the Mountain. By five o'clock we had reached the river Nyabugasani, which is the west boundary between British and Free State territory. Johnson said that he would throw a stone over into the Free State, but he could not find one ! I observed many new huts on the British side of the water. The people aver that they come over because of ill-treatment on the other side ; but it is a noticeable fact that when the hut tax is to be collected they promptly remove into Congo territory to escape the officers of the law. We pushed on fearing to be caught by the night.



DWARFS AT MBENI, NEAR THE GREAT PIGMY FOREST.



THE AUTHOR TESTING THE NERVE OF A NATIVE WHO HAS A BANANA ON HIS HEAD TO BE SHOT OFF. SEMLIKI GRASS-LAND, NEAR THE MOUNTAINS-OF-THE-MOON, AFRICA.

I arrived at Kirundu-on-the-Equator at six P.M., and, according to instructions given in the morning, the main caravan should have been awaiting me there. My surprise was therefore great to find no signs of it; and runners were at once sent to locate the missing procession and instruct it to proceed to Katwe. Johnson and myself found ourselves with very little paraphernalia. We asked the chief to receive us, as he would a big chief of his own people. This seemed to please him immensely. Before darkness had settled, he brought bunches of bananas for eating raw, many bunches to be cooked, a sheep, three fat chickens, a good supply of eggs, and many regrets at being unable to supply us with milk because his herd is young.

The little village over which Bwogo rules is entirely enclosed in a stout reed fence built eight feet high and double. At seven P.M. some drops of rain fell, and I requested to be shown my sleeping quarters. Just as my men shut the rough gate in the outer court and fastened it with a thong of banana fibre, The Rascal brought the Yellow Bag and lit a fire to roast sweet potatoes. As I passed from one court to another, in shadowy corners crouched black cannibal figures absolutely silent, their eyes, dark, mirthless and cruel, flashed from out corners of overhanging eyebrows, with their hands on wicked-looking spears. These silent savages boded no good. I found that the hut where "the Big White Chief" was to sleep opened into the cow-yard, where was a big fire around which sheep, goats and cattle gathered in front of my door, where a native warrior stood on guard. Fresh grass a foot deep was spread inside the entrance of the conical hut; on this I placed my rubber blankets and two red ones, and fastened a mosquito net with

reeds. The hut was well built, constructed entirely of reeds and thatched with grass, save only the uprights, which were trunks of small trees supporting the roof. After fixing my bed, I took a lantern and cruised about this odd uncanny habitation. Very soon I came across a stall with the floor eighteen inches higher than the rest of the hut, where slept a woman and child. Near was a second fire which is supposed never to go out ; this may not be true, but as the natives wear very little clothing, it is not surprising that they enjoy a constant fire.

I am free to admit my misgivings when the caravan was not awaiting me here. Had it been murdered and robbed by local or distant savages ? And was I being entrapped for the same fate ? The crouching savages, the extraordinary hospitality, the wicked-looking sleepers (?) in the hut, the unearthly shouts outside the protected camp, all suggested danger. Then, too, I had but two guards with me, and only a hundred rounds of cordite shells for my repeating rifle, but what are these far-off in the heart of Africa among savages ? But I decided to try and sleep whatever my fate was to be.

The weird light of the large tree trunks slowly consumed by the flames outside cast over one a strange impression, and the breath hung suspended in the bosom. This was heightened when, at eight o'clock, the young Chief Bwogo asked me to delay sleep for a little. What did this mean ? Were we to be murdered conveniently ? Imagine, if you can, my feelings when he took from a rafter a Bible and hymn-book and humbly conducted evening worship ! ! ! All sang

"Come to Jesus ; don't delay ;
Remember He is here to-day."

to the tune, "Joyful, joyful will the meeting be"

with considerable variations. He read by the dim firelight around which the sheep and goats were gathered, then all knelt, and in a strong voice the Chief of Kirundu prayed. It is very wonderful that this man, far from any preacher or teacher, has learned something of the Gospel, and is teaching the people of his village on the Equator. During his prayer the chieftain said, "O God, we ask Thee to bind Thy law around our hearts with a rope that our hearts may be full of fat." To the young chief the choicest thing possible is meat with an abundance of fat. He continued to pray, "O Lord, protect these two travellers from fever on the road of their long journey." Nothing could be kinder than the hospitality of the Chief of Kirundu. We came upon Bwogo uninvited and unexpected, and behold, nothing but kindness and a keen desire to accommodate us comfortably and cleanly. Are missions a failure? Think *where* and how this happened! Do I believe in missions?

At two o'clock in the morning one of the cows rushed into the hut, but fortunately not into the mosquito net; the sentinel on guard and another black with firebrands hurried in and got the beast out. Before two hours were past we started at a very smart pace with Chief Bwogo as guide through long wet grass toward the important salt village of Katwe. My feet became wet with the dew from four feet of grass, and but for an oilcloth which I pinned in front of me I must have been soaked "clear through." In the early morning I had a glimpse of the beautiful salt lake, passed over bare volcanic rocks, left the craters of extinct volcanoes on the left, and stopped at a small village called Kyobwere to eat some cooked sweet potatoes which I purchased of a passing native. I arrived at Katwe at the house of the Big Chief at

eight in the morning, having passed an old fort, salt sheds, and heaps of bad salt. The secretary with the remainder of the caravan came in an hour later, having marched by the main road. Just after leaving Kikorongo he met with hippos which ran off the road and splashed into the lake. The day before he fired at one with his carbine, and gave him a shot in the head, but found it inconvenient to wait for him to be pulled ashore. A story is told of a number of Batoro going out to hunt hippo in one of the crater lakes. They found the brutes and attacked them with spears and succeeded in wounding one. The injured hippo turned upon his foes, and they decamped for their lives. But the infuriated animal succeeded in getting one of the men, whom he promptly bit into two pieces, the head falling at one side and the feet at the other. When the hippo was gone, the friends of the dead man came back, and the head end said, " O, my friends, if I had not run away I am sure he would not have noticed me."

After midday meal Johnson and myself wound our way through a Bakonja village spread out amidst eucalyptus trees, to the shore of the Albert Edward Nyanza, where with some more or less converted savages, we passed the missionary's cows, and clambered into one of the largest dug-outs I have ever seen made of a single tree. It was formerly used for war-like purposes. Four paddles sculled us across to the island of the blind Chief Kakuli, with its bee-hive-shaped huts as thick as ant-hills. Thunder and lightning were ambling around beyond the Mountains of Ankole. We saw no hippos or other awful big things, but a few birds skimmed away. The island is the largest of the three which make a charming view from the salty

Katwe. On the second of these islands live some of Kakuli's people, and on the third the birds are as thick as blossoms on a tree. The island is covered with living green, and reaches an elevation of probably one hundred feet above the lake; it may be about two miles long and one mile wide. The natives possess a civilization of their own. This is expressed first in their clothing, of which they wear mighty little. Second in decoration; some of the women have hundreds of rings on their knees and around their arms and calves. They have boats, some made of single logs and others of boards sewn with fibre into a sort of crazy patchwork canoe. And strange to say, they have a church building, well ventilated. Johnson conducted a service in it. The meeting was largely attended by large people; the fattest native congregation I have seen west of the Victoria Nyanza. There were many sweet-toned voices, indeed, all the congregation sang well. There was only one hymn book in an audience of eighty. This book had paper covers and cost the phenomenal wampum of forty shells. Pathos was added to the scene when the old blind chief came in with his young wife and sat on a stool carved out of a single piece of tree trunk. The Chief participated as best he could in the service.

When Bishop Tucker came here with the senior Dr. Cook in the year 1898, the surgeon promised that if the chief would come over to Katwe the next morning he would operate for cataract, and probably give him back his sight. Old Kakuli, in return, promised that he and his people would start reading the Gospel, but he failed to come until the day after, when the foreigners had gone. Nevertheless, two teachers were sent some while afterwards, and one of them ingratiated himself with them by taking an interest in the dialect,

and gained considerable acceptance for his teaching. His successor failed, and in consequence of a dearth of teachers elsewhere, the work has been left. Native Christians, however, paddle over from the mainland on Sundays and conduct services, while several of the more forward, among whom is the old Chief Kakuli, join together in beating the drum daily and gathering for prayer and reading. There are still many who take refuge and hide in their huts when the service is about to be started, lest they might be laid hands on by the more vigorous readers and taken bodily into the church.

I took a photograph of five females, showing a very peculiar embossing in the skin, made by cutting with a sharp instrument and raising the skin by inserting something under it and allowing it to heal. At the evening meal two Bakonja musicians entertained us with the njenje. As the instrument has but two strings and three wooden blocks against which they are pressed to make different notes, there is small variety. The other instrument in this band of serenaders was a sort of reed box containing berries, and when played sounded like dropping beans on a hard board.

On Saturday morning the caravan filed out of Katwe at four o'clock, and headed for the Pigmy Forest in the Congo Free State. An ingenious amateur guide took me off the track, which resulted in one of the Yellow Bags stepping into a hole and dropping his load, but fortunately my valuable camera was not broken. After a little more than an hour we came to the village of Nyabubale, and there found the heathen Chief Dwabulyo, who had been invited to transport us safely across the Nyabugasani river into Congo territory. When we reached the regular ford,

men appeared on the far side and built a fire which threw a weird and gloomy light across the water, while naked blacks moved up and down with flaming torches. On our side Chief Dwabulyo and his henchmen carefully examined the river, and when they saw the height of the water, gave vent to exclamations of surprise and dismay. During the night the boundary had risen considerably. He finally led us up some distance to what he considered an easier ford. Our single line of burdened men wound their way through plantain groves and amidst the large-leafed mutene, the edible lily on the flat lands bordering the river; and just as dawn was breaking in the east, we reached this second ford probably thirty yards wide, and in the midst of which swept a swift current. I was borne on the shoulders of a sturdy naked native, supported on either side by another equally powerful. The plan was to start and wade well up the stream and then bear across as the current carried us down. One of the men was swept several feet away from me. I got one foot wet, but the job was well done, and I was landed safely in the Congo Free State at five-thirty A.M.

CHAPTER XIII

Across the Semliki Valley; The Edge of the Great Forest

THE FIRST STAGE OF THE JOURNEY IN THE CONGO FREE STATE—ANTELOPE, ELEPHANTS, AND FORT MBENI

> The reed, of lake a barren plant,
> Useless and insignificant,
> Nor fig nor grape nor apple bore,
> A native of the marshy store.
> But gathered for a Yankee's use,
> And plunged into a sable juice,
> It speaks with fluency untired
> As if by Phoebus' self inspired.
>
> *Heraclides, Cowper & Co.*

THE first impression I received on entering the Congo Free State was made on me by a large number of well-to-do mosquitoes. The landing place, not being the regular one, was in the midst of tall reeds sprouting from land well saturated with moisture, the whole forming an immense malarious mosquito incubator. However, I stood on the soft shore and watched the coming of my secretary and some of the baggage. The sheep swam over, each with a native as guide, and the dog Tip made a hard pull in the strong current, but finally got ashore in good



NATIVE BRIDGE IN THE GRASS-LAND, NEAR THE GREAT PIGMY FOREST, AFRICA.



FRONT VIEW OF TWO REAL PIGMIES IN THE ITURI FOREST, AFRICA.

repair. The black fellows enjoyed the performance, but the villainous mosquitoes became more interesting to me than the fording of the Nyabugasani, which hastened my exit from the reeds through thatch grass a hundred yards beyond, where " ilka blade of grass had its ain drop of dew " to a first-class road. This highway, freshly cultivated, dead straight, was well reckoned to give a new arrival a good opinion of the energy and care exercised by the general and local officials.

The march from the river to Muswaga was through the country of the Basongoro, who are relatives of the natives dwelling about the salt lake at Katwe. Formerly, they were great cow-keepers, but during a widespread bovine plague which swept the Semliki Valley a few years ago, most of the tribesmen lost their animals. The grass which grows on this plain is suitable for cattle, but so great was the calamity of the cow plague that in spite of immediate and natural advantages, they have up to this time been unable to gather herds. The Basongora are accustomed to speak of things which happened before or since " the cows died." As far as I can learn, the Basongora never indulged in eating human flesh, but the Bamba, who dwell to the north and on the western slopes of the Ruwenzori, are said to have been cannibals until the foreigners came. The appearance of a white man did not in any sense remove their taste for what they formerly considered a great delicacy, but they no longer dare to indulge in the practice openly, though when a traveller or wanderer strays from the path at night, it is whispered that they are not averse to a good square meal of human flesh.

Numerous antelope, large and small, were wandering " O'er the plains where the tamarind grow," grazing

peacefully, and without suspicion of danger on the tender grass. Johnson went off in one direction and the secretary in the other with the fond hope of bagging some long horns, but got only a *long* tramp and the reward of Longfellow :—

> "The rapture of pursuing
> Is the prize the vanquished gain."

My watch had its black hands up to its white face at nine-fifteen when I reached the first of the Congo rest huts located at Muswaga, within a few hundred yards of the small bashful river Dubiriha. This shanty was fresh and clean, constructed of wattle and daub, surrounded by a trench, roofed with grass a foot thick and standing due east and west by the compass. Indeed, the whole place had the appearance of having been laid out by engineers. The doors were situated to admit what seems to be a trade wind to sweep through with full force. The difference in temperature on the roof and under it, according to a Fahrenheit thermometer, was fifty degrees, the temperature inside being seventy-six and that outside one hundred and twenty-six. Without resorting to instruments, I am of the opinion that Muswaga stands on the equator ; it is at least very near the Hot Line, but I found here, as in Borneo and other parts of the world, that on the equator is by no means the hottest place. I well remember after the long journey across China finding Mandalay exceedingly hot, but Rangoon was cooler, Singapore still cooler, and Kuching, in the land of the " wild man of Borneo," one hundred and twenty miles from the equator, the coolest spot I had found since leaving the lofty Chinese stockade at Shiti. In the South Seas I observed the same, and Muswaga is no exception.

My first Sunday in the Free State was spent in

comfortable quarters at Muswaga. The day broke cool and beautiful. I was up at half-past one in the moon-lit morning and found myself hungry, but was unable to find anything to eat, so turned in again. Since I had the atrocious attack of fever at lonely Lebona, it was necessary during waking hours to take food at intervals of not longer than three hours, and even at night not to go beyond six hours without nourishment. Thus far I had been unable to build up more than a very slight reserve of physical strength. My left eye had been a matter of great concern for the last three or four days. The gloom which was spreading over it was due either to the fever, or to the medicine which was necessary to check it ; banes are sometimes nearly as bad as their antidotes ! but not always. When I closed the right eye everything seemed to be covered with groups of miniature extinct volcanic craters. Remarkable instance of the persistence on the retina of external impressions !

After breakfast, Johnson of Kabarole read the Church of England service, and afterwards hammered on a tin bath to summon the carriers to worship. It is my custom to have rest and worship for myself and men on Sunday. In the afternoon I called The Rascal and went out to the top of a hill due west, beyond the River Dubiriha, which is spanned by a native bridge, and took a seat, made of newly-cut grass, under a tree. The view to the South included the Albert Edward Nyanza, which name acted on me like magic when I was a boy, probably three miles distant ; to the north the lofty snow-topped range of the Ruwenzori ; while to the east, the dead flat stretch of grass-land lay low in the hot equatorial sun, interspersed with shrubs bearing flowers resembling in odour the honeysuckles found on Buckingham Mountain, near Philadelphia,

moving herds of graceful antelopes, singing birds, and ghostly euphorbia trees, forming a delightful landscape, with the Mountains of Ankole in the dim distance. The evening meal was served in the open air, a beautiful sunset illuminating an assortment of fantastical clouds moving lazily above the Mountains of Butuku far off in the west, banks of golden clouds lying just above the magnificent Mountains-of-the-Moon, while on the Meridian their god-mother shed down an acceptable and helpful light. When I was about to retire, the local natives began a heathen moon-dance. They sat in a circle with Chief Muswaga seated in their midst directly in front of a large vessel containing intoxicating mubisi. Four different kinds of musical instruments were employed, and the dancers wore on the right ankle a string of bangles. Now and again a drink passed round to keep the spirits at the point of hilarity, and the acme of success in the dance lay in the marvellous and intricate movements in which the grotesque stomachs of the wild participants could be employed. It was all very weird and uncanny. After a morning's worship, it was strange to see the day end with

> "Midnight shout and revelry,
> Tipsy dance and jollity."

On Monday we were up early, and the procession moved off promptly at half-past two. It seems desirable to avoid the African sun as far as possible, hence the night travelling. The caravan passed over a short level tract, down into a narrow valley, across a trembling native bridge and up a short steep ascent to a very gradual slope for more than two hours. Most of the road was cultivated and good, but in a few sections long grass threatened to wet the feet; and here and there a tree trunk lay across the

path. Some of the porters who were careless in keeping up with the front of the procession came upon these tree trunks unexpectedly and slipped and went rolling overboard ; fortunately none of them were damaged, nor the burdens which they carried. The country was also rolling and composed largely of grass-land, interspersed with acacia trees. Birds took their flight and occasional animals scampered off on either side. The uncanny sound of a hungry leopard not above twenty yards from the caravan was heard, but the beating of tin pans caused the animal to skedaddle. Three and one-half hours after leaving Muswaga, we encountered a human habitation. I signified a halt for food, when a local savage indicated that a camp was near at hand. In a few minutes the caravan came upon a deep ravine down into which we filed with considerable difficulty, crossed a small brook in the bottom of the canyon, spanned by a newly-made bridge, then up a steep ascent. On reaching high ground, behold a paradise in the midst of the lonely Semliki landscape !

This was no other than Karimi, where a European officer is usually in residence. We entered at once upon a street probably one hundred and fifty feet in width, perfectly kept, and lined on either side with mud and wattle houses occupied by the native police. The guest house at the end of this boulevard is white-washed and contains two rooms, many insects, and is surrounded by a spacious roof. Down the middle of the broad thoroughfare heaps of sweet potatoes were being measured out for our men. The various roads passing out through the grounds of the station are lined with young euphorbia trees, and the well-kept gardens produce sweet potatoes in large quantities. Up the hill from the rest hut are the sheds for housing the cattle of the officers at Fort Mbeni. Directly I

was seated on an oilcloth in the porch, the captain of the local guard presented a basin containing twenty eggs, a cylindrical creation containing six papias and a basket of four live chickens, a live sheep, a large gourd of milk, and another of fresh butter followed soon. Directly afterwards the chief, Byamunuri was introduced. He is lame in one foot, is without a nose (this appendage is not very necessary for a native, for he seldom makes use of any information passing through it), only part of a mouth, a few teeth knocked in to the various points of the compass, and one eye. Poor fellow ! he is the most lop-sided chief I have seen in darkest Africa, but he has the power to control savages, and rules the whole district of Bwiyanja. Karimi was a pleasing change after the lonely stretch of grass-lands all the way from the Congo line. The natives were well fed, but are not advantaged mentally and spiritually. Johnson bagged three fine guinea fowl in the afternoon.

Early the next morning we pushed on toward Karungu led by a guide evidently of some prominence among the native scouts. But in a few minutes he disappeared into the darkness and left an inferior fellow with a basket of chickens on his head to do the work. The chickens proved of some advantage. Any sudden movement of the guide was indicated by the contents of the basket. Once he came unexpectedly upon a steep place, lost his footing and rolled down. Over this performance there was much chicken talk I felt sure that he would not be able to run off without my knowing it, and knowing it, a rifle shot would promptly bring him to a halt. Our course now lay very much to the northward, with the sunken Semliki River on the left and the Ruwenzori Mountains towering on the right. The path ran through the

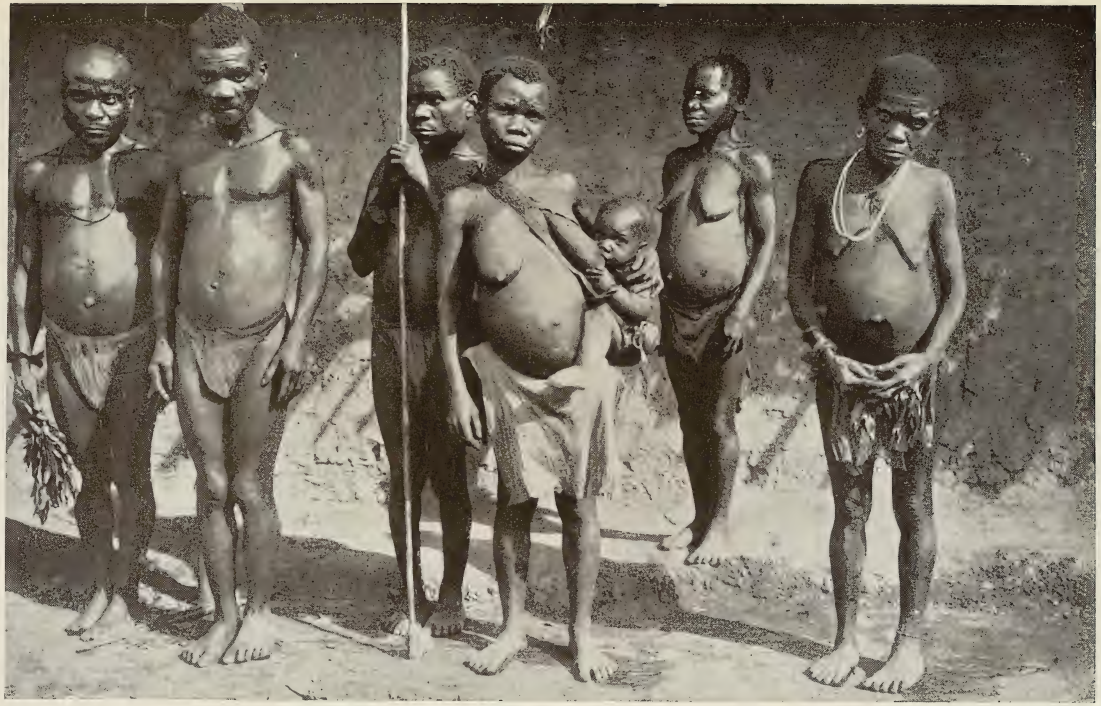
feeding-place of herds of elephants and other herds of large antelope. For an hour we marched in leopard tracks. The Semliki valley is probably one of the greatest big game reaches in the world. Here I saw wild animals without number. Once again I was impressed with the lack of human inhabitants, which may be due to the plain being at times over-supplied with moisture. Smoke was ascending from the western slopes of the mighty Ruwenzori on the east and from the Semliki Mountains on the west.

After crossing the Dumi River a messenger carrying a musket presented a letter from Mbeni from Captain Sabatini, in which he said he would come out to meet me. I arrived at Karungu a little before noon, and soon after he appeared with a dozen well-drilled and well-armed African savage soldiers. He is an officer in the first Grenadier Guards, spent three years in Abyssinia, the first Italian officer to receive leave of absence for a three years' holiday to serve in the Congo Free State. The soldiers are a mixture of men from various tribes, of fine bearing and well-drilled. They receive in pay six stretches of blue cloth per month. A stretch is from finger-tip to finger-tip with the arms extended as far as may be. A corporal receives in addition to the above three undershirts per month. After three years' service an additional pay of fifteen francs is granted. The Captain not speaking any English, and indifferent French, and myself having no freedom with Italian, the meeting and greeting was of an unusual order. In reference to the French language ; I studied it in the university and afterwards when visiting Paris failed to find anyone speaking French, so I lost hope. The Italian official of the Free State gave me a hearty greeting, and in a curious mixture of French, German and English, we carried on

a highly interesting and I hope, edifying conversation.

The next morning after three and one-half hours Fort Mbeni was entered. On the way three interesting incidents occurred. First, a Malafu, not a member of our caravan, got drunk on a native beverage and fell down. Most of the native tribes have some sort of an intoxicant, but the Malafu take to excess a highly alcoholic beverage made from the palm; yet even among that people it is seldom one meets with a drunkard; this was the first drunken native I met in Africa. The second interesting thing was the very vigorous shaking of the secretary getting an attack of fever. We fortunately had come along at a good pace and so were close to the Semliki, which was quickly passed in a hollow log, and he was landed in a hammock safely at the Fort. The fever continued to intensify until he reached the deadly temperature of over one hundred and five, and was in a pitiable condition. The third incident was the crossing of the swift Semliki in native dugouts propelled by punt sticks. The plan is to go aboard the hollow log, ascend the river by punting until the large palm trees are off the quarter, then with vigorous poling be swung by the swift current to the further shore. The east bank of the river is low, as is also the west, but after a few hundred yards on alluvial deposit, the "voyageur" begins to ascend a steep avenue lined with banana trees, papias and tobacco to an altitude of two hundred feet above the river, when he enters the parade ground surrounded by barracks, and sees a clean wide road lined with useful trees stretching far out toward the Great Forest.

Fort Mbeni is nine hundred and fifty meters above the tide and is considered a healthful location, with a splendid outlook over the valley. Fifty soldiers are quartered here in charge of two European officials.



THE BABY PIGMY HAVING BREAKFAST! THE ONLY PIGMY BABY EVER PHOTOGRAPHED.



NATIVE-MADE BRIDGE CROSSING THE NKOKO RIVER, GREAT PIGMY FOREST.

The fort itself is four-square, surrounded by a brick wall, which is supported by earthen ramparts and a trench. It contains magazines and two residences for foreigners, one of which the Captain presented for the use of the missionary, the secretary and myself. The midday meal, served in the mess room was splendidly done and composed of seven courses. The conversation was polyglot as per sample. One of the travellers wanted to compliment a small native boy wearing a red tarboosh, who was especially active at the Captain's end of the table. The traveller said, pointing to the small specimen of humanity, " Petit und all right." This was understood by all present, but after a moment's silence the comical in the situation seemed to flash upon each person's mind at the same time, and there burst forth a roar of laughter. French, German, and American in a solitary phrase of four words ! The wonderful good humour and courtesy of the host and his Belgian *confrère*, was marked and exceedingly happy. While at the table on one occasion, Wangite, chief of the Mambuba tribe, located on the east bank of the Semliki, opposite Mbeni, in charge of the dugout ferry, dropped into the mess room and proceeded to talk at a rapid rate, making all sorts of gestures and evidently some highly humorous statements. It appears that the local chiefs have access to the superior officer at almost any time and anywhere. This is certainly desirable and makes any system of blackmail or backsheesh difficult.

The Captain says that during the seven months he has been in the Free State he has not found it necessary to use the " baton " on anyone, although he is given the power to use it as punishment up to twenty-five strokes to an individual in one sentence. In Abyssinia he found it different ; the Sudanese will take five

strokes without apparently feeling it. Indeed, it is the custom there for the man being punished to pick up a small pebble each time he is struck, and when the number five is reached, he will hold the pebbles out in his hand and say, "See here, the number is full." The position of an official at an outpost such as this is not an easy one, but it is a busy life, and melancholia stands small opportunity of gaining permanent grip. Four months are required to bring provisions from Banana-on-the-Sea to Mbeni, and it would seem advisable that the Government should arrange for such things as are required by its officials to be transported *via* the Uganda Railway and the British possessions. If I mistake not, so excellent are the British postal arrangements that a letter despatched from Kabarole in Toro may be in London in six weeks. Very frequent reference is made to the proposed railway from Stanleyville to Avakubi and thence on eastward to connect with the Cape-to-Cairo line, when Fort Mbeni will become a lively place—but during the last year only five or six travellers passed this way. By a practical use of the gardener's art, an ample supply of the most excellent food is produced on the Government land. A few of the products are bananas, papias, lemons, oranges, guavas, pomegranates, Indian corn, rice, onions, cabbage, lettuce, and some of the nicest radishes one would expect to find in any land. Nor is there lacking

> "Sublime tobacco, which from east to west
> Cheers the slave's labour and his master's rest."

I, however, have no use for the narcotic weed !

This Semliki valley may be termed The Land of Thunder. One day it growled about the storm-clad head of the Ruwenzori for hours, and then at five p.m.

crossed the valley and bombarded the outpost and heights of Fort Mbeni with terrific discharges, crash following crash, and blinding glares flashing into each other with frightful rapidity.

> "Far along
> From peak to peak, the rolling crags among,
> Leapt the live thunder."

This was accompanied by the low rumbling noise of the large rain drops falling on the plantain leaves. It became louder as the storm approached nearer, and the climax was reached when torrents of water descended and deluged and washed deeper the crevices on Mbeni and swelled the Semliki pouring along at its base. Seldom does one hear in temperate lands such a tremendous display of sky artillery as that which may be heard almost any day in the Valley of the Semliki. The troops were not called out to repel the attack; the downpour was enough to quench the ardour of any number. After the storm comes the shifting of the clouds on the Mountains-of-the-Moon, the heavy mist on the Semliki range, and the clear, cool, delightful atmosphere.

There are two regular routes leading from Mbeni through the Pigmy Forest to the Aruwimi. One is to Mawambi, a distance of thirty-eight hours; and from this to Avakubi, thirty-three hours. Along this road, which passes through the dense woodland of the smallest people on the earth, there are fourteen wattle and daub rest houses provided to protect the health of the Government officials and any other travellers who may have occasion to pass this way. A most commendable arrangement is this. The other route runs from Mbeni to Irumu, a distance of about forty hours, but with only three rest huts. At other points, however, sheds have been provided under which tents

may be erected. If one has occasion to come into Mbeni with Toro porters—and they are inefficient, although kind and honest, it is highly important that they be paid off and sent back to their country and carriers employed from Mbeni. This I did, providing the men with an extraordinary amount of food for their return journey. I was sorry to part with the Rascal, the Man-of-Uganda, but he was anxious to return to his own land where he might once again enjoy an ample supply of the particular kind of bananas which is most pleasing to the palates of his tribesmen.

I mentioned the extinct craters on the lens of my left eye. They seemed like ill-omens of gloom and disaster. This trouble developed until I lost the sight of that eye entirely and being greatly depressed, feared total blindness. Every possible device known to me was attempted. I then seriously considered turning back and travelling westward into the healthy plateau of Ankole, where an English physician was reported to be. But after much thought and I freely and gladly admit, much prayer, the decision was made to hope for recovery and proceed with arrangements for the long dangerous march through the sombre Homeland of the Pigmies. After two weeks, the sight fully returned and I returned thanks. I never solved the mystery, some said the Ruwenzori snows caused it, but I have my suspicions !

CHAPTER XIV

The Pigmy Forest

FORT MBENI TO FORT IRUMU—MY FIRST JOURNEY IN THE GREAT EQUATORIAL WOODLANDS

Silvae tenent media omnia latae.
Broad woods filled all the spaces between.
A Glimpse of Virgil's Dark Continent.

AFTER my Yankee secretary had finished his fever at Mbeni, I occupied my own attention with an atrocious attack of the same so that altogether my precious presence was enjoyed, so they said, by the Congo officers at the Fort on the Semliki for a full week. This second assault of mad, malarious microbes made me sympathize with the Irishman who said, "I don't care whether I live or die as long as I keep my health." To approach the damp, diseaseful and uncanny shadeland when lacking in robustness is serious and disquieting. Often I thought over the great journey through the stupendous Forest of Equatorial Africa, not without misgiving; for within four hours after departing from the pleasant surroundings of the official plantation, the vast woodland, dark and damp, lone and lethal is entered. The great tract of forest extends from the Semliki valley on the east to the Congo on the west, and

reaches out a thin, long arm along the muddy waters of that fever-sticken river almost to the western sea. After leaving noisy, salty Katwe the traveller must not expect to find a missionary occupying a station until he reaches Basoko-on-the-Congo. Indeed, from Uganda on the east to the Congo on the west, and from Lake Tanganyika on the south to the far-off Mediterranean on the north there is no missionary or teacher of Christian truth. This heart section of the hottest of all the continents remains to be occupied by Christian forces. In Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames Embankment is John iii, 16, in 215 languages, but the language of the Pigmies is not among them. Marvellous material changes have been wrought by the active officers of the Free State, and something has been done to alleviate human suffering in the distribution of medicines, giving of hygienic advice and the teaching of a limited amount of Western agriculture horticulture and arbori-culture. I am also prepared to acknowledge that there has been an infinitesimal amount of moral instruction given. The enforcing of certain statutory regulations concerning marriage, the correcting of chiefs by announcing to them the golden rule in a very practical manner, and the observance at least to some extent of Sunday, have wrought admirably for the native races, but within exceedingly narrow limits.

From fair Fort Mbeni there languidly stretches out to the north-west a broad road lined with fragrant food trees, graded, and flanked for a considerable distance by the Government gardens. In the early morning my caravan of cannibals, ex-cannibals and Christians swung off at a lively pace like Hiawatha "westward toward the neighbouring forest." The sentry saluted as we passed out, and our Flemish

friend wished us a jolly journey! The first day's march ended at Pangapanga, a name suggesting the capital of American Samoa, but nothing else hinted the Paradise of the Pacific. Laid out originally for the accommodation of the State's officials, there has been no effort whatever to make it a stronghold, and no fortifications of any kind have been constructed. It lies on the edge of the *Petite* Forest, and consists of an open square absolutely free from all grass, with a white rest house for Europeans, a curiously constructed cook-house built of round perpendicular timbers and daub and wattle from the ground three feet up, leaving an open space to the roof. To provide good, fresh refreshing food for the "voyageur" a vegetable patch is kept in first-class condition. Sweet potatoes are the largest landholders, next white potatoes, Indian corn, tomatoes, onions, papias and manioc, which latter I expect to eat many times before completing this dangerous journey to the western sea. Here and there a broad leaf of Sir Walter Raleigh's famous plant shows itself. There are a few large trees and many small ones, and what one naturally expects in a tropical forest, an abundance of varieties of funereal creepers often growing up to the top of the trees and hanging down in long, mournful streamers resembling the draping over a sculptured sepulchral urn.

Some of the trees contain a score or more of pendant birds' nests. I was unable to learn what species of bird occupies these curiously constructed resting and hatching pendulums. The edge-of-the-forest people run to curiosities—among them pipes; one had a stem four feet long made of the midrib of a palm leaf, with the fronds stripped off and a hole cut in the stem some inches from the end, into which

a cone of green banana leaf was inserted. This the barbarous black-skins fill with the home-grown weed, and then pass the pipe round. The fashion is to make one sudden puff and draw in, and then close the eyes and continue to suck the smoke without emitting any until you are ready to burst, when you draw off and let go like a steam engine on an up-grade.

Close to the primitive back door of the local man-eating chieftain I discovered two small spirit-houses, not above eighteen inches in height, built in the simplest manner of reeds wrapped about with leaves which, in turn, were tied with fibre. Conical in shape, with an opening sufficiently large to admit an immense rat, they make an addition to the architecture of almost every vegetable patch. In one of these miniature houses were two dates, which had been presented to the spirits of the forefathers of the family to propitiate them lest they return and harm the present nervous occupants of the large leaf-covered residence. This mysterious worshipping of uncertain spirits in trees, as among the gypsies of Germany, or about the trees, as with the Shans of Western China, or as occupying residences prepared by the anxious native, as among the Wanande, seems to express a heartfelt need on the part of some who do not possess a white skin. Here, on the edge of the Great Tree-land of the Dark Continent, before entering that damp and unexplored tract called the Great Forest, I found a naked, curly-headed, savage people reaching out to something after which they are feeling, but about which they are absolutely uncertain, and in worship expressing the idea of offering, perchance of sacrifice.

Thursday night I slept on the margin of the forest, and with all the exciting anticipations, rested better



THE AUTHOR'S MAGUNGO-LEAF HUT AT CAMP GORILLA IN THE GREAT PIGMY FOREST.



REAL PIGMIES AT MAWAMBI. ONE HOLDS THE LEG OF AN ANTELOPE AND BEFORE ANOTHER LIES A BUNCH OF BANANAS. A rare photograph.

than on three previous nights. I ate well, but missed not having fresh eggs, so found myself lacking in vigour on Friday morning. While waiting for breakfast I took a rough native chair over to the sentry's fire. Unintentionally some naked dark-skins, who had huddled there during the night, were disturbed. Each one had slept upon a few papias leaves, and how those dusky figures had succeeded in obtaining any comfort or sleep through the noisome night, with no covering but the dew and no other couch than the hard earth and these few leaves, I wot not. And yet they arose cheerful, with excellent appetites—within the reach of their horizon, they doubtless enjoy life. Compared with Western peoples, these aboriginals are not as sensitive to pain, or indeed to anything else except it be the cry of a wild beast or the shout of an enemy. They can go long distances and for a long time without food and with little or no show of weakness. They have fever at night and carry a load the next day, keeping up with the caravan, and put up contentedly or eagerly with only one variety of food ! What must they think of our scientific and varied diet, our lying up with fever for a week, our transport in hammocks ? I could only get a simple breakfast consisting of onions, mutton chops, sweet potatoes, bananas, papias, milk and Indian corn porridge !

Soon after leaving picturesque Pangapanga for Bili, the end of the day's march, we came upon African forest figs. These figs are a favourite food of the elephants. It was not above an hour's march ; we left the Grass-land and the reed-land and entered the Tree-land, wondering if ever again we would see open country. Forth we strode into the darksome, murmuring forest, throbbing with animal and insect

life. "This is the forest primeval." The novelty prevented melancholy as we went stumbling over slippery places, stepping on roots with soft mud between, fording small streams on the backs of savages and crossing others on native bridges in a dilapidated condition. The forest is barbarous. Our course during part of the day lay along the track of the railroad clearing made two years and a half ago. It was at that time shaved clean, and many times since it has been overgrown and cleared. The young stumps which threatened to rip the kitanda, or hammock, and myself were certainly not over three months old. Multitudes of monkeys in the trees occupied themselves making imp-like sounds, and occasionally a grey parrot flew across our green course. These feathered citizens cheered our drooping hearts. The first rubber I have seen in Africa off my blanket was in a tiny basket on the back of a male Pigmy who came trudging along our path. The rubber was cut into long slices and resembled large pieces of fried potatoes. At last I saw a real Pigmy ! And I managed to photograph him ! Later on we met two more Pigmies ! One carried on his bare back a small wicker basket of provisions. In his hand, a bow and two iron-tipped arrows, and rolled up in a small leaf were some half dozen other shafts tipped with a most insidious and deadly poison. In the use of these to kill large game the small man relied entirely upon the action of the poison and put no reliance whatever on the force of the shaft's entry into the beast or its cutting power. One of the graceful Pigmies undertook to be my guide through the tangled wood of the vast solitude to the hut village of Bili, where we arrived at high noon with open pores and relaxed ambition. I had tramped after this lilliputian scout for some

two miles, and marked his lordly air, superb and dignified carriage, quick step, and skilful, often comical, movements in dodging about trees and over the most slippery and difficult places. "Earth seemed to spring beneath him as he walked." Indeed, his airy movement suggested Philetas of Cos, who was, so an ancient writer tells us, so light as well as diminutive that he wore leaden weights in his tiny pockets to prevent his being blown away.

As this was the first Pigmy I had met at close quarters in his native wilds, I decided to be like the busy bee, and gather honey from his brain-cells. So in my leafy wigwam at Bili he was introduced to that great American institution, the interview. He was exceedingly good-natured, returned a smile promptly, sat up straight, understood that little people were to be seen not heard, and were only to speak when spoken to. When addressed in his own language, he answered in a soft, low musical voice, but was by no means shy; of course, he would feel safe enough with his bow and deadly arrows beside him. When I stood him up to be photographed, he remained perfectly still until he was signed to sit again. I studied him closely, and found nothing suggesting the anthropoid ape! He was not tattooed or cicatrised. His costume was an iron bracelet on the right wrist, and a fragment of barkcloth; when presented with a fathom of calico he was at a loss to know how to dispose of the great wealth. There is evidently no call for drapery establishments in this district. His phrenological bump of self-esteem was finished off with a tuft of hair like a crown; indeed, he was the son of a chief. Of his age he had no notion beyond that he was many moons old. A fine specimen this for an ethnologist. As to his accomplishments, I

asked if he had ever killed an elephant, but he promptly disclaimed all acquaintance with the quadruped. He admitted that he had shot the juicy pig, the active antelope, and a multitude of little animals with his bow and arrows. To be sure, he counted them off on his fingers. But after riddling him with questions about the elephant he said in a voice suggesting that he was finished with that part of the interview, "No, I tell you truly, I never saw an elephant." Herein we know the little Pigmy told a big lie. Once le Capitaine sent to the chief of the Pigmies for a monkey. They said they could not fetch a monkey because they live so high in the trees that their arrows will not reach them, but offered to bring an antelope. "No," he said, "I do not want a poisoned antelope." But the Pigmy spokesman replied, "I will bring you a live one;" and then related how they catch them. A long string of Pigmies arrange themselves across a section of the woods, and each sets a loop trap between himself and the next Pigmy. The antelope are then chased in that direction and snared in the wood fibre.

Extremes are interesting, whether it be the ant or the elephant. This little man of elfin height, this shrunken sample of humanity bewitched me. I watched his every movement, and was thrilled with pleasure by his grace, vivacity and good humour. Think of it, I am among a *race* of Tom Thumbs.

This day I rode through the silent majesty of the deep woods in a hammock composed of trade cloth swung under a green pole. Three advantages accrue thus, and it has occurred to me to state these advantages in writing for the benefit of posterity, should posterity ever turn up in this odorous forest. Posterity is a more or less doubtful quantity, especially to a bachelor; but we are willing to take some chances

for the sake of unborn generations, even though they should never be born. One great advantage of riding in a hammock is that the human anatomy assumes the shape of the letter "V." This avoids the possibility of having a rush of blood to the head. Some people would not have a rush of blood in that direction if their feet were directly above the head; others would have the experience if standing upright, because nature abhors a vacuum. But to *revenir* to our *moutons*, *par exemple*, as my Italian friend often remarks. On Friday, the fourth of October, this deponent was being carried by four swarthy figures in a dark blue hammock, meditating on the exceeding beauty and the delicate architecture of a new variety of fern, when the lowermost portion of the conveyance suddenly came into contact with a sharp and substantial stump, which in the impact threatened to disfigure permanently the hammock and its occupant. This may be said to be shocking to a sensitive nature, and to interfere with the study of botany and other scientific research. In order to fully enjoy the rest, affection and stillness of the twilight and of an African sedan-chair, four men should be employed, no two of whom are the same height, or have ever carried one before. They will carry it on their heads, and a humane occupant will be employed in wondering whether their heads will come off or only their scalps. There is ancient precedent for this use of the cranium. Ever since the ancient days of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, where are figures bearing bricks upon their heads, down to the present American Negro who may, in season, be seen carrying on his thick skull a watermelon the size of his diaphragm, dark-skins have been successful at head porterage. No wonder they so easily gravitate in America to similar occupations, even

though they seldom become head porters in England.

When we arrived at ghostly Bili, food was already lying in long rows to be given to the men. I saw giant trees in the forest, but whether they will be useful as timber and this part of the Cape-to-Cairo railway line made profitable from the sale of contiguous woodlands, I know not. Howsoever one may have desired to act in harmony with the feathered minstrelsy, and to imitate their cheerfulness, he could hardly accept Milton's invitation in L'Allegro to the "blithe man" to

> "Come, trip it as you go
> On the light fantastic toe."

Come trip it we did, but with a heavy and muddy toe.

My interview with a Sultan of the Pigmies was of interest. The Pigmies are the Gypsies of Africa. The Sultan of the Pigmies was as cheerful as those of his henchmen I have seen. He was sent for, and he came a journey of some hours to see me, who am the Big White Chief. He carried a staff of hard wood, and like Goliath, had an armour-bearer; his "shadow" carried the bow and arrows. I asked him where he lived, and evidently thinking that I wished to pay him a visit in the guileless greenery of his leafy home, he declared his residence a long way off. Apparently he had no desire for large visitors, but it was finally drawn from him that he dwelt six hours from Bili. When asked what he hunts, he raised his hands and smilingly replied, "Buffalo," and then showed a mark on his dark brown shoulder which he received in the chase of one. Many small black Cape buffalo graze in the gloomy forest, and several times we saw their spoor. After a pause, he mentioned that he hunts the tasty pig, the mischievous monkey, which is difficult to shoot, the active antelope, and sometimes the ponderous

elephant. When I asked his age he laughed merrily, and answered, "O, many moons." He has only one wife, and as far as I can learn, most, if not all, of the Pigmies are monogamists. The Sultan of the Pigmies has two children. It is very unusual to find as many as three children in a Pigmy family; generally the number is one or two. I asked him whether he liked monkeys raw, fried, boiled or roasted. This human Brownie roared with laughter, which was out of all proportion to his size, and said, "I usually put the monkey in the water and boil it on the fire." "Yes, but what is the best part of the monkey?" I asked with growing interest. "The legs, then the arms, head, chest, and last the intestines." This did not leave very much except the skin. The Pigmy houses in this section of the forest are the shape of a half-moon, made of the branches and leaves of trees. I had heard that they build houses in trees as if they knew Jeremiah's words, "a lion out of the forest shall slay them." But the little Sultan said that they do not build their houses in trees. To escape wild animals they construct them away from the haunts of savage beasts, which is but half truth. Not even for hunting do they ordinarily climb trees. When asked as to what he worships, he replied that he knew nothing about anything but the air and eating. This was the saddest answer the Pigmy Sultan gave in all the lengthy interview. He did not exactly tell the truth, for his mind is tinged with the mystery of the future, but that his thoughts are seldom occupied with anything beyond and more ennobling is likely. Dryden could never have seen in him

> "A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
> Fretted the pygmy body to decay,
> And o'er-informed the tenement of clay."

There is, as yet, no Christian missionary to the Pigmies, and because of their nomadic life such work would be difficult, but certainly desirable. They, however, believe in charms. One such preparation is a red dry substance, obtained from a tree, with which a mark is made down the middle of the forehead and down the cheeks. Then, by a process which I was unable to learn, a black liquid is made which is also smeared upon the face. The object of this is to obtain greater strength and with it power to withstand attack. When a Pigmy is dead, they bury him ; some believe he is completely gone and will never return, for there is nothing remaining, no spirit and no resurrection. When a member of this tribe dies, he is buried far from the place of his decease. Tribes farther north bury beneath the ashes of the village fire. Ordinarily they rest about three months in an encampment and then shift elsewhere ; but if a death occurs, immediately after burying the corpse they make off and form a new encampment. I asked the Sultan where the Pigmies first came from, but he said, " We have always been in the forest, and I know nothing else." I failed to learn how they originate fire. All I could learn was that there is a little fire and it makes a big fire, and if the fire goes out, they get fire from a village. They obtained fire from the lightning originally, which on an average strikes several times a year.

On Saturday morning the discreet Le Captaine left us at the boundary of his territory, and directly after we encountered bad tracks. One spot was so boggy that the bearer of the white tent got stuck, and was slowly sinking when other savages hastened to the rescue and pulled him out. At another point a large tree lay across our course, and Yellow Bag Number Two walked under it on his knees. Yellow Bag



THE AUTHOR AND HIS KITANDA, AT KAPAMBA, NEAR LENDA, SHOWING ARABIZED MOSLEM NATIVES, GREAT PIGMY FOREST.



THE PLAYGROUND OF WILD ELEPHANTS. THE AUTHOR'S CARAVAN IN CONTACT WITH THE MONSTER MAMMALS IN THE GREAT PIGMY FOREST.

Number One is a short and very bow-legged fellow who makes excellent time ; and when it was necessary to walk on logs, he displayed great skilfulness when moving along a single timber. There is considerable advantage in being bow-legged. The pressure coming on both sides at the same time is the same idea the inventor used in preparing the monorail. Just for fun I fired a revolver shot into the top of a lofty tree where hundreds of monkeys were stopping. Instantly there was such a running and jumping and swinging from tails and screaming as I never met with in all my born days. It was monkey business *par excellence.* At midday we reached Kaponzo, where are three new villages located on three different knolls. Here ended the day's tramp, having made a march of six and a half hours.

A vast forest has a language of its own, speaking most eloquently to sensitive souls when it is absolutely silent. The forest is appalling in its silence. I am not referring to what Milton calls " the unseen Genius of the wood." The forest teems with a thousand kinds of invisible life. To-day I noticed that every dead stump was occupied by vines, orchids, swarms of ants or lively beetles—indeed, there are more parasites than trees in this vast woodland. Not a fallen tree or a dead one standing, but was occupied by living parasites, vegetable or animal. Then there is the life on the wing in great variety. Vegetable life abounds, from the minutest mites to the loftiest towering trees, some of them with poisons deadly as the death adder of New Guinea, others with qualities capable of sustaining life equal to the bread fruit of the Fiji. These mighty monarchs of the woodland and the micsoscopic life are in themselves of vast interest, but between them who shall name or number the

varieties of living things ? Many of the sweet odours bewitching to the sense of smell seem to be wasted in the forest, trackless save only for the footprints of the wild beasts. But if there is no waste in the overplus of blossoms, there is no waste in this overplus of odour. Some people thought the man crazy who crossed an American state dropping every few miles some apple pips. But was he insane ? He said, " It is the duty of every man to benefit his fellows ;" and then he dropped these apple pips to make shade and fruit for weary travellers. The animal life of the forest is also represented by the smallest and the largest ; this monster Pigmy Woodland inhabited by earth's tiniest human creatures is noted for its mammoth elephants. The prevailing colour of the Taru Desert in East Africa is that of gray or of wood ashes, but the prevailing hue of this tract of woods in Central Africa is green, living green, green in various shades and representing many architectural wonders ; indeed, in some parts where the sunlight never strikes, whether the traveller look upward or downward, or to the circumference, there is no view but that which bears this colour.

In this damp region, breathing dew and fragrance, seldom frequented by Caravans, the food supply becomes a very serious question. For the first time in this great journey of years around the world, I consented to travel overland on Sunday. Scant was the supply of eatables, and we must move on. It was six o'clock when we started almost due north, keeping that course for three hours, when we reached a small clearing. It had been used as a resting place, but was in a dilapidated condition. The soldiers cut down the grass near the place, cleaned it out and built a roaring fire in the hut, and things took on a more habitable

aspect. But we were a funny looking lot. The secretary was out of repair because of fever, and I was out of repair for unknown reasons, and the missionary was out of repair on general principles; and after hours of tramp in the aromatic woods the men had to go on short rations brought in by carriers. Worst of all, in its distribution six porters received absolutely nothing, and there was no food for the caravan to make breakfast on in the morning. Then a storm came on and with mournful music, dirge-like and melancholy, added to the gloom of the situation. Even talking failed to enliven us, so we turned off the gas and I spent some of the day reading the Bible and in preparing a lecture to be delivered in English-speaking lands. All turned in early. Toward morning a commodious saucepan was frightfully hammered as a danger signal for the cannibal guards. I slept so soundly that I heard neither it nor the terrific roaring of wild animals in the immediate neighbourhood.

On Monday, in spite of our dilapidated condition we left by compulsion, and after the most tiring and, in some ways, exciting tramp yet experienced, arrived after eight hours of heavy marching at lonely Amudsini. For hours we appeared to be at fault. Several times the savage guides had to make careful search for the track, while the caravan waited. It is a matter of some concern to lose a path in such a trackless woodland as this. A dense forest is not a cheerful place to go astray in, and for the first time I considered seriously how easy it would be to be killed and the story remain untold, or to be lost and die of starvation or thirst. In Arden you may be able to go

> "Passing through the forest
> Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy"

as you like it ; but in the heart of a tropical jungle the end was rather bitter. I did solemn thinking. Lost in the heart of darkest Africa ! The wail of the forest, the sigh of the trees, the melancholy mist off the miasmatic soil, assuming weird and ghastly shapes—phantoms ghost-like—goblin shadows portending a death-dance of wicked spirits rehearsing an uncanny ceremony for our burial ! Let the traveller go into the almost impenetrable foliage of this forest, and his men forsake him. Left alone with a few supplies but no one to carry them, no one to guide him, and an attack of fever coming on—this is not desirable. He may have instruments with him, especially that valuable thing called a compass, he may know that to the east is the Grass-land of the Semliki and the Mountains-of-the-Moon, but can he reach them ? Finally, we took up a well-trodden track and moved along it at a brisk pace between very high grass and overhanging shrubs and vines.

Before long I discovered the expulsive power of a new affliction. Trudging along, I was meditating on my bad eye and the unwise decision which I had made when under the influence of disease and drugs to take this road instead of the one which I had originally decided on. I was disgusted with myself that in this damp atmosphere I was using up vitality which should have been applied to carrying out my simple purpose ; indeed, a score or more of ills came trooping along for my observation. Suddenly in the midst of this peevish state, and at the same time in the midst of reeds and stalks bearing huge leaves, enter several ants with or without wings, but evidently with power to move very suddenly. That is a general statement. Some of them landed on me in particular. They carried gimlets. The porters, who had already been

travelling, without breakfast, for six hours, shouted with laughter as they saw each other whack right and left. One of the soldiers stopped to disrobe that he might have a free hand at the agile insects. I had occasion to make many gestures, striking out for neck and forehead and hands—everywhere. I forgot all about the bad eye, the bad road and a thousand other things. Well, we averted what seemed certain disaster and pursued our course without further dangerous incident.

This was a day of curious incidents. A crazy vine caught my gold-rimmed glasses and tore them off my nose so quickly that I knew it not until minutes afterwards, and then men failed to find them though I offered a gold sovereign as a reward. Now, a gold sovereign is a fortune for many a man in Central Africa, as much as he would earn in ten years. Then my darling the cook, failed to properly clean the rice ; I bit a grain of sand, and out came a gold filling from one of my front teeth. It is no laughing matter to have trouble with the teeth in the heart of Africa. A decayed tooth may almost incapacitate for work by the suffering it causes. Dentists and opticians do not abound in these districts.

From Amudsini to Kabali is a distance of seven hours and a half. After that long tramp amidst tall trees and under overhanging branches, here through a burst of sunshine, then where the light of the sun never penetrates, it was delightful to be welcomed by the Chief of Kabali, and to find a large Government plantation and a rest house. Here grow the finest sweet potatoes I have seen in Africa. By a fire in the chief's hut some roasted directly. Meanwhile I called for eggs, and three were brought, which I ate raw. Then I ate the roasted sweet potatoes, for

I was nearly famished. A march through a downpour of tropical rain is no joking matter, the thunders rolled, and the waters that when descending in great sheets had failed to wet me, now landed on huge leaves which turned it on to my clothes. I dried by the fire, cleaned my rifle, and then took a tramp around the plantation to hunt for young onions. At half-past three sick Johnson arrived in his hammock.

Wednesday was spent at beautiful Kabali with the missionary down with fever. Fortunately this transpired at a comfortable place. The rest house was newly roofed with large green leaves, and I was surprised how successfully this covering turned off a heavy shower. Here I received a letter from the Chief of the Territory of Lake Albert saying, "I have just received a letter from Fort Mbeni informing me that you are *en route* to Irumu. I am starting early to-morrow morning in order to have the honour of meeting you and to accompany you to Irumu. As the road to Mbeni is not yet completely constructed (I should say it isn't) and as food is scarce for caravans of black people, I take the *liberté* to send you two of my soldiers with food for your caravan." This was delightful. During the day two soldiers whom I had despatched to search for my gold glasses returned saying that they were unable to find them. In the woodland a man's thinking is like his unanticipated experiences; conglomerate—something both terrible and majestic haunts one in the dense sombre impressive shade.

This vast forest is appalling in its mysterious silence, its sinister dimness and the fixity of its sternness and sublimity. In it one expects to find beauty and savagery. It makes a good man better and a bad man worse. It is unwholesome for an evil conscience.

One can easily be brutal, violent or savage here, or highly Christian.

On Thursday we took up the muddy march again, going as far as Mayaribu, which is on the leaky Logu river. I was feeling much used up, but managed to get along for two hours and a half; just as I was thinking I should certainly have to sit down and wait to have a hammock brought up, a corporal and soldier met me with a letter from Eram saying that he had sent one out with ten porters. I got aboard and the swarthy men took me into Mayaribu-on-the-Logu with alacrity. When approaching the village I met the Chief of the Lake Albert region, and received a hearty greeting.

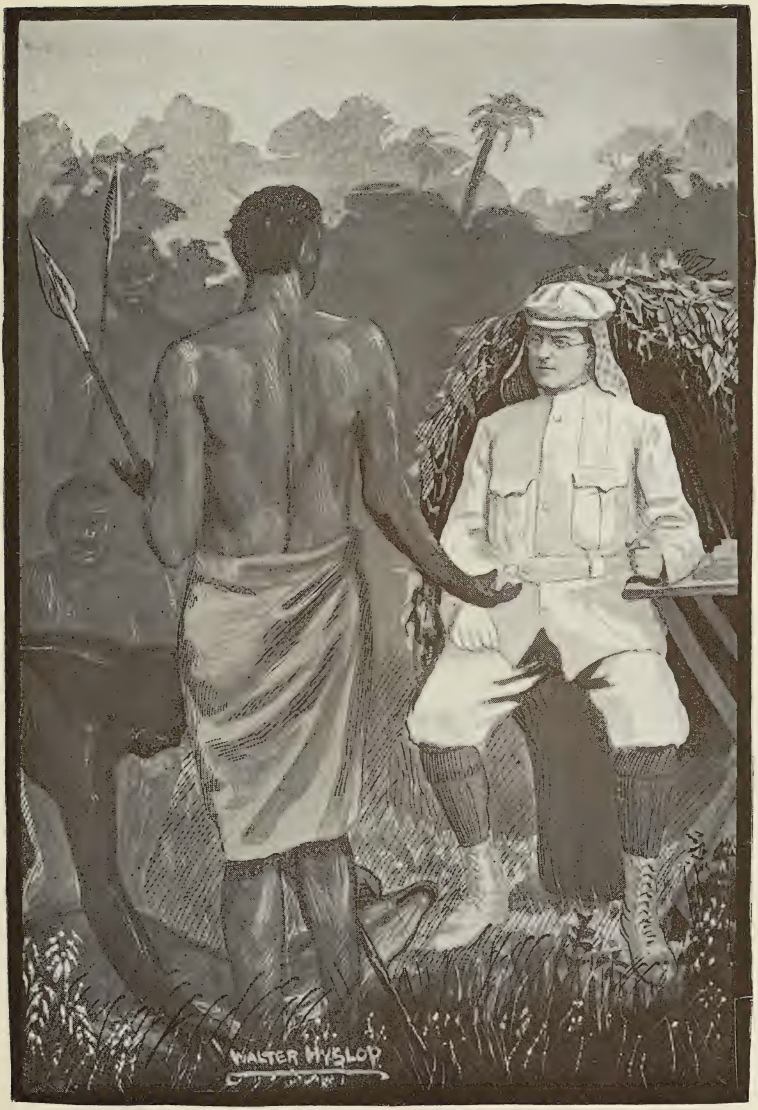
CHAPTER XV

A Canoe Ride on the Ituri

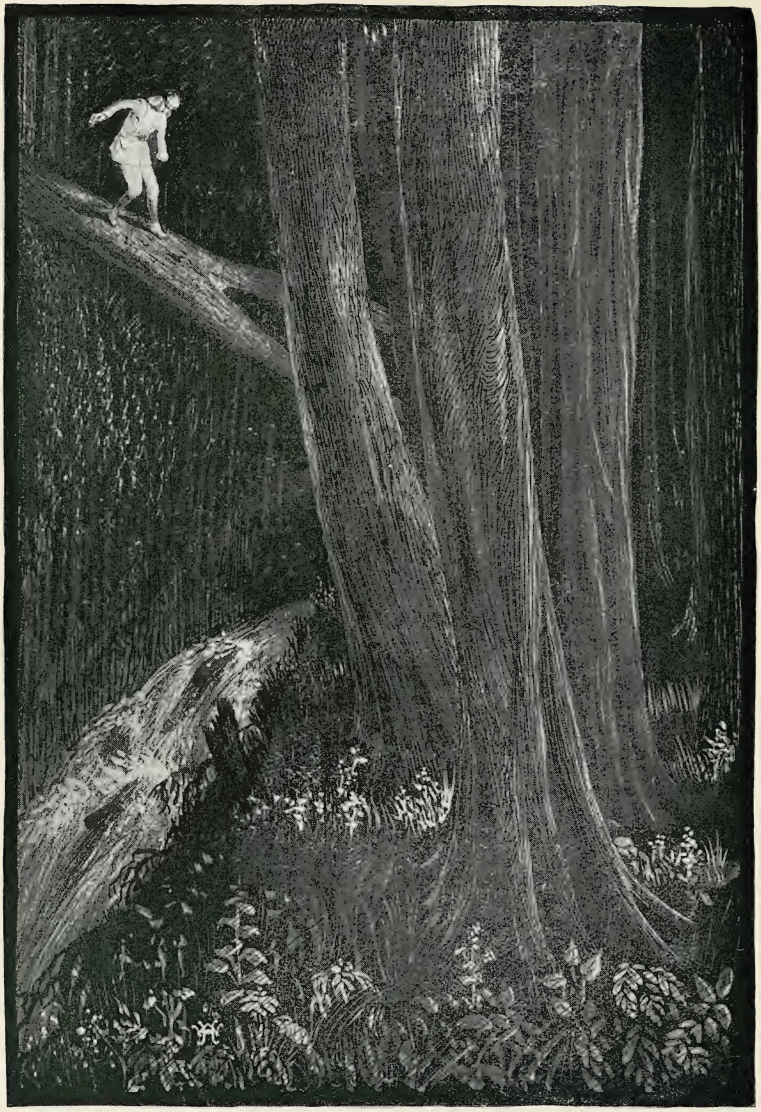
FROM MAYARIBU TO IRUMU—A VIEW OF THE GRASS-LAND ONCE AGAIN—THE TERRIBLE TEST OF THE GREAT CHIEF LAND GRABBER

They too retired
To the wilderness, but 'twas with arms.
Paradise Regained.

MAYARIBU is in the Central African Forest, two days south by east from Irumu on the west bank of the Logu River, and will be the site of a bridge on the projected railway. At this point we began some inland navigation, the party having increased to an Armenian, an Englishman, and two Americans, with an assortment of natives. The muddy Logu at this season of the year is high, the banks wild, tangled, inhospitable and strongly suggestive of savagery. The rainy season, which begins in March or April and continues until the middle of November, makes a difference of seven feet in the depth of the water between the wet and dry seasons. The canoe was seventeen yards long and one high, cut from an *aburo* tree in the forest and hewn out by natives; it was but a few days old, and will be rotten in three



"GIANT SAVAGES" MAKING PRESENTS OF ANTELOPES TO THE AUTHOR IN THE ITURI FOREST.



THE AUTHOR CROSSING A RAVINE IN THE GREAT PIGMY FOREST.

years' time. These dugouts are fortunately difficult to upset except by hippos, which are not usually seen during high water. This was comforting news, as I am unable to swim. We had seven paddlers and four punters, who swelled the occupants to eighteen in number ; the freight comprised two dogs, two yellow bags, rifles, table, four chairs, lunch basket and large sticks of wood afire. The captain of the boat was brought from Mawambi, because he is an expert on rivers. Like the Canadian *voyageurs*, our paddlers beguiled the journey with vocal music : the voices of the dusky boatmen were melodious, but the sentiment was not especially edifying.

After less than a half-hour of paddling with the current in the Logu, we swung into the swiftly-running Ituri, some eighty yards wide, the waters of which flow on into the Aruwimi, then to the Congo, and perchance to the open sea. We passed under overhanging fruit resembling large oranges, of which monkeys are very fond, as are also the black people. There is much rubber in the forest all the way to Basoko ; two years ago, rubber was not gathered in the forest about Irumu, but now three tons a month are brought into the fort, yielding to the Government of the State a monthly income of twelve thousand francs. That is probably the reason why the courteous Armenian official has received a decoration and promotion.

At this point in the ride somebody saw on the other side of the river what appeared to be the head of an elephant. I rejoiced when I heard the shout that an elephant was in sight. Instantly a repeating rifle was brought to bear, the soldiers loaded their guns and shots were fired. As no stir occurred, the theory was framed that it was not an elephant, but a hippo ; finally it turned out to be neither, but the end of a

log resembling the head of an elephant. If disappointed over my elephant, yet for the first time I saw a snake. It was a bronze one, coiled up on the limb of a tree. The Armenian, who is a great shot with a revolver, sent a bullet into its backbone, and it dropped off into the water and floated down with the tide. Several times it was necessary to cross the river because of large, ash-coloured conical nests pendant from tree limbs, housing vicious insects whose bite develops painful swellings.

The ten hours in this dugout on the Ituri, about which river I had read years ago and in recent times had longed to see, was full of interest. The interest was heightened about eleven o'clock when lunch was served composed of English tongue, excellent bread, jam, plums, sweet potatoes, milk and tea. How different the food from the foliage, one suggesting civilization, the other savagery. During this acceptable experience the boat was kept moving. Several times the current became very strong and it was necessary to hug the bank. Large knives flew about. Vines were cut, limbs of trees were hewn off, and the boatmen standing in the dugout dragged her up against the current by main force, seizing branches and vines overhanging the water. Occasionally some ants landed on the occupants of the boat, and spasmodic gymnastic performances followed. There is something about this river which furnishes a feeling of the uncertain, weird and mysterious, and it was probably this feeling which reminded one of the party of the Tale of Nasreddin Hodja.

As we drew near to Kifuku, or Ancient Irumu, through a gap in the Forest, I caught a glimpse of Mount Pisgah, a foothill of which must be crossed *en route* to Mawambi. Kifuku is a Government plantation

on which are raised successfully rice and rats, heart-of-beef and hard-boiled eggs. Twenty-two acres are under cultivation, and in the forest that means vastly more than the same amount in the grass-land. All the natives are forest people. After a night at Kifuku with quick step the caravan hastened toward Irumu, the healthy capital of the territory of Lake Albert. An hour through the forest and we emerged on the grass-land; what a change! From the closed-in tree-land to the open, rolling grass-land made considerable difference to my eyes, but it was refreshing to be where the sun has full sway in comparatively dry air once again. Cordial was the reception at Irumu.

When the fort was located here it was difficult to arrange the country; the boundary was near, and as the blacks had never seen a white man, they emigrated. Just one chief remained, Mamulapania, who said, "I recognize you as the chief of the land. I have heard about you that you are powerful and a man of justice. I come and submit to you and will do everything in my power to help you." When the fort was constructed, he was the only chief who supported the post with food. In return the official said to him, "We recognize you as chief of the country, and invest you with a chief's medal; your son will inherit the chieftainship. Your work is to let us have food and porters, and we will pay you. If another white man comes in my place, this arrangement is sacred. You are a liberated man and you are no more a slave as you were in the days of the Arab rule."

Tobacco is not indigenous in Congo, but was imported into the State from both the west and the east. From the Atlantic the Portuguese imported the tobacco plant which has come up as far as Lukolela.

The Lukolela tobacco is said to be the best quality of the kind imported by the Portuguese. I am unable to speak from experience, as I never use tobacco in any form, nor am I able from a similar reason to refer the matter to the secretary. This tobacco is of western origin and has the large leaf suitable for cigars. On the east side of the Congo State the Arabs imported the tobacco from Muscat, Zanzibar and Mozambique. It is now found in all the Oriental Province and is commonly known as " Turkish " tobacco. An official told me that near Lake Albert it comes well : when he arrived at Irumu he found plants of tobacco growing in the grass similar to that which grows in Asia Minor. In the Lake Albert region the same climate exists as near Smyrna. Trials of raising Turkish tobacco are being made in the territory of Lake Albert and offer encouragement of great success.

The colonizing of at least portions of the great Congo State by inserting white farmers involves two great questions ; the feasibility and the desirability of such a scheme. It seems to me that it is a black man's country and should always remain so. Indeed, I am strongly of opinion that a light skin is fatal to those who live in tropical countries—the natives' dark skin excludes the dangerous actinic short rays of light which destroy living organisms. There are brunette white people who even enjoy the climate, but they are scarce, and the duty of bringing up children " in the way they should go " would be attended with almost insurmountable difficulties. Then too, there is so much land in the world which is beyond question suitable for white men and where white men are contiguous, that it would seem this vast stretch of country should be left to the people who by nature are most suitable for its development. Government officials

who come out for a term of three years, say that four years would be too long, and some die before they reach their posts. And yet there are white men like Bromilow-of-Dobu, who have lived in Congo for more than twenty years, yet do not seem to require a vacation. If any portion of the Congo is suitable for the families of large numbers of whites, I suppose the Lake Albert region will prove to be as suitable as any, being more than three thousand feet above sea-level. Let white people come to Congo for purposes of religion, philanthropy, and for the proper affairs of state.

Sunday at Irumu was wonderfully quiet. Apparently no work was on except that the wives of the soldiers went out to their gardens for a part of the day. There was no drill or dress parade. This was my fourth Sunday in the Congo Free State ; the first was in the Grass-land of the Upper Semliki, the second at Fort Mbeni, the third in the midst of the Great Forest and the fourth on Irumu Hill, the view from which has a wide horizon including the rolling Grass-land interspersed here and there with bits of forest.

At Irumu I paid off my carriers and boys and engaged for the long journey yet remaining through the Pigmy Forest fresh savages, two boys and a Walesse cook. At Irumu, the salary is two dothis a month, which is about six shillings. One boy carries the great name of Garibaldi. He is of the Babila race and of the mountain tribe Bimbila. The second boy is named Baita. He is a Mobali from Bomili, southwest of Avakubi. The people of this race are very fond of travelling. All Mobali people have three holes in their upper lip because, as they say, it is beautiful, and also for recognizing a member of their race. The Mobali also make a hole in the lobe of each ear. Of

these boys, Garibaldi is the brightest, the cook next and Baita the dumbest of the dumb.

Irumu is a centre from which radiate roads. The fine new one to Mahagi is five metres wide, and every three hours is a rest house and plantation, the latter being provided even with cows so that the *voyageur* may have fresh milk as he passes along. Another road runs due east to Mboga, another through the forest to Mbeni. Still another was run due west through the forest to Mawambi ; it was destined to be patronized by my caravan.

There is a great difference between Kabarole and Irumu as to the manner of dealing with the natives. At Irumu, the boys waiting on white men have such names as the following : Bayonet, Gun-powder and Whiskey ; over against Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in Toro. These names fairly represent the two great plans of campaign in the Protectorate of Uganda and in the Zone of Ituri. It is absolutely impossible to police any large number of people by having the policeman on the outside of the man. In the Uganda Protectorate with its more than one thousand Christian churches the policeman is being put inside the native. In the Ituri Zone, as a Government official said, " We are making roads and building rest houses and submitting the natives and getting things ready so that the missionary may come and educational and religious work progress unimpeded." While this is by no means the reason for the making of roads and the laying out of plantations, and while the Government does not seem to encourage the advent of missionaries, yet, I believe it is a fact that things are being prepared for a great moral and religious work in the vast tree-land and the contiguous grass-land. But I must not forget to mention that in the British territory in Toro

stands the only gallows I have seen in all my travels, and there is a strong and vigorous government with stringent statute regulations, so that under the Union Jack people are being policed from both the inside and the outside.

One of the Congo officials said to me, " Roman Catholic missions are coming to the Lake Albert District, but I prefer naked natives to European monkeys. When we teach the blacks to drink whiskey and gin and teach them all the evil habits which civilized nations have, they are worse off than before. I have seen them in West Africa, influenced by the civilizations of the French, Germans and Portuguese, and they are a horrible people ; here they are much better. Now they do business without writing. They say, ' You have given me cloth and I know I ought to give you a certain amount of ivory.' When they see that they must be dressed and have other things, they will become thieves. Now they have no occasion to do so. The law against the sale of intoxicating liquors to the natives is vigorously enforced here. When there is a great festivity, I give a gallon of French wine to my soldiers to drink my health."

A curious feature of the Irumu women is that they wear large discs in their upper lips. I made some inquiry as to why this is done, and the Governor of the fort told me that he himself had investigated the matter and had called a big chief and had said to him, " Why do you disfigure your women by putting those huge discs in their upper lips ? " The chief replied, " Because it is beautiful." The official said " No, that is a lie, it is not for beauty. You first did it because the Arabs saw that your women were beautiful and stole them, and you cut their upper lips and inserted these things to make them look ugly, thinking that

the Arabs would leave them alone." "Yes," said the big chief, "you speak truly." An order was then issued that this must be done no more. On leaving the official, the chief went to the sergeant and corporal and said confidentially, "Will the Arabs ever again take this country, or are the Belgians strong enough to keep it?" The soldiers replied that the Belgians are very strong.

The Loor are a great people. They had never been submitted to the Government until the coming of Dukuduku as the Great White Chief of the Territory, but he made war for three months continually until they were greatly afraid of his name. This war was precipitated by the fact that two Australian prospectors met with great hostilities. They had a large armed escort with them, and Dukuduku availed himself of them and their men, and so had three columns with a white man at the head of each. This made the savages think that Dukuduku was not a man but some kind of a strange being able to move in three parts at the same time. Finally half the Loor people submitted and a hundred prisoners were taken to Irumu and placed in a village. They were exceedingly well treated and were afterwards returned to their homes and told, "Go to your homes and tell your chiefs that the white man is not like the Egyptians, not like the dervish, he is a man of justice." It produced a great impression.

Now one of the great chiefs of the Loor was Land-grabber, a beautiful man, strong and warlike, and Dukuduku had great sympathy with him. But he came to call on the Great White Chief, bringing no food or porters. "Why," said Dukuduku, "Land-grabber, you say you are the right son of the Great King, but I do not see it. When the white man calls



A WEIRD SCENE IN THE GREAT GLOOMING FOREST. This Pigmy Encampment was located near Mr. Geil's Camp, Gorilla.



BABILA-MAMBUTTI BUILDING A HUT AT LENDA, IN THE GREAT PIGMY FOREST, TO SHOW AUTHOR HOW IT IS DONE.

you, you do not come; you are quite a rebel." "No," said Landgrabber, "I am not a rebel." "You are a wise man," said Dukuduku, "do not drink malafu (a native intoxicant made of maize and millet). You get mad, and if you get mad, your people will get mad also." "You speak rightly," he acknowledged. Then the Great White Chief called him aside and said, "See here, Landgrabber, one of the tribes of the Loor has killed thirteen of my best natives, and they have attacked the prospectors. I will give you their land, the land of the two chiefs who have not submitted, and you will be the Great Chief of the Lake, as Mamulapania is the Great Chief of the Grass-land; then you must put strong sub-chiefs in the Likoti Mountains where I have just built a village."

Just one week after Dukuduku arrived at Irumu, an urgent courier came saying that the people in the village of Mongalula were killed, and that Landgrabber allied with the Likotis had done it. The Chief of the Zone heard about it and said to Dukuduku, "I invite you to bring Landgrabber to Irumu in chains if he is guilty." All men accused him of being guilty; twenty witnesses appeared saying that Landgrabber did it, but still Dukuduku refused to believe that he perpetrated the crime. The big White Chief then went to the fort on Lake Albert and called for Landgrabber. He at once came bringing this time sheep and cows and food. I will now quote Dukuduku to show how with Solomonic ingenuity he investigated the truth :—

I told him, "Landgrabber, you are accused of this crime." "Oh, if I had done that, I would never come to see you." "Oh," I said, "you have much craftiness." He said to Longu, another chief, "Tell Dukuduku how it happened." Longu said, "Food was

scarce and the ground was dry and I said to another chief, 'Let us go to a Likoti village which has not submitted, and take food by force.' We went to the village armed and attacked it, and the Likotis fled away. We took millet and potatoes and were just taking everything, when we were attacked on all sides. We fought, but our men were killed. When I saw that the fight was lost, I jumped into the river and crossed it and hid in the reeds. When night came I went straight to Landgrabber and told him 'I am the only man saved.'" "Oh," said I to Longu, "you are very full of ruse, you lie ; I will put you in prison." "Put Landgrabber in prison!" the crafty chieftain answered. But all around the submitted chiefs murmured, and one chieftain said, "If you put Landgrabber in prison we will no more do your work." Now I was anxious to know the truth in the matter and thought all the while that Landgrabber was innocent, so I determined to employ a ruse. I called my sergeant and said to him, "Take ten men with you and come into the fort and put six men at the door ; keep Longu outside and send Landgrabber in. Landgrabber," I said, "I have received a letter from the Chief of the Zone saying I must hang you if you don't tell the truth." He denied the whole thing with energy. "Landgrabber, I am going to kill you." He was a big tall man, a beautiful man, and I was near to weeping when that big man turned to me and said, "Dukuduku, you are killing me for nothing ; take me as a prisoner." "No, you have not told the truth and I will shoot you ; Sergeant, take him." He was placed with four soldiers lined up in front. "Now, Landgrabber, it is your last moment ; tell the truth." He looked at me and said, "Dukuduku, you are killing me for nothing." "Ready! Aim! Fire!" Boom! boom!! boom!!

went the rifles. I did not kill him ; I had given my men blank cartridges. He was hastily taken aside and secreted. " Sergeant, tell Longu that Landgrabber is dead, and bring him in. Longu, your Chief is dead and it is your turn now." Just then the sergeant came up and said, " The Chief is dead." Then Longu told me about Landgrabber's life, how that he had never killed any of the Great King's soldiers. " Yes, but Longu, you are lying ; Landgrabber before dying told me about the whole affair." " Then Landgrabber lied," he said sullenly. " Take him away," I said. Afterward, when Longu and Landgrabber saw each other they were amazed and said, " What, you not dead ! You not dead ! " " Landgrabber," I said, " bring me your hand ; you are a good son of the Great White King." I gave him some wine, for he had great emotion, and made him presents of cloth. He went away. All the chiefs were satisfied that Landgrabber had not been killed. I returned to Irumu and said to the Chief of the Zone, " I have not brought Landgrabber because he is innocent."

Venienti occurrite morbo !
With this moral I drop my theorbo.

CHAPTER XVI

The Second Stage in the Great Forest

THE LAST OF THE GRASS-LAND—FROM IRUMU TO MAWAMBI—MORE ABOUT THE PIGMIES

> This is the forest primeval, and these
> are the pigmies that in it
> Leap like the roe, when he hears in the
> woodland the voice of the huntsman.

AFTER an agreeable stay at Irumu-in-the-Grassland, where, remarkable to relate, I developed no illness, I cheerfully started, accompanied by the secretary and the Chief of the Territory, on my long and dangerous tramp westward through the infested forest of Central Africa. A riotous storm broke over Irumu while we were at breakfast, and delayed us. Thus was the first storm experienced in the morning since leaving the Mountains-of-the-Moon. The rain falls during the wet season on schedule. Usually the heavens darken about two, and the storm comes on between three and six.

An hour brought us upon a small forest where is a Muggy Monkey Bridge spanning the boisterous Biru river. Along the road trudged Arabized porters, their wives accompanying them and themselves bearing burdens. These jealous Moslem savages ever have

their women with them to make food ready at the end of the day's march, but chiefly from jealousy. Many powerful porters from Uganda passed us, and when I greeted them with "webale," which means "one to you," they replied with the same and smiled huge Uganda smiles. I have not heard of any Ugandaese receiving ill-treatment while passing to and fro in the Free State. Yet when I had spoken in Uganda about obtaining "boys" to accompany me through to the rapid Aruwimi, the "boys" themselves said, "The people of Congo will eat us."

Ordinarily I should not have stopped for lunch until reaching the forest, but as this was the last day in the Grass-land, I had the table spread in the road on the edge of a copse, and there ate, among other eatables, a Heart-of-Beef grown on a tree at Kifuku. This fruit resembles an ox heart in shape, and while it has a bewitching flavour, may be counted to take the place of a cathartic. This particular specimen was six inches long, green outside, and divided into white sections pointed at the centre.

At three P.M. I took a last long look at the Grass-land, not expecting to see such a stretch of country again until far off beyond the Tree-land near the Western ocean. Previously to visiting this great State, I read in the books of certain travellers of their excessive joy when, after a lengthy march through the thick foliage and amidst lofty trees, they emerged into the open country. Then I did not understand it; now I know something of its significance. After being on the march five hours the caravan wound its way into the gloom of the Great Forest in which we should travel for many days. The overhanging and impenetrable foliage of the Pigmy Forest shielding me from the fierce rays of a burning tropical sun soon

reconciled me to the loss of the vast stretch of hot Grassland. An hour and a half later we reached the Ituri river, where the water was running high in the height of the rainy season. We rested for the night at Kifuku.

The next day's march was to Camp Mambutti, where I expected to find a large number of Pigmies, after whom the place is named ; but there were none there, just as there are no Irishmen in New Ireland and very few guineas in New Guinea. During the night at Camp Mambutti I experienced pains in both knees, which I believe were induced by the damp atmosphere of the woodland. Fortunately I had " Painkiller," and got to sleep after a good hard rub. If one has divers petty maladies in simply passing through this fateful forest, one would certainly have grand maladies by stopping a great length of time. In the morning when I awoke I found a huge black spider on the mosquito curtain opposite my face. This has intensified my belief that in travelling in Eastern countries a mosquito curtain should always be used.

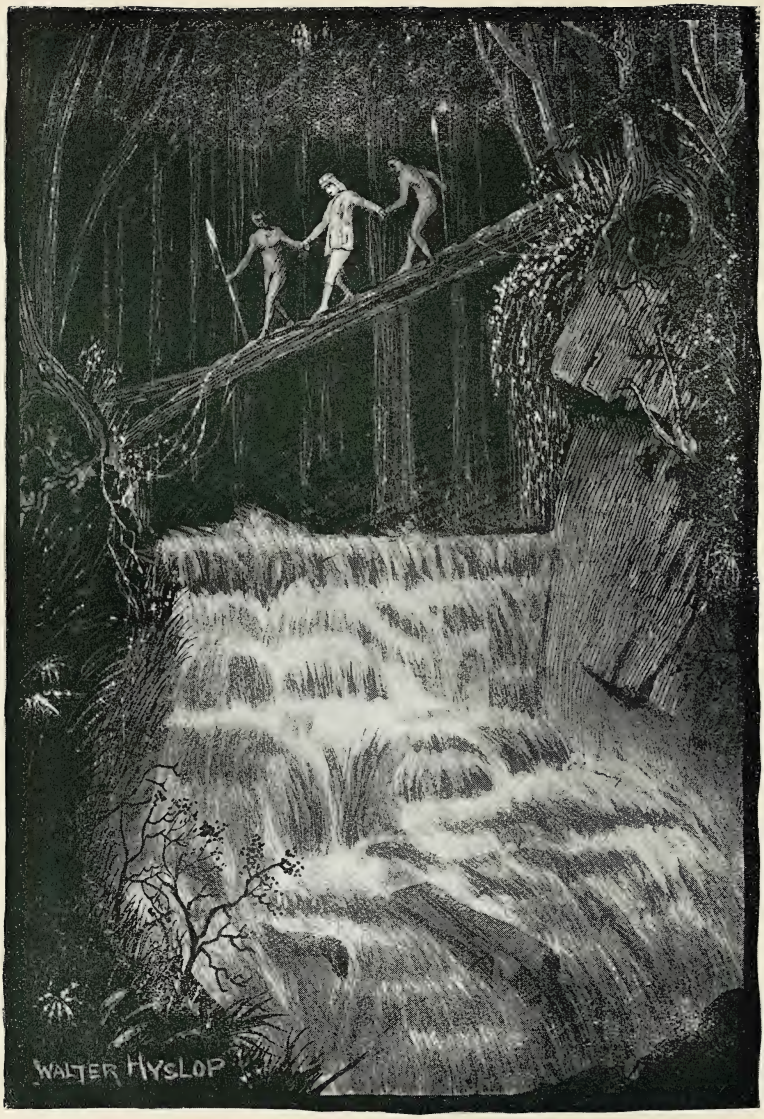
There is a sameness in the forest, but it is also full of surprises. When we started on our tramp to Japanda there was a fog amidst the trees, and the air was damp and chilly. I thought several times that rain was falling, but it was the water which had collected on the utmost limbs of the loftiest trees, and the wind shaking them, it fell upon the leaves of the lower trees and then upon the shrubs and large-leafed plants, and thence upon the ground. In that way a drop of water was able to make three sounds. So great was this noise that it was with difficulty that I permitted myself to be convinced that it was not a heavy downpour of rain.

While there were no Pigmies at Camp Mambutti, at the next clearing, Japanda, I was delighted to find a group of a dozen or more. We heard them singing as we were approaching the plantation there. The tunes were weird and in the minor, the voices melodious, and the whole in harmony. The Pigmies like to sing. They had come by the invitation of the local chief to let the " Big White Chief " see them, talk with them and photograph them. I at once called them down in front of the open " dining-room " that I might take food and be entertained by the Pigmies at the same time. On looking them over I noticed the absence of women, and a runner was at once despatched. Later four little shy female aborigines appeared, and behold, with them *a Pigmy baby*, seated astride its mother's left hip, the first Pigmy baby I had ever seen ! It was considerably smaller than an ordinary baby—an " ordinary " baby would be hard to find—head well shaped, body well developed, eyes bright, its laugh as cheerful as that of a white child, and its cry as artless, insistent and sad. I examined the midget of a baby, with its sombre destiny in front of it, with great curiosity. Its back-bone had not been anointed with the grease of bats, as was done in civilized lands to dwarf children when dwarf monstrosities were the fad and and fashion. It was the cute wee one of a wee race. The fascinating Pigmies adroitly and variously performed for our entertainment. First they sat on the ground in an elipse. Three elected to place their haunches on sections of two-inch tree trunks. How they could be more comfortable on such a seat than on the level ground probably only a Pigmy could explain. I doubt not they would give an explanation equally as good as that of the enlightened Polynesians

who have sections of bamboo for pillows. The Sultan of the Pigmies wore a bit of foreign cloth about his head and a smaller bit about his body; others were equally scantily supplied with barkcloth. He held a heavy piece of wood rounded on each side in his left hand, and kept time by tapping it with a lighter piece in his right. The dancing boasted no sweeter sound than the rhythmical tapping. The others made grimaces which at times suggested the facial expressions of apes, orang-outangs, and monkeys, while their voices were engaged in a weird woodland chant. Then the Sultan sang a solo, and the others joined in a refrain. When two local drums covered with human skin (?) owned by big savages, struck up, they all arose and danced with the right foot, the left hand and the face. What an addition to a menagerie! I afterwards searched their huts and camps for musical instruments but found none. The dance was followed by marching in a circle, then capering about in a design the shape of an egg, the women joining in the frolicsome performance. The woman with the baby enjoyed it as much as the rest, and the latter offered no visible or audible objection to the jollification, although it received a severe jarring. The playful Pigmies perform wild pranks also, but not for pale pinks. I said their voices were melodious; this held true in all their merriment and fun. The Pigmy faces are well formed as a rule from the eye-brows up. I noticed one of them with a large development of the phrenological bump of reason. Their average height is forty-eight inches. The Pigmies have well developed eye-brows, while other black people have almost no eye-brows. I said black people, but I have seen very few black people in Africa. The Pigmies are not black; they are brown with black



THIRTEEN REAL PIGMIES AND A PIGMY BABY, NEAR CAMP MAMBUTTI, IN THE GREAT PIGMY FOREST.



MR. GEIL ASSISTED BY TWO CANNIBALS, CROSSING THE RAPID YANDO WATER IN THE GREAT PIGMY FOREST.

hair, and all that I have seen have been well developed on the chest. For such people there is hope. I asked a Government official what the Government is going to do with the Pigmy races, and he gave the following reply :—

" There is nothing for the Government to do with the Pigmies. No work can be asked from them. They are extraordinarily good hunters and live on game. As they make no plantations, when they want vegetables they go near a Walesse village and ask the chief for food, giving meat in exchange. They make their own bows, buying arrows from the Walesse ; when they shoot an animal, they bring part of it to a Walesse chief, who gives them more arrows and some of his kind of food, sweet potatoes, bananas and maize. I have tried to subdue them, to utilize them, to make them useful for some work, but they do not intend to work. The sole thing to get from them is to use them as guides in the forest and make an alliance with them in order that the Government couriers be not attacked by them, because as they are a nomadic people, to make war with them is almost impossible. When you go to fight them, they hide behind trees and you do not see them. Suddenly you feel an arrow coming on the right side and another on the left side, more behind, arrows before, and you do not see anything—nothing. And if by chance you see something jumping in the forest, you jump after him, but after a few seconds you see nothing. How can you do war in these conditions ? They have no camps, they have no plantations, it is just as if you go to make war with monkeys or with savage pigs. When I was in one of their temporary camps I asked them, ' But you have not doors to your huts ; do not the leopards get you ? ' I was answered

by a Walesse chief, 'The leopards ! Can leopards take them, for they are animals of the forest themselves.'

"The only likely way to secure their submission is to create a need and habituate them to habits of buying, for instance, cloths. By and by, after several years, they will perhaps be obliged to come and ask for work for getting cloths. They do nothing useful now except that if the chief of a village wants some large leaves for covering the roofs of his buildings they bring them in exchange for sweet potatoes. The same is true if the chief wants bark fibre or the skin of a vine for the tying of rafters. Yes, the houses in the forest are constructed like Solomon's temple, without the sound of the hammer, there is no iron or nail in a native residence. As they are nomads, as they are great hunters, if they meet with the tusks of a dead elephant, they will give them to the chief and he will give them food and all sorts of things."

The Pigmies are perhaps the most wonderful people of all the native races of Africa in their knowledge of poisons and counter-poisons. This is probably one reason why Walesse chiefs desire very much an alliance with the Pigmies, because if a Walesse has been struck by a poisoned arrow, the Pigmy will know how to cure him. They know nothing about days. The Pigmies have no holidays, no Sunday, no Monday. They only know the seasons and the moons.

At half-past three in the afternoon, after having been under the red and orange tent and reloaded my camera carriers, I started to visit a camp of the Pigmies with an *Effendi* and two local chiefs. It was with unusual anticipations that I undertook this tramp into a remote corner of the forest. Strange stories had been told me about the residences of these little people, and when I enquired where they

lived, it was always "a long way off;" but now at last I was to see the Pigmies at home! So with great cheerfulness we wound our way Indian file among the rows of sweet potatoes in the Government plantation, past the large long houses of the wild Walesse, the big savages of the Ituri forest, over huge fallen trees, through patches of manioc; then leaving the clearing, by a narrow track we entered the dense woodland. The path was serpentine, it wound about in all sorts of odd places and curious designs; I bumped my head on overhanging limbs or pushed them aside or bowed low. Just the kind of a track one would expect the Pigmies to have; small of stature, they are not bothered by the boughs which troubled me, and agile of foot, they experience no difficulty in making the sharp turns. After some while of this sort of thing I heard shouts of laughter and rollicking talk; there was jollification among the Mambutti. Not in all Africa have I heard so much fun. This is *the Land of Laughter.* This is the *Forest of Fun.* The natives I have met since crossing the line into Congo have been sober-faced; there has been little cheerfulness and no merriment, but these freedom-loving Pigmies, the freest people on the earth, are to this vast woodland and its human population what the blithe Shans are to the grave Chinese who live in the far West of the Celestial Empire. The mysterious fun was not momentary, but continuous. The Pigmies like to have a good time, and they have it. They are the merriest people in the Shade-land. After more winding the narrow path came to the green-leafed huts of the oddest people on the earth. Their encampment was new, for they are a roving race, constantly building fresh dwelling-places.

The camp contained ten half-moon booths, arranged

in the form of an elipse, all wide open toward the camp fire which ever burns in the centre of the open space, and in front of each another fire of large sticks was blazing. In this camp dwell forty-three Pigmies, including several dusky maids of the forest, the last baby, and boys with fern stems stuck horizontally through the nose. Everyone turned out to see and be seen. It was a great day for the Pigmies when the Big White Chief visited them. In front of some of the huts were black earthen pots resting on logs of wood which had their ends in towards a centre, making at once the fire and the range. In these sweet potatoes were boiling. These little people have nothing else to eat at present, as the supply of meat is exhausted, and with their small bows and arrows they have been unable to get more. The primitive pigmy bed is a row of green leaves regularly placed and overlapping each other like shingles, the width of the diminutive couch being the length of the large symmetrical leaves, probably eighteen inches. Each perfect leaf was attached to its neighbour by two or three stitches deftly taken with a smaller leaf, the strong midrib of which had been slit for the purpose. In each graceful bower lay one of these elfin beds, fit for a fairy goddess, lying between the fire and the leafy wall. It was clean, like the whole hut and the Pigmy himself. There is no stench, no noxious odour about the haunts and habitations of the Pigmies. He sleeps with absolutely no covering, but keeps the smoky green wood fire going. These mysterious foresters who depend upon the flames for comfort, awaken each time the fire burns low on a damp and chilly night, push up the sticks, blow upon the embers, until the flame comes, and then drop as soundly asleep as if they had never wakened. Thus the Pigmy,

although without clothing save only the smallest fragment of barkcloth, requires no comfortable blanket to keep him warm on a cold night. Strange to say, there are chilly nights in Equatorial Congo ; my own experience has been that while sleeping in a daub and wattle house with a heavy leaf roof, from two to four blankets have not been over-sufficient to keep me warm during many a cold, damp night in the Great Forest. One other piece of furniture appeared to belong to the whole camp, a curious chair which was simply the trunk of a small tree with four roots running out from the end in a perfectly regular way. These roots had been cut off about two feet from the trunk, barked and polished by frequent use. Aside from the simple beds, bows and quivers and cooking vessels, I could find absolutely nothing belonging to the Pigmies except what they had on, which was little, and the huts made of young, thin shoots covered with green leaves bound on with fibre. In vain I searched for toys or " made " playthings for the use of Pigmy babies. The wee urchins have the leaves, twigs, bows and arrows (and what could be more useful to a child ?), the skulls and other bones of monkeys, antelopes and elephants, and a fresh section of forest every few moons for playground, so they have no great hardship to find fun. I gave the Pigmy Sultan five copper coins each worth a pice. He clasped them tightly in his left hand and smiled a real home-made Pigmy smile. I took some photographs of the village and villagers, but the gloomy green woods are not conducive to good picture making. To have remained longer with this fun-loving people and watched their curious movements and listened to their low, musical voices would have been highly enjoyable, but the approach of a terrific electrical and rain

storm heralded by a few drops already falling, hastened us back to the comfortable leaf-roofed rest hut at the Meeting-of-the-Ways. There we pilgrims reposed, while

> "The woods against a stormy sky
> Their giant branches tossed."

The Pigmy Sultan, Abayando, understands good manners and paid a return call, bringing two of his trickish tribesmen with him. I regretted that it was necessary to use a Walesse chief as interpreter, but this could not be avoided. The name of the Walesse chief is Mabilanga, or otherwise Fish. He is chief of the large village between Japanda rest hut and where I saw the Pigmy camp. Abayando has one wife, though sultans sometimes have two. Generally they take only one because they buy them, paying with arrows and pots and other articles. I asked the Sultan how many children are usually found in a Mambutti family. He replied that sometimes they have one, sometimes two, sometimes three and sometimes five. The Sultan has three children, Ituri, Yando and Djana. I asked him how he came to give them these names, and he explained that there is a great river two days from here named Ituri, and it is from that the first is named. "Yes. You gave the Ituri name to one of your sons; what does Yando mean?" The proud Pigmy replied, "It is a name, a name of one of the great and old men of my tribe which has been given to my son." This seems to indicate that the Pigmies name their children *after* they are born. There dwell dwarfs on islands in the Bay of Bengal who name their children *before* birth. Djana means an animal of the forest, an animal which goes on trees, a sort of monkey. His wife is Itabo, which is the name of a river. The Pigmy who sat

on the Sultan's right is Dilo ; the one on the left is Tepe, that is spear. In getting at the meaning of Tepe, I asked the Sultan what the Mambutti name a gun. He answered, and was then asked if there are men by that name, but said there were not. After many fatiguing questions I learned the word for Spear —Tepe. I then asked if they eat people, but put it into this red herring form, " If in war you kill your enemies, do you eat them with salt or without ? " The Sultan shook his head and solemnly spoke, " It was one time we ate, we do no more eat." He made very emphatic gestures with both hands, palm up. The interpreter was then instructed to say that all Walesse and Mambutti people eat men. Whereupon the Sultan got excited and violently shook his head saying, " No, no, I know my friend Yuma." Exactly what he meant was that since he is friend to the big chief Yuma he no longer engages in human banquets, because he is near him. I asked him his age, " Of long, long time I am," quoth he. He followed this with another remark and the doubling up of both hands. He was thus saying that he was fifty moons and fifty moons old and more. They can only count to one hundred, and he tells me he is more than one hundred moons of age. He uses no mats or skins, and has little tendency to the romantic, although the smoke from the hut fires and village flame fills the air with a dreamy softness, and ghost shadows flit about like phantoms of the past.

Abayando says that when a man dies, they put " the meat " in the earth the same day with the barkcloth worn in life. It is their custom to bury the corpse close by or under the village fire, lying down face up, to cover it with green leaves and earth, and then put on the grave a pair of iron bracelets.

After a few days of mourning they abandon this village.

The Pigmy, unlike the elephant, has no cemetery, which is a comparatively modern innovation. Patmos and the Pigmy Forest are without cemeteries. Nor has he, like Jacob, a parcel of ground for burial purposes. We are accustomed to repose our friends in green shady avenues by graded gravel walks or in shadowy aisles where the twilight stealthily enters by dusky windows. In either case the melancholy fact is rendered less gloomy by the thought of companionship—the grave of our loved one is not solitary, it is in God's acre. The Silent *City* of the Dead. But the Pigmy's last resting place is sad and lonely. It has, 'tis true, the warble of birds, the shade of trees, and the gentle visit of the shower and the antelope, but there are no marble monuments, no sculptured urns, no Gothic chapels. In part compensation there are no memorials of family pride, nor empty show vaunting itself in lofty columns as when the pride of wealth preserves a pompous epitaph in honour of a slave of Mammon. In the vast forest there is no Metropolis of the Dead, no Village even of Tombs, but here and there a solitary grave made in earth warmed by the village fire—but what matter is it? Browne's "Urn Burial" speaketh truthfully, "The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man." These human midgets are born, live and die and are buried in the forest's solemn silent gloom and mould.

The Mambutties sing and weep over the solitary grave for three days but without dancing, and then go away and build a new camp. I tried to obtain the words of the mourning song, but was told, "There is



THE FOREST CHIEFTAIN KAPAMBA, EN ROUTE, MAWAMBI TO THE ARUWIMI, IN THE GREAT PIGMY FOREST, AFRICA.



REAR VIEW OF BABILA-MAMBUTTI, LENDA, GREAT PIGMY FOREST.

no word for 'words,' in the Mambutti language," but after hard work I learned that among other things they say,

"Our friend, our brother is dead, poor man;
O yes, he is now quite dead, poor man!"

The Kachins worship trees, the Persians adorn them with jewels, but my little friends have no tree religion.

The Pigmies speak on several notes, and in that suggest a conversation between Chinese; the effect of their language is musical. Abayando says that in his camp women are fewer than men, but usually in the Pigmy tribes there are more women than men. It is not considered "good form" to eat women. I tried to get the Sultan to tell me about the belief of the Pigmies in spirits or in a future, and this was all I could obtain. "We do not know about spirits. When we bury a man, the body of that man will become a big serpent. It will become a big serpent and that serpent will come and see us. It will come near to us and coil up, but will not bite us." I asked a second time about this, and the Sultan persisted in saying that the serpent would come to see them and would not bite them and they would do it no harm. "That is all; it will go away afterward." When asked how many poisons there are on the point of a Pigmy arrow he replied, "Many."

After an entrancing talk, a part of which is given above, I gave the Sultan some Americani. He took it, put it up against his left shoulder, smiled greatly, made gestures and rose and bowed. He said he was satisfied with the present and wanted to go back to the camp. Just before leaving, he asked for salt, but our limited supply would not warrant a gift of that important commodity. Abayando, the Pigmy Sultan, said good-bye and departed laughing.

The Pigmies are all finely formed. I've seen neither a hunchback nor a hideously deformed monster suggesting Shakespeare's Caliban. I was inclined to expect to find numbers of both, for birth in the forest must be attended with many mishaps.

The next day we travelled from seven-twenty A.M. to four P.M., through pouring rain which reduced the roads to mud and slush, beyond the Nkoko river, the boundary of the territory of Lake Albert. Not long after reaching the Nkoko four mites of Pigmies appeared bearing a live antelope as large as themselves on a pole, its legs tied together above the sapling. One had his face decorated with black and a streak of colour down the middle of the forehead. This Pigmy dandy also had a small stem stuck through his nose. The antelope probably weighed sixteen kilos. The animal had been snared in a net they were carrying, whose meshes were skilfully made of wood fibre. The net is extended something in the shape of a letter "V," and the antelope driven in and easily caught. The Pigmies no longer bring in dead antelope as a gift to me, because I refuse to eat the meat, fearing that it has been shot with poisoned arrows. My interest in the Pigmies never flags, maybe some day I'll tell a Pigmy love story.

My desire to see this quaint people had been so great that a courier was despatched ahead to the village and plantation of Agama asking the chief to send out for Mambutti who were known to be encamped in that neighbourhood; so that directly I arrived, five of them marched in and lined up in front of where I was sitting. Here I saw the first Pigmy with the beard largely gray; he is probably a little under forty years of age. They were greatly amused at my photographing them, but were exceedingly

pleasant and good-natured and evinced great satisfaction with a present of Americani they received. I noticed that their Sultan did not possess a typical Mambutti face ; I could have selected him as a Pigmy, but with greater difficulty than the others.

At Camp Gorilla, in the midst of the forest, I met the Commandant of this zone, who told me that an American by the name of Thornton had been killed and eaten recently in the zone of Stanley Falls. He was not an officer, but was thought to be able to arrange matters with the natives in this section. When he went there, his troops were not close together, and the natives killed him.

Who will ever catalogue the sounds of the forest ? The shriek of wild beasts, the cry of wild birds, the mournful voice of the lofty branches, the yell of the cannibals and the frightful crash of thunder, together with the horrifying roar of the savage monster animals make music for camp *Gorilla !* It was at this Camp Gorilla in the heart of the forest that my cook, Yakambi, prepared his first meal for me. It happened to be breakfast. I started a little earlier than usual that morning, and whether he thought I had forgotten to finish dinner the night before, or whether he was not fully awake himself, or whether it was an incipient case of monomania or whatever the cause, the first thing he proceeded to make, the first thing in the morning, was a huge saucepan of chocolate cream of which Mr. Eram is very fond as dessert for dinner ! When the cream was finally served out, it generously filled four soup plates, but was the only thing cooked for breakfast ! Not even hot water was ready until we had finished the meal. Then and there I determined that in Yakambi was room for improvement. I was sorely tempted to put the black stupid head of the cook into the hot

chocolate and would likely have accomplished the feat and punishment, but the thought that then I must go hungry and famished detained my anxious hands from his throat and cranium. I certainly displayed some self-command in not employing a stick on his anatomy.

In this camp in the woods, which is not far from the famous famine camp in charge of Dr. Parkes, I " built a wigwam in the forest." When I arrived this wigwam was an arch of sticks stuck into the ground and bent together at the top, with one end closed in the same way and the other end built up also except a doorway. Immediately on my arrival cannibals were sent into the raw forest to gather large leaves for thatching, and in the course of a couple of hours the hut was completed, without windows, less than six feet high and perhaps seven feet by twelve in area. The ground inside was also covered with a layer of leaves like those on the outside; and all this was done in spite of continuous rain. As soon as the roof was well started, a fire was built inside, and by the time all the openings but one were closed, and wet wood had smouldered and blazed for two hours, there was as much smoke in the place as could comfortably be accommodated—this is the reason there was not more later. In the heart of the wild-woodland in my leafy hut I was constrained to thank God for health, and pray for peace and protection. In these dangerous surroundings what would not I have given to hear the sweet voice of a friend softly singing in the universal stillness

" Under the tree-tops is quiet now !
In all the woodlands hearest thou
Not a sound !
The little birds are asleep in the trees ;
Wait ! Wait ! and soon, like these,
Sleepest thou ! "

But the hut was a complete protection from the weather, and more comfortable than any tent could possibly be when pitched after two hours of pouring rain. This fact was kindly verified by the secretary, who had my white Americani tent pitched for his accommodation, and at nine o'clock in the evening had an experience which illustrates one of the dangers of travel in this woody wilderness with its giant trees. He shall recount it for himself. "I was just nicely settled in bed with the tent snugly fastened to keep out the intruding chill air and other unwelcome visitors, and was beginning to yield to the drowsy feeling which merges into sleep, when I was suddenly awakened by a crackling sound, which I at once recognised to be a tree falling very close to the tent in which I lay. We had been talking about falling trees that afternoon, and as I heard this one bending and realized that in an instant it would fall, I felt sure it would be on the tent. In the moment I decided that it would be useless to run, as it might fall on me outside, where there would be no intervening timbers to prop it up, so I simply lay quietly and waited for the crash to come. It came, but not on the tent. Up to that moment—the whole affair did not occupy ten seconds—I had felt quite composed, but when I turned over on my side to go to sleep I found that I was not sleepy, and that my heart was beating at a fever pace. It was the worst scare I had on the journey."

Several times we had to go around or over great trees. The caravan often

> "Found all further passage
> Shut against them, barred securely
> By the trunks of trees uprooted,
> Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,
> And forbidding further passage."

I have seen trees with forty yards of trunk, and, including branches, at least fifty or sixty yards in height. One must take much care in pitching a tent or building a leaf shelter in the forest on account of the trees that may blow down. Other travellers as well as myself have noticed that the roots in this great wood land never grow straight into the ground, but are horizontal. I think it must be because there is little earth here and that underneath there are solid rocks. There is a theory that in Central Africa a very large lake occupied the Congo basin, and that the water has gone down and left only the mud. Then, too, the roots of the trees are exposed and give little support, as the rains wash and the small rivers take away the soil. The rivers in the Congo State have thus far muddy water, and this may mean that the deposit left by the lake is being carried away. There are, however, creeks and streams of beautifully clear water.

Camp Gorilla is on the road which Lothaire cut through. He it was who hung Stokes. The Congo side of the story is that the big Chief Kalingulingu was revolting against the state, and had killed Emin Pasha, but had no powder and guns with which to fight. And then Stokes brought powder and guns from Uganda, and sold them in Mawambi, to this and other chiefs, to fight the State. Finally, Lothaire got hold of him, condemned him, and shot him within twelve hours. A man who has been sentenced to death shall have twenty-four hours according to international law, and Lothaire did not give him the day's grace, but sentenced him at four in the afternoon and shot him at four in the morning. It is said in mitigation that Lothaire had been marching a year and a half and had forgotten some of the fine points in law !

My caravan got ahead of my flock of sheep and

went into Mawambi on the ninth day from Irumu. The eighth day out from Irumu was the heaviest marching of the lot, for eleven and a quarter hours we forged ahead making the longest day we have done in Africa. The last I heard from the sheep was that only five were still alive. At one village the Bahima in charge of our "muttons" came in with a dead sheep on his back. If the dunce of a chap had only come in with a live one on its four legs, we might have converted two into shoulders. As it was, we were good enough Jews to leave the mutton to other tribes.

CHAPTER XVII

Not Out of the Wood Yet

FROM MAWAMBI-ON-THE-ITURI TO AVAKUBI-ON-THE-ARUWIMI—MY LAST RIDE ON THE ITURI RIVER

I reached one dying autumn-tide
A dwelling at the forest-side,
And saw the land so scanty and so bare,
And all the hard things men contend with there.
The Wanderers.

WHEN I emerged from the Great Forest into an extensive clearing, which was the plantation of Mawambi-on-the-Ituri, the tumble-down condition of some of the buildings and the unkept appearance of the place was what might be expected, for I had been travelling along roads not properly supervised. Indeed, ever since leaving the Territory of Lake Albert there were signs on all sides of inefficiency or ill-health on the part of the white chieftain. When approaching the Hill-of-the-Europeans, an odd-looking figure walked slowly down to meet me. It was the Chief of the Post, who had recently been attacked by rheumatism in the right leg severely, and was then suffering again in the same member, so that it was barely possible for him to walk, and almost



IN THE GREAT PIGMY FOREST. SAVAGE DWARFS BRINGING PRESENTS TO THE AUTHOR.



SPIRIT-HOUSE AT NKOKO IN THE GREAT PIGMY FOREST.

impossible for him to sleep at night. The reception I received was chilly, due no doubt to the rheumatism and to the Chief not knowing that universal language, English. It is very unfortunate for the State that some of its employés are ignorant of the English language. Their lack of knowledge in this respect makes it impossible for them to gain an immense amount of useful information from English, Australian and American travellers. Who will ever know the loss to this Flemish postmaster and to the State, by his not being able to communicate properly with two Americans who recently passed through ! He turned over to the secretary and myself the finest residence in all that region, the house of the Chief of the Zone, which occupies a hill overlooking the swiftly flowing Ituri and a vast tract of Pigmy treeland beyond. The flock of sheep with which we equipped ourselves at Irumu had not arrived, but a messenger came saying that four more had died, though he brought me no proof of their death. If he was not lying, we still had five live sheep somewhere in the Forest ; but the shepherd and I agreed in thinking we had parted for ever.

The rheumatic postmaster despatched a messenger to bring in Pigmies, who swarm in the district. Indeed, owing to the abundance of game, it seems quite a centre for them. Some specimens were due sometime within the next twenty-four hours. I had intended to leave Mawambi-on-the-Ituri for Avakubi before another sun cast its evening shadows over this hill-top, but of course was bound to wait and see the wonder-producing Pigmies. Meantime, I made the acquaintance of two wily Arab shop-keepers, followers of the Prophet, one of whom leads a delectable life with two native wives. They came up ostensibly to pay their presects, but actually to look around, and when they

left, one went on one side of the house and the other on the opposite side that they might make a full survey of any baggage on the porch. I discharged the porters who came through from Irumu and engaged fresh men for Avakubi, which is distant five days. The entire evening of the day of my arrival here was spent in developing photographic plates. By midnight I was nearly starved to death, so searched around and found a large onion which was very strong. I ate the onion, an ear of raw corn which I ransacked out of a native basket, and some raw oatmeal. With this light repast I retired for the night, longing still for even chocolate cream !

Early in the morning a batch of fine natural bits of humanity—Pigmies, arrived, but the Pigmy babies which were sent for did not come. The first man brought an antelope almost dead, snared in a fibre net. Then came others, and I photographed them right and left, fore and aft. Later on in the day when a storm came up and darkened the room so that I could use it for photographic purposes, I developed two of these plates. I asked the Pigmies to build a real Pigmy hut for me and fix the fire and have things natural ; this they did in a half-hour's time, and the hut would turn any quantity of rain. Some people say they are like apes, but I fail to find the resemblance. Apes do not make fires and live in houses. Pigmies always dwell in small huts, staying sometimes but two or three days in a place, but usually some months. An officer in the Government in a conversation made the following statements about the Pigmies :—

" We have no plans for the Pigmies, and I have thought of nothing for them. They are very good hunters, but that is all. There is nothing to do for the Pigmies. The products of this zone are rubber

and tobacco; there is plenty of the former in the forest, but the Pigmies won't gather it. There is nothing to do with them. They are like apes. When you have got them here, the next day they are run off forty, fifty or sixty miles away. I think they have been the original people of this region. No, it is not possible to get them to build villages. I have offered a Pigmy twenty 'muttons' to build a village. Ordinarily our couriers are not Pigmies. Our couriers are usually men we have in the village, but a Pigmy has been used in an emergency, though he will not put his name to paper. He runs very fast in the forest, and you could not follow him for an hour. He sees a little hole and dodges through it and is away while you are pushing away the sticks. He uses no weapons but bows and arrows. I do not think it would have any influence on the Pigmy to give him any present such as cloth to create a taste for our goods. He would take it and say you are a fine fellow, and the next day be the same as ever.

"If you wanted to learn the Pigmy language, you might get a Mambutti to stay with you three days and run in the woods the rest of the week. Even then I think he would not stay with you. If you took him at three years old you could keep him, but then he would not know the language; eight or nine is too old. The natives do not have any games except those introduced by the Arabs. A Pigmy gets his wife by buying her. They never intermarry with other races. He buys things from the big natives to get the girl he likes. The mother is very fond of her child to the age of three years, but after they leave the breast, it is finished! Pigmy children learn to shoot at once. No missionary has ever tried to work among them.

"I once took a Pigmy with me to show me the road,

and he would not come across. When I left him I gave him a fathom of cloth, and you should have seen the metamorphosis of his face when I told him he could take it and run away into the woods. The only time the Pigmies get cloth is when the white man is passing and they bring in antelope. They do not shoot their meat with poisoned arrows, only men. If I had no meat, and a Pigmy brought a dead antelope, certainly I should take it. All this poison is vegetable poison, and when the meat is boiled it is all right. I think the Pigmies have a belief in charms, and I think it amounts to a religious belief. All the Pigmies are clean. I think they wash in the fat of the animals they have shot. Originally the idea was to keep out the cold. The Pigmies like the fire.

" These people are not as sensitive to pain as we are. The European is a very weak man. You have stronger muscles, perhaps, to do something suddenly. A Pigmy would not feel a thorn in his foot as much as I would. I have seen a man get a rifle bullet under the eye and it went out at the back of his neck ; in fourteen days he was all right. I have seen a native shot in the ankle, and he ran away so fast it was impossible to catch him. I have seen natives with terrible marks of wounds over the abdomen. In Europe we could not do it. Why ? Because we have been weakened for centuries with warm food and clothes. The natives have not been this way. You get a little stomach-ache and go to the doctor, but these people do not pay much attention to it. I am quite sure that for physical pain the native is much stronger than the white man. The porters can go day after day on potatoes alone because they have never eaten anything else. The fishermen on the west coast of Norway eat nothing but potatoes and fish."

Inspired by the generalizing spirit of my host, I put together a few opinions as to the Forest people generally. First, physically they are susceptible to pulmonary diseases, and deaths are usually caused by lung trouble. The native doctors cut the skin over the lungs and take off some of the blood. One gentleman, who has lived long in Congo, says he has never seen a leper. He asked a chief once, "You kill lepers and you have no liberty to do it." "Ah," he said, "we do not kill them; we leave them to die." They consider that a man that is foolish has been sent down by the Great Spirit, he must be cared for and respected or the Great Spirit will punish them; there is not, however, much insanity among the African natives, and I have never heard of any among the Pigmies. All the people about the Ituri are cannibals. It is very difficult to fight cannibalism in Congo; the soldiers who have been in the service for only two years will return to their villages and eat people.

The Congo Free State officials are a trifle prone to study the natives from the standpoint of what they can get out of them. I want to supplement that view by the other, what can be put into them. So as to this second and more philanthropic question, I am convinced that whether Pigmy or Giant, Negro or Bantu, Nubian, Azandas or Mambutti, to wash a black is to lose one's soap; to attempt to make a white man of him is to waste time. He should not have, with Christianity, our expensive civilization forced upon him. He needs moderate employment with proportionate feeding, and such of his customs should be admitted as are compatible with the teaching of the Gospel, which includes individual liberty and respect for human life. I do not know but what it may be that the negro's place in the moral and intellectual order

will always be below that of the white. If so, the white man should evince a consciousness, if he has one, of his duties toward his more animal co-workers. Beyond question, the black is indispensable for the exploitation of Africa. This being so, it is necessary that he be used and not abused.

The fight for existence among the peoples of the earth does not seem to apply to tropical Africa, for it has to be noted that without the blacks nothing could be done in the hot belt. Whites cannot hope for a long time to become thoroughly acclimatized—fix themselves definitely to the soil—and found family life with the philanthropic sentiments of the white working in accord with his personal interest. The almost inevitable violence of conquest and obtaining possession of arable land were the principal causes of the wholesale and systematic extermination of the North American and Australian native populations. Extermination in Central Africa would only create a void impossible to fill by immigration, coming from more advanced and civilized people.

In these views I have on the whole left my little Pigmy friends in the background ; they need a whole chapter focussed on them with a very wide-angle lens. That shall come next. Meanwhile let me tell how we prepared to quit this ancient slave and ivory centre of Mawambi on our way to Avakubi. We turned over a tin of flour to the postmaster's cook, who baked some of it up into bread, making five disc-like loaves. For yeast he used a sort of native beer and explained that the bread is best raised during sunshine, for the heat if not the light makes it " swell gross." We also had our laundry work done here, as there is plenty of good water. I arranged that we should have a supply of sweet bananas for the road, for I have seen no such

number of banana trees since leaving Toro as strikes the eye when looking out from the front porch of the Chief of the Zone's house, and the most delicious sweet bananas I have found west of the Mountains-of-the-Moon grow here.

First day. Up at Mawambi positively with the bugle. Found that the negatives were mostly dry. I left a candle burning when I went to bed, and about midnight woke up to find it still burning. I had placed a table close to the wall and rested the wet photographic plates, one end against the wall and the other on the table, and by means of the candle on the floor, sent a draught of warm air up. The plates were dry at breakfast time, when I took a large quantity of oatmeal, " beef-steak " of antelope, excellent bread, bananas and papias. Because of the rheumatism the postmaster did not come down the hill to the bank of the Ituri to see us off. Two dugouts conveyed the whole caravan to the opposite side, where the Forest was entered and the march begun over good but hilly roads. Among rocks containing large quantities of quartz, and others with pieces of mica easily picked out with the fingers. Arrived at Abarungu at three-forty p.m. This is a deserted village with a miserable rest house still standing. Here and there might be seen sweet potato vines and papias trees. The natives ran away into the Forest. This is the one thing the natives can do, for they have little opportunity to appeal, and I can see no reason in the mind of a native why he should work hard to make roads and keep up plantations for a government from which from his point of view he is likely to derive little or no advantage. At eight o'clock I turned in and for the first time slept on a real native bedstead. It was constructed on this wise. Four " Y's " were set up in the ground and protruded

some three feet. Small tree trunks for girders were arranged, and then small round pieces laid crosswise and on them some leaves. To all this I added rubber blankets, red blankets and a mosquito netting. The combination made a mighty good place to sleep on.

Second day. Turned out late—after five o'clock. Ate a large dish of oatmeal and very little else, as the cook of chocolate cream fame had prepared no potatoes, but brought me four old ones which were sour. These I received and promptly leaving the table, stood about twenty feet from the above-mentioned cook and threw the potatoes one at a time, aiming them at his ugly head. While I failed to hit the outside of his head, I certainly made an impression on the inside, and the next time he cooked an enormous quantity of potatoes.

One hour out from Abarungu I met a caravan which bore clear indications that foreigners were near. I soon met two white men who are to be officers in the Government. They told me that after leaving Avakubi and before reaching Ngasi, they marched for ten hours in water up to their waists. One, who was on his way to Mbeni, spoke English. He is sick—had had fever for several days, and had no quinine, so he said. This meeting of white faces in the vast forest, served as good cheer for the whole day.

During this march I walked over more single logs spanning swift rivers and streams than I ever dreamed it would be possible for me to negotiate. The road from Mawambi to Lenda contains also more hills than I have met with in an equal distance since leaving Katwe. Just before reaching Lenda, I crossed a river on the trunk of a large tree which had been so cut as to span the river in its fall. Two cannibals steered me over the ticklish timber. I then climbed up an almost perpendicular place where sticks had been



REAL PIGMIES. THE SULTAN HAS A TASSEL IN HIS FEZ, AGAMA, GREAT PIGMY FOREST.



A VILLAGE OF SAVAGE DWARFS (BABILA-MAMBUTTI) IN THE FRINGE OF THE GREAT PIGMY FOREST.

driven in and vines attached to assist in climbing. Lenda is a Government plantation in good condition, lying on the right bank of the Lenda River. It has several skeleton huts in course of erection, which are to be used for the various expeditions coming up to assist in public works such as the construction of the railway. For the first time I came across spirit-houses in connection with temporary huts. This certainly indicates that spirit worship has a tight grip on the natives, for otherwise they would not build spirit-houses in connection with dwellings to be occupied but a night.

A runner was despatched from Lenda to bring Mambutti. When he returned, six women and one man accompanied him. In an instant I noted the absence of the real Pigmy type, so I said to the Chief, "Walesse, not Mambutti"; and he replied "Babila-Mambutti." In the construction of the hut, which was built with great dexterity and completed in a half-hour, a different style of architecture prevailed from what I had seen in the depths of the wood. Not only different in general shape, but only a small opening for door. Then too, the women had a row of holes punched in the upper lip. I feel certain that these were mongrel Pigmies with a large amount of Babila blood. The man was taller than any Pigmies I have seen, but roughly resembled the Mambutti in features. The wenches were Pigmy size. The hut has a smaller doorway than those of the Mambutti. Pointed sticks half an inch in diameter and tapering to a leaf were placed in the ground in the shape of the hut. These were bent over and interlaced at the top by other sticks, and then some large leaves were ingeniously placed on the former. About six inches from the base the midrib of the leaf was slit and a smaller leaf fastened

into it. This slit is also used to attach the leaves to the cross-sticks. Then other leaves were placed so as to hold these tight down. The hut is just high enough in the middle to permit the real Pigmy to stand upright in it. These dwarfs live less decently than the pure Pigmies. Some have beds made by placing Y's at the four corners and then sticks topping off with leaves. These hybrid women were heavy in build and easily frightened. I presented them with two fathoms of Americani. This was an exceedingly large present and put them in great good humour.

The savage with the saucepans arrived two hours and a quarter after myself, and not knowing how else to impress on him and his fellows that such behaviour was not proper in this caravan, I had him sit in the front of my hut with his wrists tied together, meditating, I hope, on the results that follow a lack of ambition.

Third day. Seven and one-half hours of marching brought us to Kapamba. I occupied the hammock most of the time, and the men ran nearly all the way. This was a remarkable performance and caused me to photograph the outfit on arrival. I found myself getting fatigued after a few hours of marching, and partly attributed it to wearing shoes two sizes too large. Kapamba is another deserted station save only for a chief and his family of the Molika tribe. Here was a small amount of food, a fairly good rest hut, but best of all, a breathing place where the air was dry. Had some excellent eating here because the chief brought in a tender young antelope. He had his upper teeth filed to a point in the middle and the lower ones like a saw.

On the fourth day the march to Ngasi occupied over six hours and was finished at noon. The road was

good, though in a number of places trees freshly fallen, with no path around them, blocked the way. This clearly proved that a storm had recently swept this section of the forest. From Ngasi, I wanted to push on to Avakubi the same day, because much of the journey was to be done by pirogue on the Ituri. So I called for the hammock men, but they shrugged their shoulders and were unwilling to go further. I could not understand what they said except "chakula," which means food. By this I understood that if they went with me to the river, only one hour's journey, they would not be able to get food if they tarried there for the night. The rascals took advantage of my not understanding. Had I known the conditions ahead I should have required them to go with me to the river and return to Ngasi for food and for the night; but it seemed advisable to make no further attempt to go on.

Here again, the real Government chief produced an original-looking native chief, picturesque and "proper," as the Corporal says by holding his two hands to his eyes in the form of two cylinders to indicate a photograph. The soldiers learned and passed the word from village to village that I was liberal in gifts of Americani to Pigmies and chiefs suitable for photographic purposes. The Government chiefs are too much Arabized, have too many clothes on, are too regular, and it would be deception to picture them as representatives of any vast number of people in Congo; so they go unphotographed.

These black people are imitative and follow custom very closely. To wit: after many efforts, I succeeded in getting the fool of a boy to put up my mosquito netting properly. He became accustomed to driving sticks into the wall at a certain height, and when I

slept on the floor, he put them the same height as he did when I slept on a native bed three feet high.

On the fifth day the road from Ngasi to where the boat was waiting on the Ituri ran through one of the most tropical bits of forest I have seen in Africa—vines in profusion and plants with huge leaves all intertangled. The river was reached at seven A.M. I had supposed that the dugout was a large one and had arranged to have three boys, the secretary's typewriter, my Chinese box, two yellow bags, and the soldiers accompany us. But it was found possible to take only the small yellow bag, a loaf of bread, a can each of butter and army rations, some sweet potatoes, the smallest boy and the Corporal. The dugout was in charge of three savage-looking fellows, each wearing a piece of bark-cloth. When all was ready, we seated ourselves on sticks of wood placed crosswise in the bottom of the boat with blankets on them. Then the punt stick was pulled out of the mud and the hole in the prow, and the canoe pushed off. It was round-bottomed and threatened to upset. The Ituri at this season is very high and very wide. The banks on either side showed few trunks of trees, the white stems being covered with a drapery of flowering vines. All went well till we approached a "chute." Here the pirogue was pushed into a small creek and we disembarked. One of the boatmen carried the yellow bag, I carried the loaf of bread and my rifle. After a tramp of a mile we got aboard again below the rapids. In a few minutes we passed near a powerful whirlpool; this I enjoyed after it was passed.

Karambola was finally reached without accident. It was found impossible to take the pirogue through the rapids here, and as none was procurable below, we started on the last tramp of this great overland journey

to Avakubi. The road during these three hours was entirely uncultivated and was in a most astonishing condition for a principal highway within a short distance of the residence of the Chief of the Territory. Fortunately, being well open to the sun, the walking was on dry ground, but to make up for it, the traveller had to suffer from the glow overhead. To march under an African sun after a long journey in the forest is a severe ordeal. On the parade ground at Avakubi I was greeted by a sub-officer, and a few minutes later by a Swedish lieutenant, who had planted the Heart-of-Beef at Kifuku which I sampled. He took me straight to the office of the Chief of the Territory of the West, who was ill in his room. The Chief, however, was able to sit up and gave me various facts (?) with reference to Avakubi, and ventured some more facts (?) about missions and missionaries. He, however, conducted me to the best room in his house, and after dinner in an upstairs mess hall, which stands by the gate forming part of the defences and making it impossible to surprise the officers at meals, I developed photographs till midnight. Most of them came out good. Indeed they came out better than I did; because while I was developing negatives I was also developing a chill in my spinal column which finally developed into fever. I feel sure that primarily the fever was induced by a sun chill which I got on the Ituri. I wore an immense pith helmet, but before I knew it the sun had great power on my back, and then the chill. A traveller who has spent a month in the great tree-land of tropical Africa cannot be too careful on emerging from it into an open boat on the broad waters of the Ituri. In this burnt clay fort I spent a memorable night. The fever ran high, frightfully high, but my faithful secretary stood by

me. The mortal coil seemed very loose and the words of Job seemed very true, "When I lie down, I say, when shall I arise, and the night be gone? and I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day."

CHAPTER XVIII

The Little Burnt Faces.

DWARFS, DISTRIBUTION IN THE WORLD ; ANCIENT KNOWLEDGE—PIGMIES OF CENTRAL AFRICA ; CUSTOMS, ARCHERY, DIVINATION ? IMPEDIMENTA, MINIATURE NIMRODS, TRADE, FIGHTING, INTELLIGENCE, PRIDE, FUN, NEIGHBOURS, POSSIBILITIES, A PLEA.

Pigmies are Pigmies still, though perched on Alps.
Young.

UNDERSIZED and unfinished nations are not peculiar to Africa. In the warm, diseaseful island south-east of Asia many are said to be found; the best known are the mournful dwellers on the moist Andaman Islands, who rarely grow five feet high. But as the early Arab sailors said, "The inhabitants of these islands eat men alive, and in their eyes and countenances there is something quite frightful," a statement improved by the veracious Marco Polo into "I assure you all the men of this island have heads like dogs, and teeth and eyes likewise." In the interior of Luzon is another owlish tribe averaging fifty-six inches, who are remarkable for their picturesque marriage ceremonies ;—"The

affianced pair climb two flexible trees placed near to each other; one of the elders of the tribe bends them towards each other; when their heads touch, the marriage is legally accomplished."

Europe was once inhabited by a dwarf race. Near Schaffhausen Dr. Kollmann found a settlement which was inhabited during three far-distant periods, the palæolithic, the neolithic, and the metallic. From the neolithic period there are skeletal remains of normal-sized persons of the usual European type, such as represents the actual population down to the present day, and also skeletal remains of small human beings who must be regarded as Pigmies of the neolithic period of Europe.

The dwarfs of Russia and cold Lapland are well known, and the polar Eskimo are now introduced to the notice of Europeans by enterprising impresarios. There are also small people less than five feet high, living in densely populated Sicily and bloody Sardinia, where they form fifteen per cent. of the population.

But what is still more astonishing is that Pigmies are said once to have occupied Central portions of the United States. Whether this has been fairly established I am unable to say, but if Adam and Eve were pigmies, and hence the Pigmies were the predecessors of the larger people, it is not surprising that there should be remains of these people there, as we know that parts of the United States are geologically older than any portions of Europe, Asia or Africa. In a volume on anthropology which I found in the library of the British Museum is the following :—

"A Pigmy Graveyard in Tennessee. An ancient graveyard of vast proportions has been found in Coffee county. It is similar to those found in White county and other places in Middle Tennessee, but is



NATIVE POPOIE HOUSE, KOKANDINDI, ARUWIMI, UPPER CONGO.



MONSTER NATIVE DRUM MOKANDINDI OPPOSITE PANGA ON THE ARUWIMI RIVER.

vastly more extensive, and shows that the race of pigmies who once inhabited this country were very numerous. The same peculiarities of position observed in the White county graves are found in these. The writer of the letter says :—' Some considerable excitement and curiosity took place a few days since, near Hillsboro, Coffee county, on James Brown's farm. A man was ploughing a field which had been cultivated many years, and ploughed up a man's skull and other bones. After making further examination they found that there were about six acres in the graveyard. They were buried in a sitting or standing position. The bones show that they were a dwarf tribe of people, about three feet high. It is estimated that there were about 75,000 to 100,000 buried there. This shows that this country was inhabited hundreds of years ago.'"

In view of these discoveries and these survivals, it is worth while gathering what ancient writers have recorded about any small peoples. We are too prone to think of the re-discovery in last century, by Du Chaillu, Schweinfurth, Grenfell, Delcomune and Stanley, and to be proud of modern enterprise. We ought rather to be ashamed of our incredulity or neglect of old geographers, who knew, millenniums ago, facts which our ancestors let drop, and only picked up again a few centuries ago with as much cackling as if theirs were the first egg ever laid !

For more than four thousand years the Chinese have known several aboriginal tribes to their south-west, whom they call Miaotsz'. Western observation began much later, and even when Homer sang, he had about one half-pennyworth of fact to an intolerable deal of imagination. Wanting an illustration

of the Trojan onset, he lit upon some imaginary foes of our friends, and, as Pope has turned it :—

"So when inclement winters vex the plain,
With piercing frosts, or thick descending rain,
To warmer seas the cranes embodied fly,
With noise and order through the midway sky,
To Pygmy nations wounds and death they bring,
And all the war descends upon the wing."

This fable passed over from literature into art, and pigmy battles are not infrequently depicted upon Greek vases. On one of these the Pigmies are represented as dwarfs with large heads, Negro features, and close, curly hair, and are armed with lances. Probably the artist simply drew on and from his imagination.

So Homer is responsible for the name, taking it from a measure of length, from elbow to knuckle, some fourteen inches. The ancients were not strong on exact measurements ; or perhaps the Pigmies have grown since his day, but I never saw any of this size, except babies. Heredotus was much better situated to get at the facts, for he went to Egypt and explored a little up the mysterious river, *Fontium qui celat origines Nilus*. Although he never saw any Pigmies, he did not pretend to, and soberly gives his authorities. Rawlinson thus translates his account of how some ill-fated men from near Tripoli went into the deserts south, travelled west, and were captured :—

"They came to the wild beast track, whence they finally entered upon the desert, which they proceeded to cross in a direction from east to west. After journeying for many days over a wide extent of sand, they came at last to a plain where they observed trees growing ; approaching them, and seeing fruit on them, they proceeded to gather it. While they were

thus engaged, there came upon them some dwarfish men under the middle height who seized them and carried them off. The Nasamonians could not understand a word of their language, nor had they any acquaintance with the language of the Nasamonians. They were led across extensive marshes, and finally came to a town, where all the men were of the height of their conductors, and black complexioned. A great river flowed by the town, running from west to east, and containing crocodiles."

If Herodotus was rightly informed, the Pigmies were on the Niger, near Timbuktu, about twenty-three hundred years ago. A century later, Ctesias, residing in Persia, heard of the aboriginal stunted races of India and their skill with the bow. Aristotle was a careful observer, and in connection with his half-humorous, half-serious disquisition on storks, he diverged for a moment to these little people, evidently influenced by the crane fable. But he is sedulous to insist on the reality of the race :—" The storks pass from the plains of Scythia to the marshes of Upper Egypt, toward the sources of the Nile. This is the district which the Pigmies inhabit, whose existence is not a fable. There is really, as men say, a species of men of little stature, and their horses are little also. They pass their life in caverns."

After him the subject was not referred to again for three hundred years in the literature we have, but Pliny mentioned the dwarfs of both Asia and Africa, and his contemporary Pomponius Mela knew they could be reached by the Red Sea route. He had heard that they ate snakes, a fact I did not verify to-day.

When the Arabs came flooding all along the North

of Africa, they cut off the interior from Europe, and the remembrance of these little folk died out. They only came to the knowledge of the West by fresh explorations of the last century. I count it one of the privileges of this African journey to have met them and won the confidence of several. Let me try to sum up my impressions of this small and interesting people.

They can be briefly described as broad-chested, the males a few inches over four feet in height, the women shorter, but not uniform in size, short-necked, brownish-black in colour, and covered more or less with stiff, black hair. I think they are not any smaller in one section than another, and from the information I can gather, there are more women than men Pigmies. One Sultan of the Pigmies had a long white beard, though certainly not forty years of age. Their life in the forest is very hard, but they are always strong-looking, sinewy and muscular. I have never seen a weak-looking Pigmy. These wee wandering Ishmaelites are well fed, and only in one did I see the ribs showing ever so slightly. As for a whole skeleton, apart from its coverings, remember that in cannibal countries such things are rare, and Pigmies are economical.

The Pigmies are pleasant people, because they keep their persons clean. The Pigmy bathes often, and when there is no water convenient he uses the fat of a newly slain animal of the forest. This bath not only insures cleanliness, but warmth as well. I expected to find these strange little freaks of human beings unwashed and unkempt, but my personal observation found them otherwise. They have a reputation for bathing which may not be borne out

by facts. To wit, Mrs. Browning in The Dead Pan defames them thus :—

> "In what revels are ye sunken
> In old Aethiopia ?
> Have the pigmies made you drunken
> Bathing in Mandragora ? "

Because they are not nervous, the Pigmies are not easily inconvenienced by weather or accident, and in their social economy have no place for luxury. They are less sensitive to pain than white-skins. They are naturally thus, although Isidorus and Serapion would no doubt hold it due to bathing in narcotic mandragora, and thereby diminished sensibility to pain. "They are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued like other men."*

These frisky citizens of the realms of shade are fond of bananas. Here, again, are stories about them which should be taken with "a grain of salt." For instance, a white man said that a Pigmy will take a stalk containing sixty bananas and eat them all at a meal besides other food. Then he will lie and groan throughout the night and, when morning comes, he is ready to repeat the operation. Now, while some Pigmies have grotesquely distended abdomens, it is impossible to put a quart in a pint measure. This account of sixty bananas in one Pigmy's stomach at one time suggests that moderns are like ancients, inaccurate when describing these populations. The development of the exaggeration of the Pigmy abdomen is due to the unusual size of the left lobe of the liver and the spleen, and fat in the mesentery. Much is grist that comes to a Pigmy mill, and meat is even more to their taste than bananas. The Vegetarian

* Psalm 73, 5.

Society will not easily win converts here; it may warn that

> "Dainty bits
> Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits,"

but even though gorging may make the brain barren, the chase fails sufficiently often to let the brain have a chance to lie fallow.

The Pigmy is the best archer in the vast woodland. Wonderful, fairy-like tales are related on the margin of the forest, how these quaint and curious elfin folk perform prodigious feats of valour and marksmanship with their little bows and iron-tipped arrows. Indeed, in matters of archery the larger nations invested the Pigmies with an almost miraculous skill and achievement. This came to such a pass that I found myself inclined to represent the yarn by slightly recasting some famous lines, to wit :—

> Swift of foot was nimble Pigmy.
> He could shoot an arrow from him,
> And run forward with such fleetness
> That the arrow fell behind him !
> Strong of arm was nimble Pigmy.
> He could shoot ten arrows upwards ;
> Shoot them with such strength and swiftness
> That the tenth had left the bow-string
> Ere the first to earth had fallen !

And some inventor has credited them with having two strings to their bows ! But they are sufficiently skilful with the bow and arrow to dispense with embellishments of their feats. Being exclusively foresters, they require neither spear nor shield, but confine themselves entirely to the bent wood and quiver. That they can shoot horizontally a second arrow, or in rare instances a third, before the first has touched the earth is believable, but more in that

line should be scored to fiction. The wee Pigmies are early taught to shoot the small shaft, and in their play they imagine they kill the deer, the leopard or the huge elephant. As their life depends largely on the use of these naturally tree-land weapons, it is no wonder they become experts.

The expense of house-moving has no terrors for these little heroes. We hear on good authority that the Arabs fold their tents and silently steal away, more simply than we can. But the Pigmy has the advantage over the Bedouin, in that he has no tent. When he moves he takes along his bow and arrows, his chair and his cooking pot. His movements are not impeded by what the ancient Romans called *impedimenta*. Near to a spring or a stream of sweet water he lays out his egg-shaped village, and in an hour's time his pot is on the fire and he enjoys a completed residence. The Bedouin drives his flock with him and rides a fine horse, but the Pigmy has no domestic animals. He has been called the Gipsy of Africa, but all the gipsies I know of have horses, many of them wagons dressed with lace and containing bevel glass windows or windows of painted glass. In short, the Pigmy possesses none of the *impedimenta* which modern civilization casts about its devotee. And yet he lives and lives well. He has good teeth, good eyes, and can hear the movements of a hoof in the distance. I saw no signs of myopia or short-sightedness, but instead visual acuteness only matched by acuteness of hearing. Dentists, opticians and sellers of ear-drums will get no patronage here except from chance passers. Nor has the Pigmy any use for the telegraph operator ; he has his own ways of spreading intelligence, a sort of wireless telegraphy. Nor is he dependent on a mariner's compass ; his bump of locality is highly

developed, and he can find the north and south on a cloudy and rainy day when the sun is completely obscured, telling by some mark on the trees which is east and which is west. And these are real men and women, not legendary Trolls or Leprechanus inhabiting fairyland. Of all the dwellers in the Great Forest of tropical Africa, the Pigmies excel in hunting. Skilled in all the craft of hunters, they know exactly where the antelope are going, and they can catch them easily. Not only do they use large strong nets of wood-fibre, as I saw at first, but they also make holes in the ground about two yards long, and the antelopes fall into them, just as the bears are caught in Europe. If then any Sultan should order

> "Go, my son, into the forest
> Where the red deer herd together;
> Kill for us a famous roe-buck,
> Kill for us a deer with antlers,"

the Pigmy would be in his element. With an elephant in view he sometimes shoots arrows into the eyes, so that the mammoth mammal is bewildered at his Mambutti wiles, blunders into trees, and helps destroy himself. At other times, though generally he possesses little inventive genius, he shows great skill in a cunning contrivance used to take his quarry. Two trees are selected, and well up in the air a great knife is placed with a heavy block of wood upon it, anchored there by a fibre rope stretched across the path. Now it is important that when the elephant passes through and breaks the rope, the knife shall fall in the right place. Here the ingenuity of the Pigmy is shown. In order to determine where the knife will fall, water is dropped from it, and thus he knows exactly the spot it will strike the "little brain" of the elephant.



SHOOTING RAPIDS ON THE DANGEROUS ARUWIMI RIVER.



THE AUTHOR AND HIS SECRETARY WELCOMED BY CANNIBALS, AFTER THE WRECK OF THE BOAT IN ARUWIMI RIVER.

This method of hunting is not peculiar to the Mambutti, all the natives of Congo practise it, and it is even known on the Nile and near Kivu ; but near the Ituri seems its home.

When the fleet, barefooted Pigmies have successfully pursued the chase and secured an abundance of meat, they go to the gardens of the big Babila and take off a bunch of bananas, hanging in its place a suitable portion of flesh. It may not be due to any sense of honesty that they make this reasonable exchange—flesh for fruit—but rather to avoid war. The Pigmies love peace rather than war, but are generally prepared for either. The Pigmies are fond of white ants, and count beetles as dainty morsels. They are referred to by pale pinks as nomads, lazy and thieves. The Pigtails say "A great man will not see a little man's faults." But they are held in deep respect for their ability and unwillingness to retaliate on those who annoy them. When making war, the Congo Government treats with the Pigmies and engages them as allies, because the military officials well know that of all the peoples in the woodlands the Pigmies are experts in finding forest tracks and acting as scouts. They are also the ablest of the forest peoples in their use of poisons.

If there be any cause, real or fancied, the grudgeful Pigmies, by unerring aim, death-mark an enemy with the pitiless poison point. As Victor Hugo says:—"Hallucinations hold the torch that lights the path to murder." Such fatal business is usually laid to the hands of men and boys, because the mind naturally recoils from the suggestion of death traffic conducted by the gentler sex ; but in fact the women do not shrink at the sight of blood, for they are accustomed to the slaughter of animals of various kinds and sizes,

The Pigmies are the most persistent butchers on the whole line of the hot equator, and the modest Pigmy women will as ruthlessly encounter a foe as men. They are warlike, subtle, false, and treacherous to an enemy, dealing in ambush, which is a forest word, inhuman, unnatural, performing heinous deeds of vengeance and revenge with quick arrows or slow poisons. Both men and women are heroic in the woodland battles. My own observations are supported by writers like Moûmmeri, who says, " They are men, and men who know how to fight." A courageous clan certainly, else they had not preserved their independence. Crafty, agile, sprung from an ancient race always savage and may be cruel; for Schweinfurth speaking of those further north than my Pigmies, closely observed one that revelled in witnessing human and animal suffering. It is high wisdom on the part of " all people that on earth do dwell " to be cordial with both Mr. and Mrs. Pigmy.

The arrow has held a most important place in primitive culture. I have purchased different bundles of Pigmy arrows, and observe that while the shafts are similar in any one quiver, yet the contents of two quivers are unlike. I am inclined to think the Pigmy marks his arrows as did the Corean, not with his name, but a sign by which he recognises his quarry or the foe that falls before his arm.

A game much indulged by the heathen Arabs was to shake several arrows from a quiver in which the mystical number seven had been placed. Something suggesting that ancient gamble I have often seen in Western China, where the Pigtails have marked bamboo splints representing arrows, which are shaken in a wooden cylinder. Doubtless originally these were arrows, but proved too cumbersome for gamblers,

who are wont to be comfortable at their game of chance. A few Arabs live in the Great Forest, but as Mohammed put a quietus to this seven-arrow gambling, one is hardly at liberty to charge them with introducing some such device among the mysterious Pigmies. I have never seen the little people use their arrows for any such playful purpose, but I understand they have something akin to our "spillikins."

"To most minds there lurks a certain charm in the mysterious," and the arrow has often been employed as an instrument of divination. Isaiah depicts the onward march of the Assyrians, and how their route at one point was determined by shaking arrows. It may be that the Pigmy marks have some use in this direction. Do they indulge in magic? There is very little evidence. One acquaintance of mine had his left cheek painted white, and his right cheek black, but this may have had to do with beauty only, not with charms. However, I must record that their embellished heads resembled the divining skulls of Torres Straits with noses of bees-wax and eyes of pearl. Have these primitive people star-myths, devil festivals, or sorcery I know not, but this is certain, some Pigmies believe in a good spirit and a bad one, and some in the finger of fate. It is a well-known fact that the powers of the unseen world are very real to savages, and while I have detected no oracle among them to find out the future, yet about the Pigmy is a weird and mysterious air which I am bound to attribute to his religious belief. Creeds and semi-religious customs are the last things to be revealed to an outsider, as is shown by the case of the Central Australian black fellows. Often they had been set down as devoid of any ideas beyond the

most material. But once a kindly visitor had gained their confidence and had been initiated into their tribe, he was introduced into the elaborate totem-worship and historical mystery-plays of the Arunta. My stay with the Pigmies was not long enough to pave the way for this, and at best a verdict of *non liquet* must be returned.

It would be interesting to know how the Pigmy thinks, in what manner he reaches conclusions. He counts with short sticks, has a sign for fifty, and a word for it, another sign for one hundred, and then stops counting. How many words are in the Pigmy vocabulary, and what ideas do they express ? They know about the thunder and lightning, not scientifically, but practically ; and they know much about the plants and animals and the birds and trees and fruits of the forest. Living in the woodland, they always have a narrow horizon. Whether this constricts their character or not is an open question. Many a person living in a great city has as restricted a view as the Pigmy, shut in, not by beautiful green trees and nature's living walls, but by lifeless walls of brick and stone and mortar. The city person has nerves that are supersensitive, and is quick to note an insult. The Pigmy has no nerves, is less sensible to pain, and, I think, able to bear pain with fortitude, but avenges an insult with unerring aim. This diminutive man of the sylvan shades is of a far higher order of intelligence than the blacks of superior physique beside whose villages he encamps. He will become the Jap of the forest. It is to be remembered that of the yellow races the Japanese, the most aggressive and Yankee-like, are the smallest. The Pigmy is proud and independent. In that grand but gloomy woodland I have seen him strut "proudly with his bow

and arrows " as ever in green Sherwood Forest strutted brave Robin Hood and his men. The Pigmy is a very creditable specimen of savage humanity. There are probably no more liberty-loving people on the earth than these diminutive men and women. I have been wont to think of mountaineers as free and fearless. The lofty summits, severe and cragful, may develop an individuality full of the spirit of daring and self-assertion, but the tree-land seems to have a like result ; as Longfellow says,—

> " The forests, with their myriad tongues,
> Shouted with liberty,"

and so shout the little reddish-yellow and brownish-black people who dwell in " The Eternal Twilight."

They study the artful monkey to learn what nuts are not poisonous. They also study his habits to get him easily for food. But the monkeys leap from tree-top to tree-top a hundred and fifty feet above the antelope, who wander where they will beneath. No animal inhabitants of the homeland of the Pigmy is fettered by rules and regulations. Now it may be the little man imbibes this spirit.

> " The reason why, I cannot tell,
> But this I know, and know full well,"

the Pigmy loves liberty. He is a slave to no mortal man.

Pigmyland is the *Land of Laughter*. The sly Pigmy cherishes merry meetings and sporty tricks. How came the gladsome, gay, plump curly-headed Pigmy girls proud, without mirrors, I know not ; unless they find their image in the flowing forest stream. Perhaps the absence of possessions makes them so jolly. These mirthful mannikins are not mad for gain, and therefore have more shouts of joy than misers. Truly it is said, " O delvèd gold, the *wailers*' heap ! " They learn from

the animals but fortunately the beaver has not taught them to lay by for the winter, learning first frugality and then avarice. The Pigmies do not understand coin and hoarded wealth, which as often saddens as rejoices the possessor. They are to be commended for not wearing out their lives for what is really unnecessary. Full of fun and frolic are the odd little denizens of the forest. I venture the opinion that crying or weeping is not a Pigmy characteristic. They seem to be free from lugubrious functions and doleful doings except at burial times. They dance, and romp, and play to their hearts' content, and, I am pleased to write, invite their wives to participate in the pleasures and diversions. These mischievous mites are rude and unpolished, but have a wholesome native politeness. Indeed, in wife-treatment they are superior to their bigger neighbours. And feminine Pigmy, I feel sure, keeps her place, so "the hen never overcrows the cock," which would destroy domestic felicity. Remember, Cupid is a Pigmy. They may at times play vagabond and roam idly in the forest, but they are too full of jolly pranks to be very lazy, even in their never-ending summer.

I noticed during my visits among the Pigmies that mimicry employs much of their pastime when at play. A droll humour results which is exceedingly humorous. They are the wags of the woodland. They can imitate their large neighbours or the white man, and take them off to perfection. To see them strut about in the dance with stiff legs and solemn faces fills one with roars of laughter. These comic creatures are *the clowns of the forest.* But mimics have great powers of observation. This, too, is a characteristic of the quaint and curious Pigmies. Their whole life tends to develop that faculty, nor do

they waste it simply on the lower animals; they are not unsociable, their little booths are always located near the hamlet of a tribe of large natives, with whom they usually get on well.

I should have mentioned that they have a sign or gesture language, and are adroit at drawing outlines of animals and experts in imitating their noise and movement.

The fact that these two races of human beings, very different in size, dwell in the same section of the Basin leads me to conclude "that the prevailing size of a race is really a deep-seated, inherited characteristic, and depends but little on outward conditions as abundance of food, climate, etc., is proved by well-known facts. The tallest and shortest races in Europe are respectively the Norwegians, and Lapps, living in almost the same region. In Africa, also, the diminutive bushmen and the tallest race of the country, the Kaffirs, are close neighbours. The natives of the Andaman Islands and those of many islands of the equatorial region of the Pacific, in which the conditions are similar, or if anything more favourable to the former, are at opposite ends of the scale of height." The custom of the Semliki Pigmies in building their little mites of houses, only four feet in height, near the larger dwellings of the big people is not solitary. A similar custom may be considered as established by the finds made in Switzerland, where the remains of two different types are found side by side; from which we may conclude that the people lived together peaceably despite the great difference in size.

To those who ask: Are the Pigmies in the eternal gloom of equatorial Africa degenerating? I reply: The Pigmies I have seen presented no sign of degeneracy, but had great bodily strength. Their

lack of height has found compensation in increased strength, as Propertius exemplified in the lines

> " Nanus et ipse suos
> breviter concretus in artus."

On the contrary, I believe the Pigmies are capable of great development. That they will advance in learning with astonishing rapidity when the opportunity is given them is my conviction. Their isolation and consequent lack of example and competition leave them with little stimulus. But I believe that although they have no sharp frosty air to quicken their sluggish blood, they will civilize and Christianize rapidly. A tribe called the Ti kiti ki, who dwell somewhat north of the Mambutti, but are a similar race, have been tested. Two years after the arrival of two Ti kiti ki in Europe they could read and write, and one of them learned to play the piano accurately and with some spirit. The other learned to speak two European languages. During my journey in the homeland of the small Burnt Faces everyone referred to them as " very smart." They have long arms, short legs, long upper lips and pot bellies, but they also have brains ; and while the introduction of *Christianity may not change the shape of their craniums*, it is the one power in the world to-day to uplift and develop the minds, morals, and bodies of these diminutive foresters.

Could we write the entire dwarf history, the chapters given to the real Mambutti or Pigmy of the dark heart of Africa would bring from the readers a tear of sympathy and a voice of helpfulness. In all the mighty forest there are no schools, churches or improvement societies. If the Pigmy who, with his present opportunities, can " win the secret of a weed's plain heart," with the help of missionary and teacher he may reach the high altitude



BUILDING A HOUSE FOR THE MISSIONARIES AT YAKUSU. ENGLISHMEN—W. MILLMAN, H. SUTTON SMITH AND E. WILFORD.



A TYPICAL SCENE IN FOREST TRACT OF THE LOWER CONGO BASIN

of a daily newspaper. Were the Pigmy to print a paper now, methinks it would contain an ink-cry for help. While it is the task of anatomical science to prove that these small varieties of the human race have been the predecessors of full-sized humanity, yet I think we may safely infer that the Pigmies were the first inhabitants of Central Africa, and hence among the greatest landowners on the planet. Why should they who chronologically are the first, be the last to receive the healthful results of Christian philanthropy ? While the Pigmy has his forest, his food and his fun, yet he is poor in opportunities to know his destiny. He has never heard the name of Our Lord. I am reminded of the cute, caustic, but Christian words of Thomas Carlyle, " The Cause of the Poor, in God's name and the Devil's ! "

Help the poor, the poor Pigmy. He may be even now longing for a better idea. I am inclined to

> " Believe, that in all ages
> Every human heart is human.
> That in even savage bosoms
> There are longings, yearnings, strivings
> For the good they comprehend not."

Moffat had hope for the man who could laugh ; the Pigmy is included in that. I like the Pigmies. Lend the Pigmy a hand ! His ancestors have sunk down into the mould of the forest ; let not the present Pigmies pass into the past in like circumstances. Let the good old gospel story be told in this compact area of the black forest. The grace of God can re-make the Pigmy. Through his dense forests I passed unharmed and unharming !

Let Christian scholars humanize, civilize and Christianize the jolly miniature Nimrods of the vast equatorial woodlands !

CHAPTER XIX

How to Travel in Tropical Africa

A FEW MEDITATIONS ON THE OVERLAND JOURNEY—MEDICINE, FIRE-ARMS AND ADVICE FOR TROPICAL AFRICA

Nso coa o lemba ngongia lita.
I go to tie up my eye-lashes.
Bamongo Goodnight.

HAVING narrowly arrived at notorious Avakubi with my precious skin and baggage quite complete, save only such small articles of table ware as could be easily purloined by the more inventive of my boys, I bethought myself to sit in the gathering gloom of evening on an easy chair within the burnt clay circuit of the fort and make some likely literature. I have paid off my pagan porters and Moslem hammock-bearers, giving each a full fathom of Americani for my baggage and myself from Mawambi to Avakubi, and they are already on the long return journey through the frightful Fetish Forest. The famous "chocolate" cook from Irumu-in-the-Grassland and one of the black boys from Avakubi I have sent back with two *dothis* of cloth each. Fortunately they were alive and in right good health; that they did not die on my hands

rejoiced me, for they have not been worth funeral expenses. The vivacious dwarf, Garibaldi, I will take with me down the dangerous Aruwimi.

The caravan work of this trying trans-continental journey is finished; unless a decision is taken to make the malarious tramp from Banalya through the lawless forest to the lively Lindi and thence, dodging the "chutes" and the still more active fevers, to the Congo River. My Across Africa Tour naturally divides itself into seven great parts. First the railway to Victoria Nyanza; then the steamer across the great lake; after which a march through the Grassland; this followed by a long tramp through the vast Tree-land; then the dangerous dugout voyage down the fateful Aruwimi; the steamer journey on the Congo; and finally, as the trip began on the railway, so it ends on the *Chemin de Fer du Congo* westward through the enchanting scenery between the shallow Pool and the fathomless Sea.

Tropical Africa differs from all other tropical countries through which I have travelled, and this setting down in writing the result of personal observations and experience is a duty which the traveller owes to literature and those who may follow after him. I hold this ancient Avakubi at the end of the fourth stage of the journey and the finis-point to the caravan travelling, a suitable if not convenient spot for marking down in order some meditations on how to travel in Tropical Africa.

Travellers who anticipate as extensive and novel a journey as myself and secretary are making across East Africa, past Sultan Hamud, around the Ruwenzori range, through the vast Tree-land of the Pigmies, to Banana-on-the-Sea, should take considerable forethought and certain articles with them. I shall

presently name in categorical fashion some things to be taken along. But before starting to cross this Dark Continent from sea to sea it is advisable to make decisions and abide by them. An important decision which I strongly recommend is this—decide not to start ! If you do not start across Tropical Africa, your funeral will probably be delayed some years. But if you *will* go, meditate upon the following,

First. Take advice from anybody and everybody fools, idiots, semi, quarter and fully insane people and persons of long and short residence in the country. Take this advice smilingly, with an expression of thanks, take it genteelly, take it politely ; and then go into a room and close the door and lock it and push a pair of bed-steads up against it. Look in every closet and under the bed, close the windows and fasten them, then gather up all the advice and hermetically seal it. The man who has been long in the country may not best understand its present condition. No one doubts that early impressions are the deepest and most lasting ; therefore, old men's advice is not to be implicitly trusted concerning recently existing conditions. Of course, it is to be listened to with the highest respect, but should be balanced by the vision of the young man who has had but a year's experience in the country, but having a well-balanced mind, gets a correct up-to-date view of the present actual conditions.

Take advice from consumptive people, dyspeptics, and especially follow the instructions of the man who always has fever and has never learned to cure himself ! He is the individual to tell you how to treat fever. Let the bald-headed man tell you how to make your hair grow. Take advice of the man who has

been sufficiently long in the country without a vacation to have the wheels of his mind rusted by the atmosphere of Negro thought. He has got his bearings, but they are worn by perpetual repetition ; his intellect no longer works freely nor clearly. A gentleman long resident in the tropics, one of the shrewdest and most active officials of the Congo Government, acknowledged that after a year or eighteen months' residence in Congo his mind slackens its pace and gradually but certainly fails in prompt, clear decisions and vigorous projects ; but that a change into the temperate zone even though brief, rejuvenates the mind as it does the body. Other men, of strong individuality, and rising rapidly in political positions, tell me that three years is the utmost limit to safely remain in these fever-stricken regions, and that to tarry four years without a vacation is unwise. The Congo Government, appreciating the situation, and clearly seeing the advantage of having officers with minds and bodies in the best condition, insist that employees return to Europe at the end of thirty-six months. Major Woodruff thinks the extreme limit of safety as a period of duty in parts of the Philippines is 12 months, and I certainly think the same applies to many parts of the Congo basin !

This leads me to gravely question the advisability of mission boards permitting missionaries from Tropical Africa to address audiences or conduct any sort of meetings until after at least three months of rest and recuperation in the best home-land climate. Here is a new idea hatched out in the heat made by the circumstances of this overland tour.

Take advice from delicate people. If you are not unusually strong and robust, do not be fool enough to attempt the most exacting of all trans-continental

journeys of modern times. Take advice of cranks and wise men, and make use of as little of it as possible. No one should attempt a journey along the equator in this country until after he has travelled at least two years in other parts of the world.

To close this department of the subject, take my advice.

Second. Take a square yard of good oiled baize, and attach it to the bag which the *traveller* always has with him. Also fasten on the under side of the flap on one of the pockets of your hunting coat six large size safety pins. This piece of oiled baize will be useful to sit on, to wrap a camera in during a sudden tropical storm, and when tramping through the tall wet grass in the early morning, to wear as an apron. Remember how English bishops do not die of fever in Africa; they have aprons and gaiters. With the safety pins I fastened it securely to my coat, and let it hang down in front of my shoe-tops. This turned off more than ninety per cent. of the water from the grass and prevented me from getting wet feet, which otherwise must have resulted from the moisture running into my high shoes. The piece of oiled baize proved one of my most useful articles. Two good rubber blankets, light in weight, will be of great service. The traveller should always have these things with him.

Third. Take a large quantity of a few carefully selected medicines and do not take a hypodermic instrument except for use on someone else. I had one used on me at the edge of the Tree-land. It was inserted by a kind man who occupied some of his time giving hypodermic injections of quinine to savages, a preposterous performance. Well, this instrument had been used on a savage who had on

the outside of his skin or in it or under it, I know not what variety of diseases; and not being properly deodorized, disinfected or sterilized, it was pushed through my precious skin, and a certain quantity of quinine and savage microbes inserted into my anatomy. The instrument was then removed. I have had a sore spot there ever since. Next in danger to the tropical diseases come the remedies for them. If your time is not precious and you want to have some fun, go about the country with a hypodermic instrument and inject liquids, fluids and gases into the anatomies of savages, but keep the thing away from white skins. You will require a hypodermic instrument for snake bites, some people will tell you. That may be; I have heard of huge monsters that wiggle and hiss and do dreadful things, snake-like, poisonous and vicious. I make no objection, although in crossing Africa thus far I have seen but two snakes, one a thin, green water snake which was killed by my cannibal paddlers in the Ituri river, and the other a bronze snake coiled up on the limb of a tree. A revolver shot pulverized a part of its backbone, and it permanently went out of business. So far as my personal observation goes, there are now no live snakes in Africa. However, take some snake bite medicine with you. On similar cautious principles, it is advisable, of course, to be vaccinated for everything before you start, on the trip—smallpox, cholera, corns, bubonic plague, consumption, indigestion, and all fevers known and unknown. In fact, get vaccinated until it will be understood by the savage races among whom you pass that you have been tattooed according to the most modern fashion.

The medicine chest should contain, in real earnest, first, a good cathartic, second, a better cathartic;

and third, a first-class cathartic. The best-known physician in tropical Africa and probably the best-informed of the diseases thereof, quaintly says, "Purgation is salvation." I would recommend Epsom-salts. I have tried Epsom-salts; I tried them here at Avakubi. If you want to see wonders and feel wonders take two quarts of Epsom-salts; and when you take a dose of it, do as I did, take ten times too much. You will then feel a series of electric chills go up your spinal column and you will conclude that you have taken poison, and that your life insurance policies will presently become due; but you will learn what Epsom-salts can do for you.

If you leave everything else at home in the line of medicine and medical equipment, do not fail to take with you an enema. A constipated person is ten times more likely to be attacked by a tropical sun than a person who is not. It is the door through which fever enters. An enema will prove of inestimable value, and will keep you from becoming disgusted with everything and everybody. There are few things more to be desired in Tropical Africa than an internal bath. A gallon of water boiled and cooled to blood heat, with a teaspoonful of table salt added, will be satisfactory.

The medicine case should contain something to make you perspire, say three pounds of Griffith Bros.' tea, a tea-kettle and a box of matches. Some red pepper should also be taken along. If you have a mighty strong heart get a bottle of phenacetin. Some people will tell you to take quinine. I think that is advisable. I am no friend of quinine, but I believe in it as I believe in Rough-on-rats. It is useful to make you deaf, give you a headache, and will probably act as a tonic to assist the system in resisting a new attack of



MISSIONARY SMITH'S PICTURESQUE HOUSE, YAKUSU, UPPER CONGO.



THE ANT-HILL CHURCH: ENGLISH BAPTIST MISSION, YAKUSU, UPPER CONGO.
Photograph taken by the Author from a near-by Ant-hill. The Great Young People's Meeting has just been dismissed.

fever. About that I am not certain, but it is advisable to take quinine along with you to be distributed to the natives. In fact, as a general rule use your medicines in that way. I have taken quinine on this journey.

Your physician will give you a little strong ammonia, and will tell you to take ten drops in a teaspoonful of water as a stimulant, should a stimulant be necessary. Under no consideration carry intoxicating liquors. The missionary who has been longest in Congo says, "When I came to Congo in January, 1878, there were five houses at Boma and one this side. Gin and rum were the currency. The first house I lived in was paid for with a case of gin. I would not pay for it, but a friend bought it for me. I was not an abstainer for years, but now I am and feel I am better without it. Fevers hit me with less force now; that is my experience. There is no doubt that alcohol is inimical to the health." The Government, recognising the detrimental effect of intoxicants upon the black and white races, prohibits the sale to the blacks except within a very limited area, and limits the allowance of whiskey to its agents. I know of a Government station which has been occupied not above twelve years, and nine of the foreigners who have held positions there are now dead. They all used alcoholic stimulants and insisted that in the tropics they are necessary. In the meantime the missionaries in that region have lived comfortably and are still living.

Have ipecac. in your chest, so that should you change your mind after having swallowed something and desire to have it out, you can transfer from chest to stomach. A small bottle of pure carbolic acid will be useful to put where the jigger came out. A drop of this will

end the career of any little jiggers that may be just beginning to jig. Corrosive sublimate is not a bad thing if not taken inwardly. Take red or yellow cough syrup. Your friends who have never passed through the vast Tree-land will insist on your taking it, for they will be emphatic that you will be troubled with coughs and colds. I passed through the forest in the rainy season. Neither the secretary nor myself experimented with coughs or colds. But the cough syrup will be useful, for it if be red, yellow, or any other bright colour, the natives will appreciate it. Take along an anti-diarrhœa tablet, a pound of red pepper, and of course, wear a heavy belt night and day.

Fourth. Take strong shoes and always travel on your feet. This will furnish exercise and will be a great protection to your wig if you wear one. The use of a horse or donkey in the Great Forest becomes an exceedingly difficult and inconvenient undertaking. In the first place, it is necessary to have a large number of extra men accompany you to be ready to carry the animal. If you take a horse, rope and tackle should be taken along to lift the quadruped over fallen trees and to drag it through vines and overhanging briars. This will somewhat disturb the horse's coat and necessitate the presence of a veterinary surgeon, and likely of another surgeon. For ten days in the forest a cow accompanied me. With the greatest difficulty she was hoisted over fallen trees.

"The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the" tree.

Plump and round at the beginning, she showed her ribs and looked crestfallen at the finish. There is nothing like two good feet shod with perfectly fitting shoes made of heavy leather, double-soled and at least ten inches high. Put a layer of wool between the foot

and the shoe, and let it come up and meet a strong pair of knickerbockers. It is advisable to have several pairs of long hose very heavy and reserved for night wear, as a precaution against cold and bites of various kinds. Heavy woollen under-garments should be worn at all times. Always wear a hunting coat with a layer of wool between it and the skin.

Fifth. Take care of the sun. Not that it is out of repair and requires special attention. It is like an emperor who never requests anybody but commands everybody. When I landed in Africa, Bishop Peel said to me a half dozen different times, " If you don't look out for the sun, the sun will look out for you." " Mistakes may cost as dear as crimes." I bring my clenched right fist heavily down on this rough native-made table and strike it such a frightful blow that it trembles even in its legs as I say: Mind the African Sun. Do not disobey it; take the slightest hint from it; do not wait for a hint. It is a smiling but most insidious enemy. For headgear take a pith hat, an enormous one. Take also three felt hats, one fitting over the other, each having a broad brim and ventilator. Keep a good heavy shade on your spinal column. Now, there is no objection to the traveller having a hammock convenient, but be careful not to fall asleep in it. The sun caught me napping in the wrong place when I was travelling in one by the Mountains-of-the-Moon, and I had a terrific attack of fever.

Sixth. When you travel, travel rapidly. Do not lag and drag. Be quick and spry, " gang your ain gait," and require everybody accompanying you to behave in the same fashion. Accept no gratuitous interpreters. Pay the men who interpret for you, so that you may control them and be under no obligations

to consult them concerning methods of travel. It is highly important to avoid companions who constantly agitate you by some petty disagreement as to how to travel in Tropical Africa. Get rid of such people. They will give you fever and interfere with your clear thought of local conditions. You had better stop your journey than continue ten days with such a man. Good humour saves time and is absolutely essential in travelling anywhere, especially on the Equator. Chamfort says "The most wasted of all days is that on which one has not laughed." And we all know that the difference between a man and a mule is that a man can laugh and a mule can't. Laugh on the very slightest provocation when travelling. Travel early in the morning. "The morning hours are the wings of the day." Be on the march at four o'clock. If there is no moon, use flambeaux. March very fast and have the travel for the day all done by eleven o'clock. Have good strong porters, and do not permit them to control your movements. If you say go fast, see that they obey. They will try your metal and will presume on your good nature just as far as they dare. Indeed, black carriers are experts in determining how far they can impose on a white man. Do not expect them to *quote* Browning's "Grammarian"

> "What's time? Leave 'now' to dogs and apes:
> Man has forever."[1]

But expect them to do nothing "to-day," they can put off till "forever." Remember the current Chinese proverb, "There is no difficulty in the world that cannot be overcome by the man who hustles."*

Seventh. Take a mosquito net which can be put up anywhere at any time. You will come to many

* A Yankee on the Yangtze.

places where they will tell you there are no mosquitoes. Put your net up just the same. At one such place I woke in the night and struck a match, and on the outside of my net directly opposite my mouth, as if sucking in my breath, was a huge poisonous spider. A mosquito net is a good thing for mice and all sorts of things that run about when a body is not watching. Elephants and insects should be treated alike in Africa, though a mosquito net will not stop an elephant. Before starting, the *voyageur* visits a gun shop and selects a rifle of such bore and power of resistance as will "stop a charge:" whether of leopard, lion or elephant. It is equally important to stop a charge of insects. If an elephant is seen, it is followed and killed, or at least it is closely watched lest it "turn and rend" the man. It is important to be as vigilant concerning ants, spiders and mosquitoes, as leopards, lions and elephants.

Eighth. Take fire-arms. While it is possible to cross Africa from Mombasa to Banana with no other protection than an umbrella, yet for the sake of game it is wise to take a good rifle, a good shot gun and a revolver. There will be savages all about you, men with cannibal appetites having a taste for the human anatomy; there will be wild beasts and deadly crawling things; take good fire-arms and a thousand rounds of cordite shells. Get fresh meat whenever you can.

Ninth. "Chop." Chop is a word to which the traveller must at once accustom himself. It means all sorts or any sort of food. Take a few boxes containing canned oatmeal, meat extracts, canned California pears and peaches, some army rations, rice and salt. Do not use canned goods when it is possible to avoid them. A resident in Congo for over fifteen

years says, "Shun tinned goods as you would sin. If I eat tinned meat for two days, I find myself with an attack of constipation. I would rather go short than eat tinned meat. I would rather eat native dried fish." Fresh meat is better than meat tinned a year or years ago. Eat fresh vegetables. It is possible to obtain all these things in the country. The chop boxes should be carried as a precaution and as a reserve. It is advisable to drink water, but never unboiled. I seriously question the advisability of using a filter. Miss Kingsley advises that "all water for drinking purposes should be boiled hard for ten minutes. Before boiling the water you can filter it if you like; a good filter is a very fine thing for clearing drinking water of hippopotami, crocodiles, water-snakes, cat-fish, etc.! but if you think it is going to stop back the microbes of marsh fever, you are mistaken." Take onions. Eat them raw, eat them every day, eat them every meal. The Bedouin first told me to do this. Far off in the land of Moab near Mount Nebo, the chieftain of a tribe dwelling in black tents said that if I would eat at least one large onion each day, change of drinking water would do me no harm. Take a large supply of onions with you and then obtain fresh green ones as often as possible. They will protect you from fever and give you an appetite. Do one thing at a time and do it well; eat onions, not a few hashed up into soup with other equally unfortunate vegetables, but eat them individually, separately, letting the individuality of the onion assert itself. Eat the tops also. Eat them with salt. Not to speak scientifically, I believe that by frequently perspiring, salt is removed from the system. Hence after having fever I have found myself eating three times as much salt as usual.

Take along plenty of salt, not only for yourself, but it is always welcomed by the natives.

Tenth. Take small useful gifts such as knives, safety pins, little mirrors and so forth. Do not fool the natives, do not deceive them, do not give them useless things. On one occasion I was about to trade a shoe to one native and its mate to another, but at the last moment I had not the heart to do it. It would have been fun to have described them walking around, each with one shoe on, and would have made good reading; but the boot might have been on the other leg when they saw my joke. Make small, useful presents.

Eleventh. Take plenty of sleep. Take it sensibly, not insanely. A man who has not sense enough to get up very early in the tropics should have a guardian appointed and be under surveillance, for he will harm himself. He may not cut his throat or cast a noose about his neck, but there are slower ways of committing suicide, and one is getting up late in the tropics. A resident in Tropical Africa for a quarter of a century says, "Study your symptoms. If you wake in the early morning and because of drowsiness hesitate about arising, do not lie there and continue to slumber, but get up and retire earlier at night thereafter." Before midnight is the most valuable time for sleep in the torrid zone. Many people find it advisable to take a short nap after the midday meal, say for twenty or thirty minutes. Longer is not desirable. Do not sleep where a strong reflection of the sun will strike your head or back. Plenty of sleep will preserve the nervous system and make it more comfortable for your fellow-*voyageurs*. Retire early. Poor Richard said

> "Early to bed and early to rise
> Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

And nowhere on this planet can it be better applied than in Tropical Africa. At six P.M. say "I go to tie up my eye-lashes."

Last. Take a Bible and plenty of good, ordinary, common sense and take yourself out of Tropical Africa as soon as possible.



CHIEF MOYEMBA AND SOME OF HIS WIVES, BASOKO, VILLAGE-OF-THE-MILK-WHITE-BATTLEMENTS.



CLASS IN THE GREAT GIRLS' DAY SCHOOL, YAKUSU, UPPER CONGO.
The Tattooed Teacher sits in the Foreground and four Young Warriors stand in the Background.

CHAPTER XX

Down the Aruwimi in a Hollow Log

THE FIFTH STAGE OF THE GREAT JOURNEY—AVAKUBI TO BASOKO—FAITHFULNESS OF UNSKILLED LABOUR

> From what unheard-of world, in what strange keel
> Have ye come hither to our commonweal ?
> *The Wanderers.*

THE Belgian Captain at awkward Avakubi supplied me with a cook and a boy. These two classic blacks with the dwarf Garibaldi, I held sufficient for the dugout journey, because I had been informed that at the rapids, " chutes " and cataracts with which the dangerous Aruwimi abounds, villages are situated and savage porters under monthly pay are ready to convey valuable personal property to a point below the danger. This is a convenient substitute for an expensive lock with its keepers.

The day broke cloudy but pleasant, and accompanied by an officer and a host of female porters, or porteresses, the caravan wound slowly out of hospitable but unfortunate Fort Avakubi, down by the lengthy Arab village to the log landing beyond the foaming, roaring rapids. Avakubi is interesting as a study in history. For time out of mind a village of some kind has existed

at this point. Here have been perpetrated diabolical deeds. Here bloody conflicts have been fought between savage tribes, between savage tribes and the slightly less savage Arabs, after which came the white man with his modern weapons. Now all is peace, and the immense plantation supplies food of various kinds besides large stores of rice for military expeditions and peaceful caravans. The state officials occupy finer buildings than I had yet met in Congo. This is largely due to an extensive brick-yard successfully conducted by the Government. The present crazy Arab village stretches sleepily along the water front for a mile, and has many evidences of the comfortable circumstances of its inhabitants. Large numbers of goats and sheep are everywhere, and the broad verandahs to the comfortable houses are covered with mats, delightful resting places for gossip and business. Weaving is a favourite employment, and the skilful operators with the most primitive machinery turn out cloth of intricate designs. No notice seems to be taken of the length of time required in the making of fabrics. In the midst of the Arab village a Greek merchant trades European goods for ivory and for the various products of the weavers. No other Greek is here as yet, so the tug-of-war is unknown.

The bridges within two miles of the residence of the Chief of the Territory are out of repair, and more than one luckless pedestrian has fallen through, with various results. This unkept condition of the thoroughfare is probably due to the Chief being out of repair. Everything goes by superintendence in Africa ; the moment pressure is taken off at headquarters, the tail-quarters exhibit no ambition. In this Arab section one sees more evidence of well-defined religious belief than elsewhere between the Ruwenzori and Avakubi.

Besides the Mohammedan faith there is the belief in spirits, which is indicated by conical and oblong spirit houses.

I had arranged for two pirogues or hollow logs to take me down the Aruwimi, but when I reached the river only one was waiting. After a palaver a second was brought, but it was such a rotten affair that I would not trust my baggage in it. The accepted one was sufficiently large to carry the whole business, being over a yard in width though hollowed out of one tree trunk. A most acceptable roof of leaves had been erected to protect the white men from the sun. Not since landing at Joppa had I met with such a real Arab racket, including the most pronounced gesticulations; while my baggage was tumbled in anyhow, until I stopped the performance. The hollow log was pushed off after much noise, and the memorable trip down the dangerous Aruwimi began. Good headway was made for about two hours, when the naked paddlers said they wanted to stop and sleep. It was not yet twelve o'clock. But the pirogue pushed on her course until Bosulangi was reached. The paddlers are adepts at labour-saving devices. The men in the front end of the pirogue passed roasted maize on the cob to the rear by putting it into the water and letting it float back to the men in the stern, who caught it. I walked around several "chutes" that day while the expert boatmen took the hollow log through.

It was four-thirty in the afternoon of the second day when my savages tied up the hollow log at Bomili, which is the first station in the zone of Stanley Falls. Two Europeans are stationed on the Government plantation, which lies exactly opposite the noisy Nepoko River. At the boisterous meeting of the

Nepoko and Aruwimi an abundance of good edible fish are caught. The Government buildings are brick and the grounds are laid out with pine-apples, almonds and so forth. In the garden were peas two feet high on regular A-shaped arbours, and tomatoes imported from Europe. On the foreshore stood the flagstaff, planted in a huge star of pebbles, from which floats the solitary Star of Congo. The State has here erected a residence for Roman Catholic missionaries. The journey from Avakubi to Bomili can easily be made in one day. Why the officials were unwilling to let me make it in that time, I was at a loss to know. But I know now !

I left Bomili in a new pirogue made of red wood and carrying an awning put up for this trip, which helped to make the log top-heavy. A smaller canoe in addition was assigned to take part of the luggage. I felt sure this red log would upset, and found out afterwards that I was not alone in this expectation ; only because we exercised great care did a catastrophe not occur. After an hour's ride I sent off to a smaller log two of the boys who assisted to rock the cradle. At Kalakbiua, the Sultan, a large good-natured man, who wears a smeared hood over his head, said that there were no chickens to offer. I drew a picture of a fish, but the Sultan shook his head and indicated that he did not have anything like that, which is probably true, because I am not a born artist. No hens, no eggs, no maize, no anything but good nature. Later a wild animal was brought in dead and the cook made signs appearing to indicate that he contemplated suicide. This was disconcerting ; what should we do if the cook committed suicide—I mean what could we do with his body and so on ? But the vigorous motion of his hand across his throat signified no more than that the animal was not good to eat because it had

been strangled and the blood not permitted to escape at the time of death, which would have made it suitable for foreigners to eat. Among the human curiosities at this place was a woman with a large disc of wood in her upper lip and the lid of a tin can fastened to it. But this put her above her neighbours and made her the envy of the other women of the village, who are longing for tin can lids.

It was hardly noon on the next day when Panga hove in sight. Here I was received most courteously by the Belgian officer de Grève. This interesting officer, with whom I managed to converse in a mixture of Flemish, German, French and English, proved to be one of the most pleasing officials of the State with whom I have come in contact. In the afternoon, together we crossed to the north side of the Aruwimi to the native village of Mokandindi. At a distance it suggests a mining town, the tall houses resembling derricks. Its population is one hundred blacks who belong to the Popoie people. The natives I found very pleasant, not resisting a smile and bearing a warlike carriage. There is no question about the fighting proclivities of these people, for this was easily distinguishable even among the few paddlers who took us across the river. One paddler had a huge gash eight inches long in his left side; another had marks where an arrow had passed through his neck; others had half a dozen marks on the back, and still others had scars almost everywhere. These men have been savage fellows in their days. Strangely enough, there are great muscular cannibal dudes among them. Here in war-time, David might truthfully and literally have said, "Mine enemies would daily swallow me up.*"

* Psalm 56, 2.

It is interesting to watch the changes in trade stuffs as the traveller crosses Africa. These Popoie people do not favourably regard cloth ; they have no use for it. Even Americani is not highly prized. O tempora, at least O loci, O mores ! They want either a spear, beads, or salt. M. de Grève uses salt with which to pay his men. Attic is a good brand.

We now seemed to have entered a district of female porterage, where the women and girls do nearly all the carrying. Stalwart men who would gladly have aided me in any other affair, shrugged their shoulders and hesitated when I asked them to carry a bag. The women were very cheerful, taking up a hundred pounds and running off with it at a rate which made me hustle to keep up. I am not sure but that in the savage state, this requiring of the women to do apparently severe manual labour accounts somewhat for their vitality and robustness and has probably preserved the race. That they are less sensitive to pain and a thousand discomforts than the women of civilized lands, must not be forgotten in considering the condition of the so-called down-trodden sisters of the Dark Continent. These portresses were jolly beyond any male porters I have seen north of the line, and reminded me more of the playful South Sea Islanders unloading lumber for the German firm at Apia, than any I have met with. It is well to say something about the faithfulness of these burden-bearing men and women. Unskilled labour throughout the world is as a rule true to its employer. The man on horseback gets the praise and dies in the charge gloriously with his name in the headlines of the daily press, while the private fighters are mentioned in numbers—a hundred or a thousand men. Little glory do they receive, and their families none, save only for

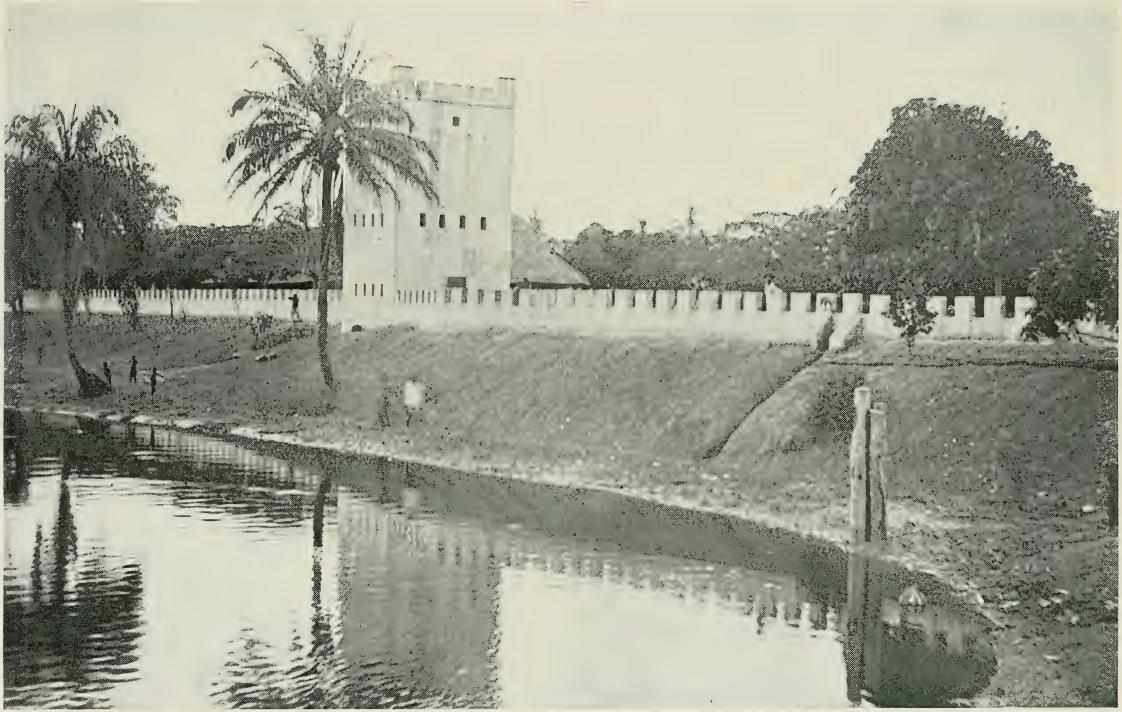
a few days from their immediate neighbours. In speaking about the burden-bearers of heathen lands, there will be elements of laziness to consider and petty pilfering, but the Chinese cooley who carried my bag watched it carefully, the Sea Dyack never dropped it, and it crossed Africa safely. These unskilled people upon whom so much depends—more, in fact, than men are willing to put to their credit—could easily do me harm. To upset this crazy red dugout would have been but the work of a moment; and then my baggage would all be lost, the work of years obliterated, and myself dead with no one to tell the tale. The traveller meets these porters. They are strangers. He employs them, puts himself and his goods within their power and they are true to the trust imposed upon them. All honour to faithful unskilled labour of all colours in all lands.

Here is a parenthesis extracted from my diary. "Nowhere have I felt so great a need for depending on the Man of Galilee to keep my mind clear as in tropical Africa. The stimulus to pure, logical thinking is almost nil in this region. Often those with whom one comes in contact, resident in the country, have been still more affected by the climate and other conditions; and their judgment has to be scrutinized by the traveller with great care. As efficient as these men may be in serving the State, many of them have come to the Congo without much education. They evidently never had a course in logic and will take up in a reply some statement which has no more to do with the subject in a sensible conversation than a brickbat with a violet in the study of botany."

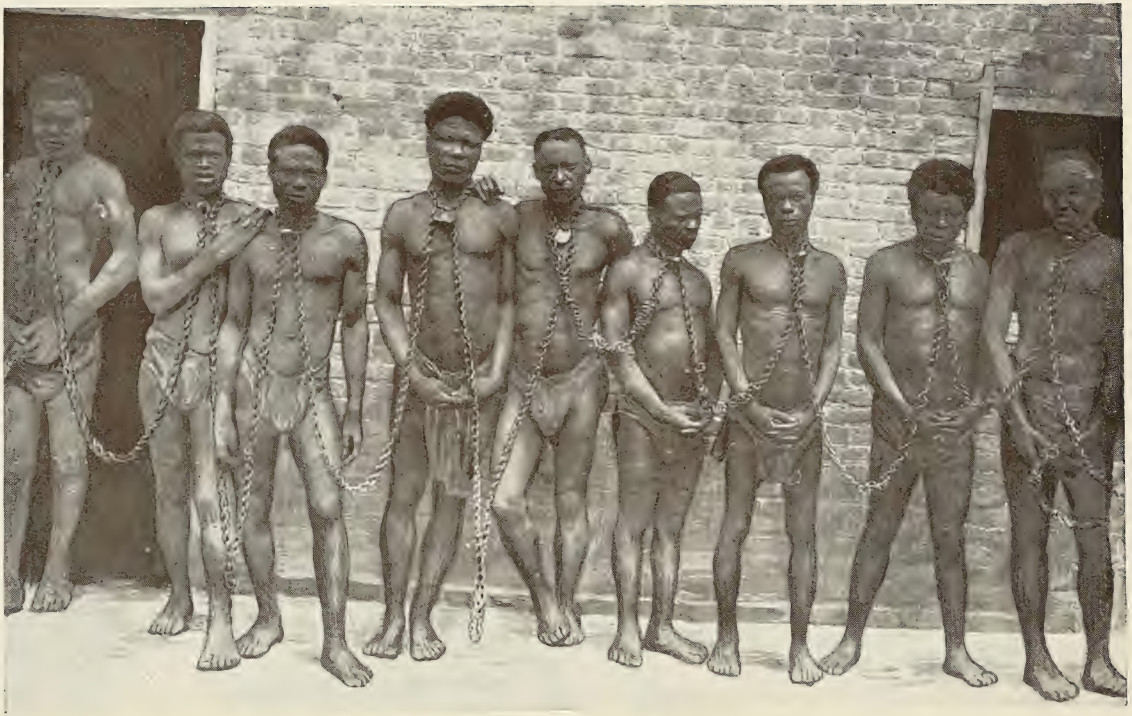
Jerusalem, June Eleventh, Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-six was the startling inscription on a pistol case and belt which I gave to my boy Garibaldi when

in the heart of Africa. The catch broke, and I had to carry my revolver in a pocket of my hunting coat, and as the leather case which I purchased on the above date in the city of Jerusalem was of no further use to me, I turned it over to the dwarf, who wore it with great show of pride. To the traveller who next finds him so equipped, this may be the seed whence a fertile imagination will evolve a huge growth of legend as to pilgrimages from mid-Africa to the central city of the earth, Jerusalem.

I breakfasted with M. de Grève on antelope steak, toast and coffee, and regretfully departed from Panga at seven A.M. Hundreds of savages gathered on the shore, and in their midst this one kind white man, to see me off and then to continue his lonely life. The big drum which I photographed at Mokandindi by the rapids across the river, sounded a savage farewell as the hollow red log and its attendant put out into the rapid stream. The day started hazy, but later let sunshine on the muddy river. De Grève gave me a fine crew of paddlers. One was oiled to kill—not at sight but at smell—and wore on his head a basket made of fibre in two colours, on his wrists cuffs like a butcher's in shape and size, and around his neck charms attached to a string of beads. Indeed all the four men in the prow were dandies. Number two had some shells on his head, with hair left long at the back to hold them fast, and about his waist to hold in place his few ounces of barkcloth, twelve coils of heavy rope sufficient to hang the whole crew, or to tie up a twenty-ton launch. Number three had his hair cut in twelve rows clear over the head with broad bands shaved between. Number four had holes in his ears through which I could see the sky, and red barkcloth supported by a rope. All possessed large chest and arm



THE ARAB TOWER AND MILK-WHITE-BATTLEMENTS AT BASOKO-THE-BEAUTIFUL, CONGO FREE STATE.



INSIDE CONGO FREE STATE PRISON, BASOKO.

The chained prisoners said to be cannibals captured in the act of eating human flesh.

development, smiled easily and stood gracefully as they paddled.

The river was perfectly calm, and was made picturesque by our cargo dugout paddling ahead. Clusters of white bubbles lay lazily on the Aruwimi, the banks draped in green with lovely flowers. As in the forest, so here, all was green, with no great variety of colour in the thick and melancholy foliage lining the sides of the river. The paddlers sang, but in the minor, for there is melancholy in the music of all native races. Lunch on the dugout was composed of onions, sweet potatoes, condensed milk, antelope and much good rice. Floating down the Aruwimi and having a good square meal in a hollow log shaped well at first, but had an unfortunate effect on the progress of the canoe, for the paddlers stopped and looked on in amazement at the Big White Chief eating his food.

It was late in the afternoon, even four-fifteen, when the red log put off at Bumboli with six fresh strong paddlers, but the cargo boat had not hove in sight. After the log had passed a strong rapid, I remembered that the secretary was ill and the baggage canoe not in sight. But there was no way out of it but to go on, and on she went. A thunderstorm approached; darkness gathered and was settling over the unknown Aruwimi; the lightning in the north-west bank of white clouds suggested the handwriting on Belshazzar's wall. I was considerably unnerved, and my heart was full of thankfulness when the pirogue pulled in, I knew not where, for the night. Black, savage figures greeted me in the gloom of the settling darkness. In the lightning's flash, which reflected a glow from their spears and knives, I found the rest hut. This was a most satisfactory ending to a day which gave evidence of being fateful and disastrous. Fortunately, one of

the chop boxes was in the red log, which made it possible in spite of the tardy cargo boat for the evening meal to consist of antelope and onions, sweet potatoes, and bread and condensed milk, topped off with hot water and lemon. This eating was in the vestibule of the rest hut, but the terrific thunder-storm arriving drove me into my room. I looked up and asked the dwarf Garibaldi what place, and he said "Bolulu!" and Bolulu was to have been my destination for the day! How delightful, what opportunity for thanksgiving!

At Bombouer the native chief called on me and asked for salt. He also brought five eggs each one of which contained a chicken of the same age. Evidently the Chief in his anxiety to make me a present had taken the eggs from a sitting hen. This was a peculiar performance which I did not understand, especially when linked with the fact that many braves shook hands and made speeches. The chief had no doubt reckoned me *en route* to take stringent measures, and had seized the opportunity to propitiate the white man. Later in the day my pirogue was swung up alongside another, and I shook hands with a captain who has been in Africa for ten years. He informed me that a fight had just occurred between two native chiefs and their clans and that six men had been killed. Whereupon I recalled having passed many boatloads of people going up the river, one dugout with a large piece of wood broken away, loaded with savages till the opening seemed to be but an inch above water. This explained my strange gift. The captain gave me paddlers so that I need not stop where the fight occurred, as would otherwise have been the case. Incidentally this kept me from seeing *something!* At a village further west where I exchanged

paddlers, the natives were knocking around with old muskets, spears, terrible-looking knives and bows with arrows. The Aruwimi natives are reported to be warlike and savage. I agree.

The sun was half-way between the zenith and the horizon when, after passing a native village of eight hundred houses, Banalya was reached. This is a densely populated section. Beyond the residences of the officials is another native village of four hundred houses. Here is a native Roman Catholic church, which, strange to say, has no cross on it and belongs to the Government; the first church or chapel since leaving Katwe. Two Europeans look after the interests of the Government here, a Belgian and a Swiss, who informed me that the road to Stanleyville was covered with water up to the knees. So they recommended my continuing by pirogue to Basoko. Before eight o'clock in the morning, I said good-bye to Banalya and put off in a huge hollow log with twelve paddlers all in feathers, under the pilotage of a negro who wore cast-off foreign clothes and shouted "upesi" occasionally. The paddlers were great singers, and chanted a refrain clearly indicating that others than Christian missionaries had taught them—

Goddam O,
Goddam O!

They also sang about Lupembe. The same afternoon I saw the only hippo I met in Africa and fired a cordite shell at the small portion above water. The monster was some two hundred yards off, and I feel certain that I struck the body—of water.

It is quite impossible for me to describe the nervous tension which engaged me during the journey down this river of rapids, "chutes," and cataracts, with maps deficient in detail, with information out of date,

or applying to a different season of the year, and with a natural antipathy for hollow logs in a rapid river. But it is sufficient to say that although I have travelled as extensively as almost anyone and have caution with very little fear, I have registered a firm determination not to repeat this pirogue performance on the Aruwimi except for the most severe conscientious reasons. When I crawled under my mosquito curtain for the night at Bukanja, the boat carrying my black box and part of the secretary's baggage had not arrived ; in the morning I learned that it had. The information was given in a curious native fashion ; the dwarf and the cook both came and pulled my coat. By this I understood that there had been an accident, but of what sort I was at a loss to determine. Now the rest house being located in the midst of a large village, the natives directly came together in numbers. The cook and dwarf excitedly shook my coat again. I then ordered the boxes fetched up to the house and found that the pirogue had shipped water, and even some of the developed negatives were almost entirely spoiled. The boys hung my clothes on a line in the sun, and the secretary and myself rigged up a dark-room by fastening red blankets together. In this hot hollow parallelopipedon I worked for over four hours, and of the negatives which I developed, succeeded in saving about half, the water having spoiled the remainder. I am profoundly thankful that it was no worse, for these were negatives of Pigmies in the vast forest which I could not possibly have reproduced.

On the wall of the rest hut was the picture of a Catholic saint, a sign that the Roman missionaries had been operating in this region. The Aruwimi people seem fiercer in aspect than the people in the great forest, and are in fact, warlike and vigorous. They

develop their artistic taste by painting themselves in three colours, red, white and blue, so may in time develop into Belgians. They also use carved mortars in which to pound the boiled manioc, and beautiful stools, somewhat the shape of an hour-glass, of red wood, decorated with brass tacks. About the village rest hut I saw comfortable settees, made of slats, six inches high and about five feet in length. They also have something resembling the Pigmies' four-pronged seat, only much heavier and highly polished. Every man and woman carried a large knife in the belt. Each village is composed of a number of houses built on a square of sticks about eight feet on a side, filled in with two feet of earth. The roof slopes up some sixteen feet. It is the custom for a group of these families in a village to erect in their midst a lounging place. Here for the first time I saw intoxicated natives, the result of imbibing too much palm wine at the sound of the drum, which marks the time when the palm wine is drunk at the lounging-house. I upset the fashion plate makers at Bukanja by introducing spectacles. Soon after I arrived, a naked woman ran away to her domicile and presently reappeared highly coloured, with spectacles painted on in white. These Aruwimi natives become more and more artistic as the Congo is approached. Imitation is the sincerest flattery; one good turn deserves another.

Along the Aruwimi I met a new style of vine drapery, and nowhere else in Africa have I noticed anything similar. It sometimes resembled two immense curtains of green draped to the sides in graceful folds, and some feet back a solid perpendicular wall of vines until it would seem like an entrance to a mythical fairy bower.

On the morning of the ninth day one of the paddlers shouted " Muzungu," and looking up, I saw a pirogue with a cloth awning put across the river going upstream and draw in close to the shore. We bore down on her in a strong current and could not pass until the limbs of the trees were seized by the savages. The strangers then let themselves back to lie alongside. They proved to be two Roman Catholic missionaries going to Banalya. The conversation was in German. They told me that the steamer which I anticipated taking for Leopoldville had already left Basoko. I told them that my paddlers had been shooting " Chutes " with me, and I think it providential that the Catholic priests were met at this time, because they mentioned that just below was a dangerous rapid that I ought not to pass in the pirogue. I said goodbye to the Romans, put in to the shore, and walked around the big " Chute " of Yambuya, crossed the river and met the Belgian in charge. He gave me no invitation to stop or to have a cup of tea, the most inhospitable official I have met in Africa. There were certain things he did not wish me to see ! Though I knew it not at the time, this was the last of the rapids for a thousand miles, and henceforth there really lay open several thousands of miles of navigable waters on the Congo and its many affluents.

Having heard that an English-speaking Catholic missionary was at Moganjo, I determined to spend the night there. Moganjo is a Government plantation of three hundred and eighty-five hectares, where coffee, cocoa, oranges, lemons, papias, manioc, palm oil, bananas and potatoes are produced. There is also a large brick-yard. The missionary, Ferdinand Goerke, has a residence on the water street convenient to a large population. There are about seven hundred

native houses in the immediate vicinity, and one of the grand chiefs has forty wives. This indicates that there is opportunity for missionary work. The Roman Catholic mission, which has only been established one year, boasts a hundred and twenty catechists and twenty communicants. The priest, after a large drink of whiskey, informed me that at Yambuyu everybody attended the catechism class, and that in Basoko, there were eight hundred catechists. Two hundred men and two hundred women are employed on the plantation. This force is composed entirely of imported labourers. The exports are considerable ; two tons of rubber a month are sent from this point and also two hundred kilos of ivory. Five tons of coffee and three tons of cocoa is a fair monthly yield.

I should have reached Basoko the next day but for the inefficiency of the soldier sent to arrange for paddlers. However, all went fairly well until half-past one, when the delay stretched my patience to the utmost. As a sort of diversion, I got out my pocket kodak and prepared to take a picture of the paddlers, some seventeen savages. The effect was electrical ; I had no sooner brought my machine to bear on them than they rolled off into the water, jumped on the bank, some dropping their paddles, and scattered in every direction.

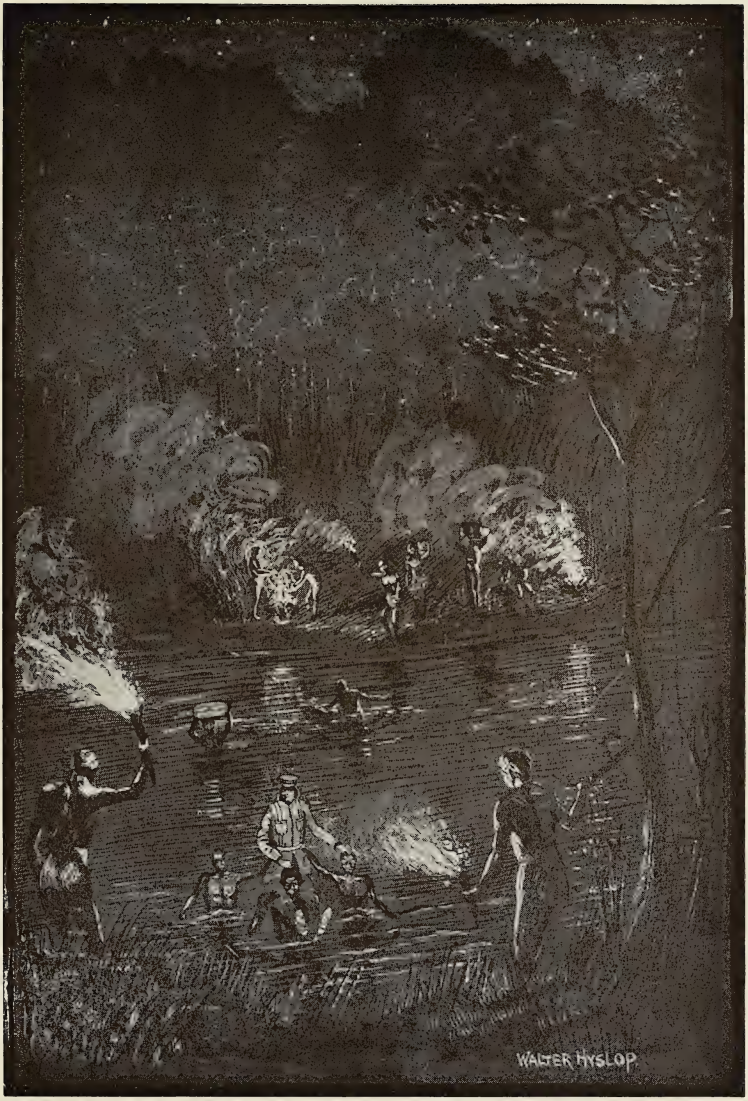
CHAPTER XXI

YAKUSU AND THE ANT-HILL CHURCH

CANNIBALISM, WITCHCRAFT, AND A NATIVE STORY WITH A MORAL—THE ENGLISH BAPTIST MISSION

Honks ponks, tox wox,
Rusty keys and no locks,
Rags and bones, dry your eye,
I'll punch your head if I see you cry.
Native Prayer recorded by Dr. Barnardo.

IN the midst of sockless savages saturated with cannibalism, sorcery and fetish beliefs the English Baptists have situated their mighty mission at Yakusu. Geographically the site was well chosen, for at this point the Lindi and Congo mix their waters. Also anthropologically the location of the mission is an excellent one. Here the workers are in easy touch with the Lokele, that bright, fickle, and stalwart, vigorous people whose towns are on the banks of the Congo for fifty miles to Isangi at the mouth of the Lomami river. Then the Rurumbe, stunted, weak, and mentally poor, dwell in towns which lie in the woodland, but near to the river on the north bank. They supply the Lokele with plantains, palm oil and the fruits of the forest. On the south bank somewhat lower are the Bafoma, one time known as Luvuka. They resemble the Lokele and are active,



THE AUTHOR CROSSING THE SWIFT NYABUGASANI RIVER AT NIGHT; LANDING IN THE CONGO FREE STATE.



A TYPICAL GOVERNMENT STATION, CONGO FREE STATE.

adroit and enterprising. There are also the tall Bamanga, gloomy, taciturn, and skilful in shooting the rapids. The forest tribes are inferior to the river tribes, while between Yakusu and the Aruwimi the back-blocks are but sparsely populated. Then there are the towns of the Bakumu people between Stanley Falls and the Lower Lindi. These energetic and industrious savages are clearing great areas of forest for plantations.

The tribes around Yakusu have been cannibals. Some, forsooth, still are, but they are epicures with dainty palates and only devour certain tasty individuals. Women and children are never eaten, only adult men. The women are too precious to eat ; they are the riches, they work in the fields, make pots, draw water, are too valuable for food ! Neither are men considered edible if dying of maladies or injured in accidents. The heads of people used for food are rejected, but the teeth are extracted for ornaments. The hands of the victims after being soaked some days in water are considered a delicacy. As European civilization advances, this horrible practice of cannibalism slowly disappears. Around the Government posts and mission stations cannibals abstain from the fearful feasts or attend them in the depths of the forest. Territorial occupation is one remedy for this ancient carnivorous custom. Most of the natives are already ashamed of being cannibals, and are much confused if their gruesome work is interrupted ; if possible, they will prevent a stranger from passing along a path where a feast on human flesh is in progress.

The origin of cannibalism may have been hunger, and if so, by a process of heredity and war-like proclivities it grew into a cult. The people who

practise it saw in it nothing wrong, so that nothing but punishment and the gradual progress of Christianization can be expected to eradicate the evil. A curious practice obtains among the polished cannibals of Bopoto. A victim is exposed for sale, and the lovers of meat designate by lines of coloured earth the part of his anatomy they prefer, an arm, a shoulder, or a leg. When the doomed man is thus made into a culinary map and all parts of him engaged, he is butchered. This novel and witty exhibition the victim observes with quiet stoicism.

Sorcery here on the Upper Congo has its numerous devotees. Mark this sample of how the thing works. A woman refused to eat, and got weaker and weaker. No cause could be ascertained. One day she asked to have a native woman doctor, to which the pale man of the station agreed on the condition that all operations should be performed in his presence. In due time the Witch-of-the-wood made her appearance, rapped the hard head of the pitiful patient and declared that she was suffering from bewitchery by some spiteful savage who wished her evil and made secret magic pass into her overwrought stomach. She made hideous grimaces and slight incisions on the breast of her client—enough to start blood—and then wildly chanted a long murmuring psalm, which was followed by vigorous massage to bring the lurking evil to the red incision that it might escape.

The foolery finished, the black hag, relying upon a popular fallacy, applied her lips to the wound and, sucking violently, caused the sick person to yell with pain ; then rising triumphantly she spat out upon the ground—a Winchester cartridge. Again renewing the manœuvre she fetched out a bit of antelope horn, then a piece of chain and finally a large pebble. The

credulity of the crowd was disgusting. The pale man pointed out that these things could not get into a person without that individual knowing it, which wise suggestion was received with looks of supreme derision and haughty contempt. One bolder than the others spoke out, saying that it was the power of the cunning magician which had changed the inward magic into these forms to assure the victim the cause of the trouble was really removed !

While men tell me that these natives believe as a rule in the existence of a Supreme Being, who does not trouble Himself about mortals, naturally this so-called belief leads to nothing practical, any more than it did with the English Deists. The real working " religion," so it may be called, is a system of magic and spells, lumped by the European under the term Fetish, a debased Portuguese word for a charm. Any old rubbish may be invested with magical powers: beads, nuts, shells, cane, rags, stones, clay, gourds, skin, bird's claws, snake's heads ; but very generally some red powdered wood and pepper make or revive the strength of the relic. The shape is quite immaterial. Apparently a man can collect any old curios and dub them his Fetish, though it is better to make a start with a genuine old antique from a tried and tested museum. It would seem, too, that he can invent his own ritual to consecrate it, and to renew its magnetism, which would leak away if it is not frequently attended to. If a man can induce sufficient belief in the virtues of his rag-and-bone shop, by a few lucky shots in guessing or by a little judicious condemnation as " witches " of people generally obnoxious, he can set up as a regular witch-doctor and live on the fees. He will then invest in a bundle of leaves or eagle-feathers, and a chasuble of bark or wood or feathers

or other uncanny material and cut, and trade on the superstition of the country side. His antics when at his ritual would give points to the priests of Baal. Of course, he often makes bad shots in his divination, and fails to get the rain or other boons wanted, and so his reputation is often unlike gravitation, increasing in proportion to the square of his distance, which, as usual, lends enchantment to the view. Cases are not rare when a detected humbug has been murdered. But generally he swears that some other charm of greater potency is outworking his, and his rivals will stand in with him in keeping up the credit of the system. There is nothing personal in these beliefs, so there are some points of difference between them and a belief in priests, and relics and hocuspocus.

Of all the various peoples in the region of Yakusu I suppose the lively Lokele are the most interesting to the anthropologist. The Lokele have no record of their origin and possess little of any traditional history save a mere genealogy of the last few reigning chiefs. They indicate the time of day by pointing to the sky, the hand assuming different angles with a line drawn to the zenith. The months are all lunar, and are divided into groups of six according to the passing of Orion and the state of the sun each day. There are names for the seasons, such as " Flood Time " and " Low Water Time." Nothing supernatural is suggested, no names of deities are introduced, but each moon is directly connected with some current and natural event.

These African children of nature are a wholesome example in personal cleanliness to many in a more civilized life. They live near the river, and it is their custom to bathe several times a day, but when away from any body of water where this is possible, they

smear their bodies with layers of oil and powdered red cam wood, which is frequently scraped off. This custom should not be resisted by the missionaries, because it prevents Sleep-sickness. After each meal they rinse the mouth with water and rub the teeth with the forefinger or a rude toothbrush of fibrous wood. The women among the Lokele people are far superior mentally and morally to their sisters in many other tribes. Morality is certainly on a higher level. They are full of fun and mischief, and in the girls' school prove themselves as apt pupils as the boys. When the girls' school was started, it was talked over by the natives, and considerable fear was expressed; but later on three score of girls presented themselves and remained through the week. On Saturday the mothers came and asked for pay for their daughters attending school. The teacher explained that they ought to pay her for teaching them. Then for a fortnight there was no school because no girls came. Now over a hundred are attending, and they usually continue in school till they are married, when they leave their own town according to the custom to marry a person away from the town of birth. The result is the disseminating the idea of the school, and the increase of the mission's influence.

The Yakusu Mission Station is rich in having a score of huge ant-hills, which provide clay and mortar of an excellent quality. This has greatly aided the industrial work. One ant-hill yielded sufficient clay for bricks to build a dwelling-house; three yielded sufficient to build the beautiful chapel, which will hold five hundred people, and has convenient cloisters on either side for open air classes. This building was put up by boys trained on the spot, and does credit to the tribe which can supply young fellows

who, in a few months, can turn out work of this sort. It also credits the missionaries with good work. The ants had abandoned their habitations, otherwise the fine Ant-Hill Church might never have materialised.

Toward the end of 1902 several young men applied for baptism. They were town men who drew nothing from the mission. They had been taught to read in the school but had left. Instead of baptizing them at once, it was found convenient to start a class for instruction in Christianity. This class surpassed all previous efforts, and through it the town people became aware of the real tenets of Christianity. The class grew rapidly. Admission into it consisted in solemnly promising to abide by the Ten Commandments, to be truthful and to obey the teaching of Jesus Christ. After nine months the membership reached one hundred and fifty.

I attended a meeting of these young people, at which hundreds were present. The service was held in the auditorium of the Ant-Hill Church. Although not yet entirely completed, the building on this occasion, as on many others, was too small. The audience was seated on benches until the supply became exhausted, and a large number of small fry unencumbered by garments of any sort occupied prominent strategic positions on the floor. These small black-skins gave the most intense attention to the service. The windows were filled with people ; also the doors. No ant-hill was ever busier than this throng of young braves, powerfully built warriors and blushing dusky maidens. Between the parts taken by the speakers, the audience sang vigorously, at times vociferously. Four stalwart fellows sat on the backs of the benches. I had much difficulty in making out what this meant until a small boy

occupied himself in examining the ribs of his neighbour, when the nearest censor came along with a stick of wood and struck him on the head. This jarred the lad's fancy, but he exhibited no displeasure and simply ceased his occupation.

The speakers were three young ladies in evening dress, and three young men. I did not understand a word they said, but they gripped the crowd, many of whom listened with open mouths. The first speaker was Miss What-is-it. She stepped to the front, the while nicely adjusting her *petite* garment six inches square, and put her bare arm over the pulpit rail, and the audience at once hushed. She spoke about the call of Matthew, and said he did not reply to the call by explaining that he wanted to go and take a sail, or to go home and sell his things. The next was Miss Tidied-up, who spoke of the call of Abraham and his willingness to make the greatest sacrifice in obedience to the word of God. Miss Cry spoke about the Ten Talents, and that people who have opportunities do not use them. Then came Mr. Limbutu, the meaning of whose name I failed to obtain. He wore trousers held up by suspenders, which would indicate that he is getting civilized! He spoke about Peter's vision and gave as its explanation that the taboo is finished. This, he said, is the reason why the white man has come, because the Gospel was not for him only. Mr. Sugar-cane said among other things, "Let us remember our former state and who helped us out of it. Let us show respect to all people whom the Christians abroad have sent to teach us the Gospel." Mr. Weariness, the next speaker, was given his name by his mother because soon after he was born he was very ill, and she called in one native witch doctor after another, and

all failed to cure him; and when sick and tired of doctors she turned to the baby and said, "You have caused me much weariness." Since then he has taken another name, and by that other name we shall call him Mr. Great-anger. He wore his hair combed in four horns on his forehead. Whether this is due to his recently having studied the book of Revelation, or is a tribal custom, or is a whim of his own mind, I know not. His artless speech was specially for my benefit, and has been thus translated for me :—

Dear Sir,—If a man takes a journey otherwise than for hunting or fishing we say he is walking for the sake of walking. When we saw you come we asked our white men that very question, why you were walking for the sake of walking. And they told us that you had left your home and travelled into all countries to see the good works of men and to tell the people of God abroad so that they might know and glorify Him. Listen, O ye people, since this white man left his country he has travelled thirty moons. O, White Man, you have had weariness along the road, you have had to sleep in the Great Forest, you have met with people who do not know your language, and yet you say in your heart still that you will travel yet three more seasons (a season is six moons) to see the works of God. By this we know that the knowledge of the love of Jesus caused you to go day by day. Because of this we will pray God to watch over you in all places to which you may go, and to return you to your own home in health and strength. We pray God that He may do good to all teachers of the Gospel that you may meet with and to those who wait for you in your own land.

I was amazed to find a mammoth young people's



A NATIVE CHRISTIAN'S HUT, MIDDLE CONGO.



A PURE UNADULTERATED CONGO CANNIBAL.

meeting on the Upper Congo, and to be addressed by an intelligent ex-cannibal in such language as the above.

Most of the names are significant. The natives cannot pronounce our names, but substitute in their own fashion nicknames which they derive from any peculiarity they may detect. Once named, a man will be known by his nickname, his white name being disregarded. Even white men are obliged to call him by his native name. One is called Bee, another the Bald-headed Man, another The Scamp, from his habit of not keeping his word.

When some ex-savages, members of the society, had finished their education, they went back to join their own people, and in a short time news came from the various villages where they had gone, that the people were asking for a knowledge of the Gospel. It is the purpose of the missionaries to make the mission at Yakusu a self-propagating one, and to accomplish this they are teaching the natives to read the Gospel. In answer to this information two young native Christians were sent down the river to visit the villages and to see if it were possible to start schools. It was found that already there were two large schools in villages forty and twenty miles away. The messengers were besought by some inland people to visit their town and tell them about the Gospel. The runners replied that they were sent to the river towns only, but would ask the white men to send a teacher. And although pressed hard by the bushmen, they adhered to their purpose; and even when the inland natives offered to leave a guarantee with the river-side people that they should not be eaten but be brought back safely and offered the messengers themselves goats and money, they stood firmly by their orders.

At one place where they arrived in the evening and wished to encamp, the chief refused to allow them to land. Whereupon the people, seeing the roll of pictures, made a great clamour in favour of the strangers. The chief grew angry and threatened to kill anyone who dared to furnish the messengers refuge for the night. One messenger, seized with a sudden confidence that God was with him, went up the bank with his picture roll in his hand straight to the big chieftain and said, " Chief, if you want to kill anybody, kill me, for it is better that I should be killed than that I should refuse to give this message to anyone who calls for it, for it is the about the Son of God." At this the chief laughed, and made room for him and ordered him to explain his pictures by torch light. The meeting lasted well into the night.

Now there are eight hundred in schools conducted by natives who were taught at Yakusu, and who are teaching without compensation. Some of the schools run by natives here have over a hundred in daily regular attendance, and smaller villages club together to get a teacher between them. Only two weeks ago, five villages in the bush, aggregating three hundred and twelve houses, sent for a teacher for six months, by which time they thought that the chief's own son, who had been at the mission eighteen months, would be sufficiently instructed to do the work. One chief said they wanted a teacher to tell them of the hope beyond the grave, of the Maker of men, and to teach them to read in the Book in which these things were written. When asked what he was prepared to do for such a teacher he replied that his people would provide him a house and furnish an abundance of food and also erect a leaf shed to teach in.

This great success has been obtained although one

year ago the whole Lokele tribe was in a ferment of rivalry as to which village should furnish the greatest number of young men to go through the rites of the secret society which is said to resemble Freemasonry. Two such societies existed on the Lower Congo, and though now the advance of civilization is sapping their vitality there, they seem to have travelled up-country, perhaps being transformed by the way. A missionary who has twenty years' experience of the river, says that one guild, the Nkimba, could be entered by fees and by a novitiate of some months' duration, during which charms, spells and a secret language were taught. Ever afterwards the members hang together, and give many advantages; truth among themselves is encouraged by the ordeal of poison or the duel for a man charged with lying. The missionary distinguishes sharply the Ndembo custom, equally charged with mystery, but irredeemably vicious. The novice professes to "die ndembo," and often if several drop at once, others are hypnotized into a cataleptic state. For some months the novices in retreat abandon themselves to the grossest immorality; after the time appointed, their friends pay heavy fees to the priest in charge, who produces the dead men in a resurrection ceremony. They profess to know nothing of what has happened, but once thus demoralized, they often promote a second orgy and a third.

These priests preside over ordeals, and are not credited with scrupulous fancies in the administration of them. The State is trying to repress them, and if they lead to a death, the administrator is liable to follow suit. It might be on the level of native intelligence if the priest and accuser and accused were all alike compelled to share in the ordeal on equal terms.

Across the Congo and directly opposite the Yakusu

mission is the wood tract of the institution. As a part of the industrial work of the station excellent African timbers are felled and brought into use. These are found on the south bank of the river and within half an hour's canoe journey. Fine African teak and mahogany have been brought over and used in the construction of the station buildings. One tree yielded between roots and the first branches four hundred planks thirteen feet long, a foot wide and an inch and a half thick. Canoes are hollowed out of the same kind of timber. Smith says, " It sets the boys up to work and puts vim in them."

On one occasion the native sawyers returning to Yakusu saw a fish six feet long floating down the river choking with a small fish in its mouth. The town people caught sight of the fathom of food at the same time, and sent a canoe out to get it. The two canoes reached the fish, but the sawyers seized it first and put it in their boat. For a moment a fight in mid-river was imminent. However, the two boats came in side by side, the town people evidently thinking that a division would be made at the landing place, and they would get their share of the fish. However, the wood-cutters said that they got the fish and had brought it in and would not share it. A fight began. The town people were out with sticks, and their companions came to their aid. The woodsmen sent a party to provide them with arms and then return to the fray. The town soldier in trying to quiet the combatants got hit, and turned on the town people and ordered them to disperse and stop fighting. But fighting blood was up, and the town people wanted to be in the fun. Between the soldier and the sawyers, the town people were being driven back, and it seemed as if the affair was about at an end when the soldier

was struck by a stray handful of dirt. He immediately cocked his gun, levelled it at the town people and took aim. There was a stampede down to the river. Hundreds were in the water up to the neck ready to dodge beneath the surface the moment they saw him pull. A missionary went along with a cane and was just in time to knock up the soldier's gun and settle the matter by dividing the fish.

The natives were obliging enough to give me a practical illustration of their pugnacity. One night a woman who had some fish to sell offered them to a man. But another man wanted the fish, and said, "I want you to sell the fish to me, the other man has no money and I have, and will pay you for them." But the fish-fag still persisted in selling the fish to Number One, because she said she owed them to him. Now she had recently been marked on the shoulder after the tribal custom when a woman comes to maturity, and her wounds were not yet healed. The would-be purchaser seized her by the shoulder, and she cried out in pain ; when one of the mission boys, moved by a chivalry new to the people, told him to desist. As was to be expected, he in turn was told to mind his own business. The practical effect of these words was an interchange of blows, and as the man was from the interior and the boy from the river-side, the quarrel soon grew into a pitched battle between river and bush people, and several anatomies were bruised before one of the missionaries arrived on the scene and offered to hear the palaver in the morning. About half-past ten or later, my festive boy "Lamb," who belongs to the river tribe, came into the house and I asked him what all the noise was about. He said there had been a fight, and I told him he must not fight, but go to bed.

Next morning during breakfast with the missionaries we heard a great row, and learning that a fight was on between the same factions, I took my Pocket Kodak, intending to take a picture. But when I arrived on the comic scene the performance was so interesting that I forgot all about the picture, and with a heavy cane proceeded among naked natives, active brickbats, pious missionaries and malicious savages to fight for peace. The battle raged in front of the Ant-Hill Church. As I moved into the thick of the scrimmage between two contending lines of savages was a powerful warrior with a heavy stick striking right and left, showing no preference to either side, and trying with tremendous vigour to keep the two legions separate. Later on I learned that he was a chief. I noticed at the time that no one struck at him, that brickbats did not drop in his immediate vicinity, and that when he made a lunge with his club everybody stepped aside. The fight lasted over an hour, resulting in one man, who had been extremely vigorous in the attack, having what little sense he had knocked out of him. Some others had broken or wounded fingers. It was a well-battered-up crowd. Right through the heaviest fighting a few powerful fellows stood around taking no part in the fray. At this I was greatly surprised, knowing the natural desire of natives to have a hand in anything like a fight. These warriors were from another part of the country, and voluntarily held themselves in reserve to assist the white men if they required help. Had these stalwart cannibals employed their battle maces they would have promoted a lively scatteration.

This is one of the most interesting features connected with missionary work at Yakusu, and must be especially attractive to any Christian workers who

in the home country, before conversion, were pugilistically inclined. Such vigorous natives as these, if really converted, will soon do good work in the Christian cause. The medicinal effect of such a performance is superior to morphine or opium in working forgetfulness of even all the ordinary ills and pains to which in Africa the human race is subject. These fights are also useful because they arouse profound enthusiasm. Indeed, it might be advisable for the missionaries to arrange some such exhibition about once a month, the home board supplying medicines and bandages. Later I learnt that it occurs usually with the change of the moon. The tide of human passion ebbs and flows under lunar influence. The ancients said it was impossible to steer a vessel in a calm and that an adverse wind is better than no wind at all. It may be to have people think wrongly is more desirable than for them not to think at all. It has been said that the worst thing a man can do is nothing.

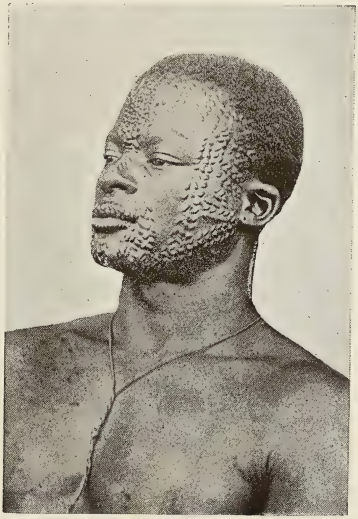
Now I will describe another kind of fight. Believing that I had arrived once again in civilization, and that it would no longer be necessary for me to employ a *chef de cuisine*, I paid off the cook boy from Avakubi and the dwarf Garibaldi, who had come with me from Irumu. For their services from Avakubi to Yakusu I gave each according to a previous agreement four fathoms of Americani. This they deposited snugly, and then begged with all their might for permission to return to Basoko by land. I felt certain they were intriguing to run away. The Commandant at Basoko had said that they should return on the launch, but evidently they did not desire to return to the old life, and it became necessary for the skipper of the launch to send sailor-men who, with mild force, took the cook's box of valuables. That is where the

cook made a mistake, he should have left his valuables or not had any, and taken to the bush. Then I called the dwarf Garibaldi, a nice boy, and asked him if he wanted to remain. "O yes!" he said, his face brightening. The gloomy thought of the far-off Grass-land beyond the Tree-land and the long, and difficult journey without the powerful influence of a white man passed off. Millman then wrote the skipper a note asking that the dwarf might remain until the Commandant agreed. But the skipper is on his third term in the service of the State, and came up instead of merely writing a reply. A consultation was held, and I suggested that the dwarf be sent back to Basoko, and if the Commandant consented to let him return here, he could easily be sent back by a State steamer. This was agreed to. In the meantime Garibaldi, thinking it had all been decided, was in great cheer and ran off to get a bucket of water. But when on his return he learned that he must go back as far as Basoko to await the decision of the Commisary-General there, a cloud fell over his countenance. Here was pathos. The smouldering ambition of this would-be fugitive dwarf was by some local sun being warmed to light or intenser heat. How is a lad of the Forest or Grass-land, where there are no schools for many days' journey, to get into a new life? For him to make his way through the Forest without written permission would require constant bribery of native chiefs and soldiers, if the safe road were followed. Should he try a twenty-five days' journey by side-tracks and cannibal villages, he must fail. To ask his master for permission to go would by some be granted; by others sternly refused. There are kind-hearted men in the service of the Free State, of course, but equally, of course, the officials cannot permit









FOUR OF JOSEPH CLARK'S PARISHIONERS ON BEAUTIFUL LAKE MAUTUMBA.



WIFE OF A GREAT CHIEF NEAR IKOKO ON LAKE MAUTUMBA, WHERE MISSIONARY JOSEPH CLARK IS DOING A GREAT HUMANIZING AND CHRISTIANIZING WORK.

employees to run off according to their own sweet wills. There must be some regulation, and boys and other paid employees must observe their contracts to do them.

Here is a native story with a moral. This is so exceedingly unusual that I venture without any explanation to insert it :—

"A man with his wife and baby lived in a hut, which is one of a village of six. The forest provided them with game and fruit, and the woman often managed to secure some small minnows from the neighbouring rivulets that run through the forest. Her basketwork traps were made something like a safety ink-well, so that when the fishes are in they find getting out impossible.

"One day when the man was out with his spear hunting for game, the woman took her baby and started out to look at her fish traps. Putting her baby down on the bank, she went down to the water's edge. The baby, oppressed by a sense of loneliness, began to cry ; but the mother, intent on her fishes. heard not. A female chimpanzee, however, in a large tree near by heard it, and came down and took the child up in her arms and nursed it to quietness.

"The mother having removed her minnows, came up the bank to the place where she had left her baby, when to her horror there sat a great monkey with the baby peacefully sucking at its breast. She screamed so frightfully that the chimpanzee put the baby down and made off to the forest. When the mother arrived at home all hot and frightened, she told her husband what had happened, but he only laughed at her story and her fright.

"However, he took care to be informed when his wife would next visit the stream, and when the day

came, he followed spear in hand, thinking only what a good opportunity he would have of getting a supply of meat. As before, the woman put her baby on the bank and went down to the water to see her traps. Immediately she disappeared the baby cried and the chimpanzee mother trotted down and pacified it. The man following came upon the strange sight and, stealthily drawing near, threw his spear with swift aim toward the heart of the monkey. But with what agony did he see the spear caught by the body of his own baby held out for the purpose by the chimpanzee, who had seen him and guessed his purpose. The animal put down the dead body with the spear in it and turned to flee into the forest, but stopped to say, 'I was doing you and yours a kindness. Your evil intentions have rebounded upon yourself.'"

At Basoko, the Government station, I had seen a large and well-filled cemetery for white people; here in the missionary settlement at Yakusu was another, small but impressive. Three crosses, standing within a rectangle lined off by a high native fence, mark the graves of three missionaries. The first of these white crosses bears the name of Albert Wherrett. He arrived in Yakusu in September in the Year of Grace one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six. The mission at Yakusu was founded by Wherrett who, before coming to his duties on the Upper Congo, did much European travelling on foot, alone and without money. His meritorious purpose was to train himself for the work that he expected to do in the great tropical state of Congo. He was a man who thought it wise to live as much like the natives as possible, that he might early win them to a faith in Christ. When he arrived after seven years of college preparation in England, he found the life of a missionary

pioneer very different from the cloister life of the three English colleges in which he had been educated. Not unnaturally he took fever within three weeks of his arrival, his temperature ran up to one hundred and ten degrees, and he died. But he had lived there long enough to make a profound impression on the native mind. Although the local savages understood no word of his nor he of theirs, even up to his death, the name by which they remember him to this day is Akelalau, which signifies "He does good." There must be some unusual force appearing in the life of a man who, after three weeks' residence among cannibals dies without means of communicating verbally an idea to them, yet years afterward when any reference is made to him, an ex-cannibal solemnly says "He did good."

CHAPTER XXII

Basoko : Village of the-milk-white-Battlements

THE STOLEN CARTRIDGE—THE MASSACRE OF YANDJALI—THE PRISONS OF CONGO—COFFEE AND COCOA

> Kosi Kitatu ; ova kati e diambu dina ko—
> One and three ; but there is something between.
> *Congo Proverb.*

BASOKO, village of The-Milk-White-Battlements, is an important Government post situated at the bifurcation of the Aruwimi and Congo. Although beautifully laid out, the extensive plantations are not always healthful for pale pink foreigners. This may be due to the Congo at times being higher than the Aruwimi, which results in the backing up of the water containing the sewage from a dense local population. When the filth is washed against the bank right under the milk-white battlements, foreigners find themselves in an uncomfortable position. Twice I visited Basoko. The first time was when in a hollow log I descended the Aruwimi. That river, just before joining its waters with the mighty Congo, expands until it resembles a beautiful lake. The second time was after visiting the Falls. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the white battlements and

towers of the river fortifications of Basoko, standing on a steep-to bank, cast upon these eyes a second time a pleasing scene and brought up memories pleasing and otherwise. The stern wheel steamer in less than half an hour put her cables out in front of the concrete stairs leading up from the water between two white sentry posts to the promenade. I saw standing on these stairs eagerly watching the steamer the small form of the dwarf from Irumu, Garibaldi. He was all smiles, and waved his hand in a sincere but awkward gesture when he spied me in the prow. Directly I had landed he told me by various signs that the wonderful cook and the unnamed boy had already started back to Avakubi, but that the Commissary-General, in answer to a request of the missionaries at Yakusu, had granted permission for him to attend school at the English mission. During all the time Garibaldi was waiting for a steamer to convey him to Yakusu, he had plenty of good food and nothing to do. Through an interpreter he told me that he would try hard to do what the white men at Yakusu asked him to do. It is difficult to say for certain, but I believe this boy has some sense of gratitude.

On the way down from The Falls the steamer stopped at Yalemba, a small native village fifteen miles above Basoko-on-the-Congo. While she was taking on wood for fuel I clambered up the steep bank and walked about. The skipper came and told me that a native man, speaking English, was at the far end of the village. I started off to visit him. It was no other than Cartridge, a black teacher with a thrilling history. When a small boy he was taken from his home near Yalemba by the slave-stealing Arabs. Stanley got him from them, and afterwards passed him on to Swinburn, his secretary. Swinburn

was a nice fellow, and as he lay dying he asked an English missionary to take care of his two children and his boys. This the missionary promised to do. The boys, one of whom was Cartridge, went to school at Bolobo, and were given an industrial training. Cartridge knew his native language, but for a long time did not know where his country was. When by a strange coincidence, he heard, he at once wanted to go back. The missionary consented to take the boys, and when he took Cartridge up to Yalemba he recognised it as the market beach of his native place. The missionary then took him inland to his home, where he recognised his father and mother. But his mother would have nothing to do with him. She said, calling him by his original name, " I have lost Baluti ; this must be a spirit." However, by the next morning her mother love triumphed over her fears and she took him back. Cartridge then returned to Bolobo, where he wedded a black bride. He was not satisfied with visits to his old home, but wanted to go back there and live, which he finally did. When a year and a half ago the English Baptist Mission decided to open up work at Yalemba, Cartridge was the best available man to put in charge. I found him constructing buildings and conducting two schools a day at two different native villages. He is an intelligent black man, speaks English, and I am told is doing much good to the immediate population.

Yandjali is another small village above Basoko, where we stopped to take fuel. Here only a few weeks before, an officer of the Congo Government with a body of soldiers wantonly slew some natives. One white man told me that in passing by he saw several dead bodies floating together in the water. Another white man on the shore saw the mangled forms of

black men, indicating that great savagery had been used in connection with the massacre. Their arms and feet had been cut off, and the bodies otherwise frightfully mutilated. I inquired why this severe treatment had been meted out to the villagers, and was told it was because they had refused to do a certain work which a petty officer had commanded them to carry out. These were drastic measures for a small matter. The white man who conducted this campaign of brutal savagery is justly in prison awaiting trial. It is to be hoped that justice will prevail. At various places where the steamer stopped for fuel everyone appeared to be unwilling to assist. Later in the journey I met a white trader, who had just come from covering a considerable inland territory, and he reported the natives unsettled. Several times they threatened to kill him, declaring that they have no further use for white men after this massacre.

There are two chief prisons in Congo, at Basoko and at Boma. Basoko is the headquarters of the Aruwimi District and the permanent residence of the Commissary-General. It is also the headquarters of the military authorities, and the central distributing point for reserve soldiers in case of necessity. Here also is the second largest penal institution in the State. The number of prisoners is less than four score. Most of them are condemned for thieving or violence. There are some murderers. It is rare that a man is executed here for murder. All cases above a certain amount must be confirmed before a court of appeal. In the case of a white man accused of a crime, he is put under temporary arrest, and his case is considered at Boma. If it is a serious offence, the man must be tried before the High Court at Boma.

The treatment of prisoners at Basoko is modern,

and apparently humane. The prison is laid out in the form of a square. In the centre is a court-yard, the right wing is for men and the left wing for women ! Between the two wings are four cells, which are used only in cases of great provocation. Aside from the fact that the prisoners are required to sleep in the prison, and that violent men are chained as a special punishment, they move around freely. It is practically impossible for them to escape, because they are low country men, and even should they attempt to go back to the coast, they would be unable to make their way through the tribes between here and there. The prisoners are people from the coast condemned for two years or over. Anybody from this part of the State condemned for two years or more, is sent to Boma. The treatment is hardly severe enough. They have manioc, rice, palm oil and salt to eat, the ordinary diet of the locality. Nobody in Congo gets tobacco, but most of the prisoners have trades at which they are permitted to work, and they always manage to sell something and buy tobacco or meat. The carpenter, for instance, has to open the provision boxes from Europe. These he breaks up badly, but puts them together again another way and sells them. The shoemaker mends the foot-gear of foreigners and gets paid in local currency, brass rods. The blacksmith obtains an income from making brass hinges. These fellows are useful to have about the station ; they reduce expenses, doing many things that otherwise would require the employment of skilled workmen. There is a white cemetery for white people at Basoko, with thirty-one graves in it. It is the duty of one of the prisoners to keep this cemetery in good condition. The black man who now has it in charge speaks French fluently. After his arrival as a prisoner



JOSEPH CLARK'S COCOANUT PALM ON THE LOWER CONGO.



THE GREAT CHIEF AND FAMILY YAKUSU. BELL FASTENED TO THE CHIEF'S LEOPARD TAIL.

at Basoko he was employed as a clerk, because of his education until he stole so much that he was employed as a dispenser. But even this did not check his kleptomanical tendencies, for he continued to steal. As a last resort it was decided to give him the cemetery job, where he could not steal. He marks the tablets that are placed on the graves, and on the bottom of a tablet is a curious statement. The tablet contains the name of the deceased, his rank or office, the date of his death, and underneath

RIP

in one word.

I visited the prison. Everything had just been made clean for my benefit by the use of lime and native brooms. The sleeping-rooms contained beds precisely of the kind used by the better class of natives of the Lower Aruwimi. Some dozen rascals were in chains. I was told that they were cannibals, and that most of them were taken in the act. Some were certainly of a vicious aspect, but one would not suspect the others of having an appetite for human flesh. In other lands I have seen native criminals in chains, and the iron had made sores and horrible gashes in their flesh, but on the bodies of these men there were no sores and no blood. I wonder if others and more real prisoners were elsewhere that day. There were four cells for disobedient men. Two of the cells were occupied, one by a murderer and his accomplice chained together. One fellow asked to be let out, saying, "This is not a nice hole." An Italian physician, located here by the Government, visits the prison, and conducts the native hospital on another part of the plantation. It was late in the afternoon when I left the prison, which was guarded by a solitary sentry.

On my arrival at Basoko I was delighted to meet the English coffee expert employed by the Congo Government, Mr. Malet. Mrs. Malet is the first lady in any connected with the Government to visit the Aruwimi, and she is the first person to take a piano up that dangerous river. After the long march through the great Tree-land and the Hollow Log trip down the Aruwimi it was most pleasing to have a glimpse of English home life. From Mr. Malet I learned something about the coffee and cocoa industries conducted by the state. The first coffee trees were introduced into Congo fifteen years ago, but it was not until nine years ago that the Government gave orders to all the responsible chiefs to plant Liberian coffee trees, the seed for which was obtaned from the original trees at Leopoldville. Three years later commenced the planting of the coffee on a large scale. A staff of European *agromes* was engaged for the purpose. Attention was given simply to the extension of plantations, and it was not until 1899 that the Government took steps to erect a factory for the curing of the crops. The industry has gradually developed until there are now two million, six hundred thousand Liberian coffee trees under cultivation and proper superintendence on the plantations of the Upper River. The factory located at the Pool is one of the most complete establishments of its kind, although not the largest. Interested parties consider that Congo Free State presents one of the finest fields in the world for the cultivation of Liberian coffee. It is interesting to note that four-fifths of the varieties of Liberian coffee grow wild in the forest bordering on the Congo and its affluents. Most of these wild coffees have an excellent flavour and a fine aroma when properly prepared. On the Upper River about

three thousand people obtain employment on the coffee plantations. Down below there are only about eight hundred men. There seems to be a future for this industry in Congo if it is carried on along proper lines.

Lately the Government has made extensive experiments with cocoa, which in certain districts have given promise. Although the industry is in its experimental stage, this year five hundred-weight of cocoa went to Europe and sold at prices equalling those of any cocoa grown on the West Coast of Africa. Five hundred thousand young cocoa trees have been planted and are worked by the same persons who cultivate the coffee.

Here I disposed of my cordite repeating rifle, thankful to say it never killed animal or bird except for scientific or food purposes. I am distinctly of opinion that *animals have rights !*

CHAPTER XXIII

Stanleyville and Stanley Falls

FROM YAKUSU TO STANLEYVILLE—THE GOVERNMENT PLANTATION, THE COURT-HOUSE AND THE DOCTOR—THE NEW RAILWAY TO THE GREAT LAKES

> Akutwala ekiro omusima bukede—The men who take you by night you should grease by day.
> *Ancient Uganda Saying.*

OFF for Stanley Falls, what magic in the words! The courteous Chief of the Oriental Province despatched to Yakusu the "Ville D'Hassel," a small screw steamer. It boasts a Scandinavian skipper speaking English but no French. She was sent down from Stanleyville that I might comfortably pay that place a visit. The captain promptly called, paid his respects, and told me the steamer was at my disposal. I related to him that during the night I had an attack of fever, but would leave this morning, although my temperature was two degrees Fahr. above normal. So at nine o'clock Millman-of-Yakusu, with three black boys, three yellow bags and myself, went aboard the steam launch, put off at once from the mission landing, and started up-stream in a strong current. In the reach of the river directly above where the Lindi joins the Congo, the water runs swiftly

because the channel is comparatively narrow. At the junction of the two lively rivers two verdure-clad islands have formed from the sediment deposited. From Yakusu to Stanleyville villages are seen perched upon the right and left sandstone banks of the river, some forty feet high. Seven years ago there were no villages on either the north or the south bank between Yakusu and The Falls. But since the ill-used power of the slave-trading Arabs has been broken, under the encouragement of the State the savages have moved out of the forest, settled on the steep banks of the river and planted plantain and manioc. This region is prosperous, having had no agricultural depressions in its history. The village people are Lokele and Wagenya. The latter are extremely cruel. As an illustration, a Wagenya boy came to the dispensary at Yakusu a little while ago, with his left arm scored from wrist to elbow, the flesh badly torn. He wanted medicine, and when asked for an explanation said the chief had tied him up to a tree because he had been accused of bewitching some of the chief's family. He certainly would have been left there to die had not a black sergeant in the service of the State passed that way and ordered him to be cut down. This being tied up by the arm is a cruel performance. A creeper out of the forest is thrown over the limb of a tree and one end tied to the arm with split cane. The victim is then drawn up by one arm until his feet are off the ground, and left in that condition till death ends his agonies.

Then there was Bamanga Indo, which signifies Bamanga the Black. This latter name he assumed because there was another Bamanga lighter in colour. A white man was asked to go and see him, " as he was ill." He tested his lungs with a stethoscope and found

them in good condition. There was nothng wrong with his heart, and his stomach seemed to be all right, so the doctor declared him sound. But the people said "No, he has been ill for three days, and his wife has had his head in her lap nursing him. Last night the spirit possessing and bewitching him told him that a man living at Baila had sent him to bewitch Bamanga the Black, and that the only way he could be cured was to have the man who had sent the spirit pour river water over him." The sick man when bewitched said that he felt queer, that he had no spirit. The thing had stolen away the force of life ; the force of life was leaving him. Now the evil spirit did not directly reveal the name of the man who had sent him, but so controlled his victim as that he should see the portrait of the offender. But these spirits seem to be full of tricks, and while obeying the letter of the instructions, disobey the spirit and make it possible for the master to be recognised. With this slender information the bewitched man went to the village of Baila, and there saw the person described by the spirit, caught him and told him that he must pour water over him. The accused denied any guilt in the matter, and refused to pour the water. Then the bystanders said they would compel him. So they passed a small stick on each side of his head above the ear and kept binding and binding the ends before and behind together. Thus they continued until the man out of sheer torture poured the water. He must do as he is commanded or the stick binding process will kill him.

After two hours' steaming during which time I occupied my attention on two different occasions with beef tea and a crust of bread, eaten while sitting in an easy chair in the prow of the "Ville D'Hassel," enveloped by a heavy dressing gown, we came to the

Roman Catholic mission of St. Gabriel. An attractive landing place has been constructed by the industrial department. The stranger is notified that this is a religious institution by a square stone post at either side of the landing-place beyond the high water line, each supporting a white cross. The grounds have been laid out in gardens with well-kept walks lined on either side by almond, pineapple and other shrubs. A considerable amount of intelligent manual labour has been expended on the gardens. Some hundreds of natives are taught the doctrines of the Roman church and have their hands skilfully employed. It is the plan of the mission that all who enter shall remain for three years, then be married by a Christian ceremony and settle down. On the Aruwimi I met three fathers from this mission all of whom were German. The first two missionaries who established St. Gabriel came from Peru, having left that country by request.

Another hour's steaming against a strong current and we saw Stanleyville. The Government plantation is on the north bank of the river, and the railway establishment on the south, while at The Falls, where the water takes the awful plunge of seven feet, is an Arabized village of five thousand inhabitants. The village is composed of half-castes, quarter-castes, all sorts of castes and people with no caste at all. I am told that " The Falls " are composed of seven cataracts, and at the foot of the seventh cataract the river measures over a thousand metres in width. The launch put in at the Government plantation landing place. On the shore were half a dozen officials dressed in white ; one, especially deputed by the High Commissary, came aboard, and extended a welcome to the hospitality of the supreme official of the Oriental

Province. The gang plank was quickly shoved off to the beach and I went ashore, and after replying to the greetings of the officials, was taken at once to the Guest House. I was hardly seated there when De Meulemeester, the polite chief of the Oriental Province, and Meurice, Delegate of the Procurator, came to pay their respects. A few minutes later Avezza, an Italian and State doctor, appeared, to examine my malady. The Chief said he would place a steamer at my disposal and would be glad to have me remain at Stanleyville as his guest as long as possible, and that when I wished to descend the river to meet the large steamer at Bumba for Leopoldville, he would give me a steamboat for the journey. I was then left alone with the doctor, who said "the fever is finished," but promised to send a prescription. This was composed of fourteen fresh eggs and two cans of sterilized milk, which I gladly took in large doses.

Although the fever was gone, I found myself weak and lacking the usual energy. But by frequent doses of raw eggs and Swiss milk, I was ready at four o'clock to take a short walk with the Commissary through the vegetable gardens of the station. After leaving the Commissary's residence, which is, of course, the finest establishment in the place, we passed along a wide and perfectly-kept street, by the officers' quarters and the armoury, where I was surprised to see machine guns. All the buildings are constructed of brick made and laid by native workmen. After turning into the garden, we passed along a road lined with mango and eucalyptus trees. The garden itself is surrounded with orange trees. Here were numerous beds of lettuce, radishes, cabbage, onions and beans. Other rectangular plots contained peas, carrots, tomatoes, celery and kohlau, all well watered. The vegetables are under the



CONGO FREE STATE COURT-HOUSE, STANLEYVILLE.



STANLEY FALLS, HEART OF AFRICA.



DE MEULMEESTER, GOVERNOR *pro. tem.* OF THE ORIENTAL PROVINCE, AND THE AUTHOR SITTING DOWN. JUDGE MEURICE AND THE RAILWAY SUPERINTENDENT STANDING.

Photograph taken seven miles from Stanley Falls.

inspection of the doctor, who passes an opinion on them each morning before they are placed in the hands of the cook. This is of great importance, because men from the back blocks, who are out of repair, come into Stanleyville to wait for steamers, and new-comers arrive here, having had their first attacks of fever on the way up the river. The many paths of the garden were laid out with fruit trees, such as bananas, oranges, Heart of Beef, mangoes, pineappples and guavas. In speaking about mangoes the Commissary said that he had been planting some thousands in order that the blacks and whites both might have a plentiful supply of the fruit. This is not to be understood as a philanthropy on the part of the Government to preserve the health of the native population. The blacks inspired the thought by stealing the mango planted for their white brethren. The scheme now is to have such an abundance as to remove temptation. By a beautiful spring in the garden grow rough-skinned oranges. The gardener knocked one off the tree. I sliced it open and found it sweeter than a fruit in Samoa which it resembled. It was exactly to my taste, but Millman-of-Yakusu, whose skill in attending fever patients had been recently developed by the presence of my secretary and myself, objected to my eating liberally of this delicious fruit. I did not blame him. In another large garden grow white potatoes and other tubers, including sweet potatoes and cassava or manioc.

The site of the new hospital is near the brick barracks for the native soldiers, some three hundred of whom are quartered at this central point. I am strongly reminded of the caustic current contention of the Celestials that "nails are not made from good iron, nor soldiers from good men."* Each soldier has one

* "A Yankee on the Yangtze," page 181.

wife if he wants to ; in fact, he is obliged to have a woman ! The wives of the soldiers are registered and all women must be indoors when the bugle at eight o'clock in the evening closes the day. This is to avoid evil practices. If a soldier's woman works, she is paid ; otherwise she is not paid until the savage soldier has been in the service of the State seven years, when she receives pay without work ! However, each soldier has allotted to him one acre which he and his wife must keep in order. In the row of brick barracks which I visited, each private has a room with a bed, mosquito netting and other comforts. The mosquito netting may be a philanthropy ; incidentally it saves quinine, and helps keep the squadrons in a state of efficiency. The military post here boasts a black sergeant, who occupies a detached house containing two rooms with easy chairs.

The State has certainly been transacting business on the wholesale in the matter of vaccination for smallpox. Great success has attended the efforts of the physician, and he has succeeded in practically stamping out that disease in the immediate neighbourhood of Stanleyville. So vigorously and earnestly has the work been done that three thousand six hundred were vaccinated in Stanleyville in three years. At Romee four thousand three hundred and sixty-three were vaccinated in two months ; forty cows, oxen and calves are kept here, some of which are used for the purpose of procuring vaccine. Sixteen hundred of the railway employees have been vaccinated. When it is remembered that within a radius of eleven hundred yards of the Commissary's residence in Stanleyville there live twenty thousand people, including the orphans whom I saw sitting at the door of a house prior to being sent to Boma, the entire stamping out of

smallpox has been no small affair. The natives sometimes come a three days' journey to receive the treatment, and the doctor has no trouble about their running away. When descending the Aruwimi I was told that natives take to vaccination like a crocodile to a sandbank. This hearty reception of the treatment may be due to its resemblance to certain practices of witchcraft, or to the blood brotherhood initiation; or it may perhaps be considered witchery itself, and therefore accepted by a highly superstitious people. On the Aruwimi I saw a native afflicted by elephantiasis. This disease is also prevalent among the Bangala, but has not made its appearance at The Falls. There are very few blind people, and only a few cases of sleep-sickness, and the perplexing population of the place is in a good gossiping state of preservation.

In the evening of my first day in Stanleyville a sumptuous dinner of eight courses, besides wine and water was served in the vestibule of the residence of the Chef de la Province Orientale. To speak geologically, this banquet was a conglomerate formation. First, in personnel; a judge, a doctor, a commandant, a missionary and a traveller, besides the host in himself. These gentlemen represented five different nations. As to food; it came from various parts of the world, was well cooked, and well served, and included delicious dyspepsia-giving goose livers in butter. The talk was also conglomerate. Interpretation was done with great promptness, and was an advantage in that it furnished two laughs to each joke. That such an elaborate meal with fresh vegetables of various kinds should be served in the very heart of Africa, marks the progress of things; this could not have transpired with peaceful surroundings a few years ago. To cap the climax, a native band dispensed sweet liquid music in

the early darkness. The band was also conglomerate, a remarkable aggregation of instruments, including four tenor drums, four brass bugles and a bass drum. The player of the latter seemed to be imitating the thunder which accompanies a tropical shower. No member of the band would recognise a note if he saw one, and the dusky musicians play as well in the darkness as in the light. Toward the close of the two hour banquet, costly champagne was produced and the Commissary, who is Chief of the Province, toasted the visitor, complimenting him on having completed so much of the journey, and presenting the good wishes of the company for the remainder of the tour. He also said that he hoped I would not believe all that is being said at the present time in Europe about Congo, as much of it is not true. I replied that I am engaged chiefly in observing philanthropic and religious work that is being done by states, societies and individuals, and that my book on the Pigmy and his forest will consist largely of what I have seen. Thus ended a most interesting and enjoyable affair, save only my regret that health-destroying liquors were served.

After an unusually liberal breakfast, which was served me at the Rest House by the Commissary's affable servants, the Commissary, Judge, Missionary and myself walked down to the river and went aboard two huge dugouts each propelled by fifty savages standing upright and swinging with both hands the spear-shaped paddles. Thus we negotiated the Congo below the Seventh Cataract—none too soon. for the rowers shouted and in swinging the paddles, rocked the canoe dreadfully. On the south bank we were received by Theeuws, Chief of the Railway Civil Engineers, with some complimentary palaver.

The lifting of helmets and the more or less meaningless phraseology finished, we went at once to the railway, First impressions are said to be important and should be recorded. Here is the record. First, I was impressed by the name of this Upper Congo railway. It has a stupendous cognomen for a line of a hundred and forty kilometres. In French it is called Chemin de fer du Congo Supérieur aux Grands Lacs Africains. The English translation reads something like this, "Upper Congo Railway to the Great African Lakes," which, when they come to paint it on the sides of the *waggons*, will probably be abbreviated. The second thing to impress me was the cheapness with which the line is being laid. It costs a franc for the width of a franc; that is, a chain of francs linked solid and stretched along the line pays for its construction. I have not taken the time to work it out, but leave that to the mental arithmetic of the reader.

Now to further itemize (for anything is interesting when connected with the construction of a railway in the heart of Africa, over twelve hundred from and nearly a mile above the sea), twenty-three hundred native workmen are employed, and but thirty whites. The savages receive from four to twelve yards of cloth per month, besides rations of a pound of rice per diem, two pounds of American salt beef per week, a half pound of salt per week, with bananas as often as the Government is able to furnish them or the blacks are able to steal them. They also receive one shoka each week. Now the shoka is the local spear-shaped iron currency of the region. With this they can purchase manioc or some of the little but terrible delicacies so dear to the native heart. The employees work from six to eleven in the morning and from two to five-thirty in the afternoon. Experi-

ence teaches that it is not profitable to force the blacks to labour in the middle of the day. Men on plantations and others employing large numbers of tribesmen have told me that they do their most vigorous work in the very early morning, and that about ten o'clock when the sun gets out hot they seem to lose their strength. Besides the unskilled labourers there are five coast carpenters and ten masons come from Sierra Leone and Accra ; each receives a pound a week and keep ; these are robust looking chaps, and their keep costs the Government more than the rations of the unskilled local workmen. Little grading is required, and excellent gravel ballast is to be had for the shovelling. I did not learn how far the grading had been finished, but twenty kilometres of track have been laid to the first bridge which is in course of construction. The Chief Engineer tells me that there are to be altogether twenty bridges on the line, all constructed of wood from the neighbouring forest. It is expected that the wooden bridges will be but temporary structures to be replaced by steel before they decay. The road is a metre gauge, and the rails tip the balance at fifteen pounds a metre. All the iron and steel work used in the railway is to come from Belgium, and is landed at the lime and cement pier where the steamer lies moored in seven metres of water. Until the traffic demands more, there will be but one station on the line between the termini. The ties, or sleepers, made from local timber, are had at eightpence each, and as on the European trunk lines, the rails will be screwed to the ties.

All this information was not obtained, however, while standing on the first cable of track. The party had occasion to wait but a few minutes, when two hand-

cars were drawn up the track; on the first comfortable chairs were placed for the Superintendent of the line and the Author, while the second was occupied by the Commissary, the Missionary and the Judge. A dozen blacks pushed the trucks along the rails, over a track beautifully graded with perfectly dressed pebble ballast. In a few minutes we entered the forest curving among large trees with long overhanging branches, and occasionally coming to a long stretch of straight track, with a most beautiful vista before us, seen to be still more beautiful behind us. The grades will all be easy, the maximum being one in fifty. In passing through the forest I noticed chiefly African teak and African mahogany. There is also a tree resembling gutta-percha, but this has not yet been exploited.

I carefully scrutinized the native employees, and found them strong, robust and jolly. Each wears a medal bearing his number, making it possible easily to trace an individual. These decorated savages wear considerably more clothing than the general run of natives. Indeed, they impressed me as being prosperous and well satisfied with their employers, their employment and their wages. I stopped at a midway camp where seven thousand ties are produced in a month, to take some photographs and have a look at the white men directing the workmen. We then pushed on to the end of the line, having had the right of way, except once when we met a wood truck heavily laden, and out of sympathy for the workmen our cars were vacated and lifted off the track so that the wood truck passed on. This little spark of humanity I was glad to see flash out of the Railway Chieftain. After a few minutes' walk we came to the Mongamba river, where a high trestle bridge sixty-seven yards

long is being built of large, heavy timbers of ant-proof wood obtained in the adjoining forest. Here several white engineers enjoyed a comfortable camp. More photographs were taken, and after a liberal glass of sterilized milk we started on the run to Stanleyville, which occupied just one hour, and landed us there just in time for the midday meal with the Superintendent of the line.

The matter of obtaining sufficient lime for building purposes has wrought much concern throughout Upper Congo. A small supply has been obtained at Basoko and Yakusu by burning oyster shells. Tropical Africa seems to have no large supply of the white caustic earth. On the British side of the Ruwenzori in the last year there was good cheer, because of the discovery of lime on Rusinga Island in Lake Victoria Nyanza; on the Lower Aruwimi, and outcropping on Bertin Island opposite Romee, limestone has been found which it is hoped will supply sufficient of the commodity for the needs of the new railway. Until a larger deposit is discovered, missionaries and other oustiders will continue to roast oyster shells.

The Upper Congo Railway to the Great African Lakes is being constructed by the State, and is then to be turned over to a society. During the ride on the hand-car I asked the engineer whether any villages had to be moved on account of the line passing through them. He laughed and said, "No, when the people heard that the railway was coming, they deserted their villages and went further into the forest." I noticed along the track at various points plantains, which mark deserted villages, but the people are now returning. As they learn what a railway is and that the white man has no desire to inconvenience them



THE STERN-WHEELER, "FLANDRE," MOORED AT BAD BUMBA, UPPER CONGO.



THE AUTHOR'S BOAT WITH FIFTY SAVAGES CROSSING THE CONGO AT STANLEYVILLE.

permanently, they return and look at the performance as another of the freaks of the pale-faces. So well-behaved are the employees, and equally peaceable the neighbouring natives, that one company of black soldiers composed of eighty-five men and two officers, guards the entire line. This new railroad and another short line soon to be constructed will make it possible to go from Matadi to the south end of Lake Tanganyika without journeying on foot.

In the middle of the hot afternoon I passed over to Plantation-Stanleyville. Below the Roman church are the magazines and stores of two trading companies. These companies occupy respectable properties and are said to be doing a profitable business. This has not been the experience of all trading companies in Congo, as many have failed during the last few years. Still further down this road is located the Court-house. I visited this interesting structure and was invited in by the "Judge," who is representative in this region of the Procurator of Congo Free State. I was hardly comfortably seated, in his office, when he pointed to two spears fifteen feet in length, and said that they had been used to murder two men. Then in order to further cheer me up, in looking for a package of poison which he wanted me to see, he took up a small sealed bundle and said, "Ah, this is not it; this is the rope which was used to hang the last man." On the other side of the legal chambers was an assortment of rifles and old muskets each with its ruddy tale of woe. In the midst of such an environment as this the Judge gave me some interesting information.

On the table was a bundle of blue books for the registration of marriages. Monogamy is required by the Government, and the registration is an aid to the enforcement of the law; but very few of the natives

care anything about law. When a man and woman desire to be married, they are obliged to go into the court, a proclamation is then made on the market day, Sunday, and a printed form is posted on the door of the Registrar. This latter is probably intended for readers living on the continent of Europe. But before a native can take out a notice, he must have a certificate of identity giving his name and a Christian name given him by the Registrar, and attested by two witnesses, whites preferred. All this must appear very funny to the savage. When the notice of intention to marry has been before the public for fifteen days, the applicants go before the Registrar and he asks the man, "Do you want to marry this woman?" and asks the woman, "Do you want to marry this man?" One who knows the savages of tropical Africa can easily imagine the mysticism which this performance produces in the native mind. When all this has been done, the Court gives them a certificate according to the laws of the State and they are married. This is believed to be gradually reducing polygamy —I would say very gradually, for but six hundred marriages have been registered in Stanleyville.

The amount of intoxicants sold in the Congo is being rapidly reduced. The Court tells me that prisoners are usually guilty of the crimes of stealing, fighting and poisoning, and this applies largely to those from the interior.

The Court also has charge of the cemetery; not simply in the furnishing of it with occupants, at which according to the samples of rope it is successful, but by registering deaths and keeping the graveyard in good hygienic condition. This latter is appreciated at least by the outsiders. The Judge now orders that people shall be buried in this hygienic graveyard.

Previous to the appearing of this order it was the custom of the natives to bury the dead in their own houses and to place on the grave the last eating equipment of the deceased, and this ancient custom continues to be adhered to.

CHAPTER XXIV

A Thousand Miles on the Congo

SIXTH STAGE OF THE TRANS-AFRICAN JOURNEY—FROM THE FALLS TO LO THE POOL—COMMERCIAL INTERESTS—MISSIONS—FEVER AND PASSENGERS

> Ekoca ebali okobono bisa n'eluki ?—
> When the river is past, can you bring
> it back by asking ?
>
> *Banga Proverb.*

THE Congo is the youngest of the great rivers of the earth ! For a thousand miles it is provokingly uninteresting except to the anxious skipper and the faithful marine man sounding with a thin stick of bamboo for treacherous sands or rocks. Between the noisy Falls and the silent Pool, a distance of nearly a thousand miles, there is a clear navigable water-way for river steamers. In places the river is from five to ten miles in width. All this great region appears from the deck of the steamer as low and swampy, with forest varied only occasionally by villages and Government stations. The fine variety of scenery I observed on the Aruwimi is lacking on the Congo. Along nine hundred and eighty miles of river live only one hundred and twenty-five thousand natives. Few villages, picturesque or otherwise, break the

unwelcome monotony of the green banks and swampy islands ; and save for the occasional flight of a tropical bird or the flash of a summer shower, nothing finds delight for the mind of the weary traveller. In the descent of the jaundice river seldom did the good ship " Flandre " pass a native canoe or a river steamer. But whenever the latter did lie off our amidships, we sounded three shrill whistles, which with the sight of another stern-wheeler gave the wearied passengers a momentary employment. At evening-time the slow shifting of the clouds into new and fantastic formations, the dead stillness and the watery mirror called up thrills of delight, while the cool evening air occasioned a few chills. The contemplation of the superb sunset glory was promptly wiped out by thoughts of coming high temperatures and deadly fevers.

Travel on the Congo was not by any means a cheerful diversion with Sleep-sickness on the shore and fever on the ship. On the last voyage up, one friar and four blacks died on this vessel, two whites, seriously ill, were left at New Antwerp for treatment, she arrived at Bad Bumba with four white men ill, and now on the downward journey many were sick ; indeed, it was a wonder that anybody was well on the ship with the miserable food served. And my judgment on this culinary affair is not warped by a fastidious appetite, for I have eaten sausage in Austria, macaroni in Italy and cat in Burma ! About the fourth day out from Bad Bumba the bread became exhausted, and the Commissary said that he had already used twenty kilos more flour than the Government allowed !

When the voyager has seen the Wood Posts, the Government stations, the plantations of Societies, atrocious and otherwise, the amiable Christian missions,

and an occasional group of huts, there is nothing more to investigate, unless he assumes the character of a specialist in botany, zoology or ethnology. Of course, there is the length of the river, its greatest width, number of cataracts, depth, colour, constituency, change of channel, sand-banks at low water, and such like pilotage facts to be ascertained from any truthful Mark Twain, and then the curiosity weakens. The river Congo contains four thousand islands and ranks next to the Amazon both for the volume of coloured water discharged into the sea, and for the area of its basin, which is estimated at one million six hundred thousand square miles. It may be considered to take its rise between Lakes Tanganyika and Nyassa, only four hundred miles from the Indian Ocean. The river bends around to the northward, and is known as the Luapula, which runs into Lake Nweru. Taking a north-westerly course from this, it is joined by the Lualaba and Lukuga, and then flows on northward to the Equator, where it descends the cataracts known as Stanley Falls, about fifteen hundred miles from its source, and at an elevation of about fifteen hundred feet above the sea. At this point it made my acquaintance, and left me to supply the interest.

But on the steamer there was much to attract. To say nothing of some four hundred black passengers for parts of the distance, we started with five pale pink officers and a total of nineteen pale pink passengers. Three of these were agents for societies, and two Americans ; otherwise all were officials or officers of the conscientious (!) Government. For cargo the " Flandre " carried one hundred and fifty tons of rubber, ivory, and, as the skipper said, " considerable and so forth." The passengers were an

interesting assortment of citizens from many lands. They were served at the table on iron dishes, because the chinaware has been smashed up by men who were injudiciously jolly because they were leaving the country.

Let me indicate some peculiarities of individual passengers. *One Zapt* attracted considerable attention, the highest State officer on board, hence occupying " the Governor's state room." He had rheumatism, dropsy, and periodic attacks of mild insanity. The latter malady usually found expression in the violent treatment of the " boy " Cæsar, a slick, clean, inoffensive-appearing black. This superior gentleman while in a towering rage, had his room divested of all its accoutrements and the floor scoured with brick. At the dining table I saw him strike Cæsar a sounding blow over the head with a cane an inch thick, besides divers strokes on the wrists and other vulnerable points of the lad's anatomy. As the brother of a State " chop " distributor, he assumed some authority and position. He will probably die of kidney complaint or self-esteem.

Mr. Gold Ornaments, another of my fellow-travellers, was the courteous son of a Belgian privy councillor and a lieutenant in the King of Belgian's Body Guard of cavalry. He had a suit of military clothes costing forty pounds sterling, which, because of gold ornaments, cannot be folded. He had been on diplomatic service in China, and saw three monks massacred at Pauting Foo at the beginning of the Boxer uprising. He refused to serve in Congo any longer, because of the low class of men met in positions of trust. This young gentleman made a strong speech to the up-river officials, and to avoid serious complications was invalided home. Should a

man of less powerful political backing dare to imitate him in the speechifying, prison would now be the result. Formerly maybe a gradual illness would have served and no one to disclose how the fatal sickness came. This son of a councillor and Zapt were delightful *compagnons de voyage.*

Corporal Getyourhaircut had a kindly face. For the last nine months he had been the victim of an unchecked dysentry. Loath to leave his lonely post, he faithfully held on, hoping but ever disappointed. Through all these long moons he waited in vain for the healing which never came. Eccentric now, poor man, but under the circumstances who would not be ? Six days before I reached Bad Bumba a young man was taken off the steamer there, who came down from Stanleyville with dysentry and was buried in the white man's cemetery. Dysentry takes off many in Congo.

The Anarchist frightened the Purser, no harm done ! Not a Russian or a Nihilist, so far as known by our clique, dark, of medium height, strong of stature, read paper-backed books and minded his own business, all of which appeared suspicious ! Then, too, he wore a long black overcoat and was modestly unwell. Now, the odd conversation came about in the following dramatic fashion. The Purser, or Commissary, was standing on the beach at a wood station—he is great at standing, nearly five feet ten, better at sitting, and best at lying—when suddenly the mysterious dark man stepped up and said, " Mr. Commissary, the passengers do not speak to me. Indeed, they speak to each other in signs, from which I conclude they are Nihilists and use a secret set of signals. Communicate to me the meaning of the signs and I will not reveal the secret." I consider this speech of the " Mad Man "



SLEEP-SICKNESS COMMISSION AT LEOPOLDVILLE. The three great English Specialists—Todd, Christie and Dutton, and a Physician representing the Congo Government.



RAILWAY YARDS AND LANDING PLACE, LEO-ON-THE-POOL, CONGO FREE STATE.

pardonable, for my European fellow-passengers made many and diverse gesticulations which did resemble an alphabet of aërial shorthand. But to retaliate, the others set down this swarthy man swathed in his overcoat as mad—but who on this ship is not mad ?

Herr Saurkraut attracted some attention, slightly bow-legged, garbed in an agricultural suit, and feverproof. He was fond of wine, but longed for beer and the little German band. Oft will he revel in a quart mug of beer, with a metal lid on to keep the insects from bathing in the beverage ! Kind-hearted man, he spoke a variety of English one seldom hears, compounded of various local ingredients. He went to the States, made some money and invested it in printing frames for making architects' blue prints. He was to have them insured within a week, but an inopportune fire came and licked up a whole block, including his printing frames and meagre furniture. As a result he was compelled that winter to work simply for his food. Then he went to Australia, and will not return to Congo, but will go to British East Africa ; for, as he said, " What's the use of stopping in the same place all the time ? "'

The river skippers enjoy fairly good health. Being deep water seamen, they have been in many climates. Strange to say, the Scandinavians predominate in the marine service of the Congo State, and get on better in this tropical climate than the Italians. One would naturally expect the reverse. But the Scandinavians are accustomed to atmospheric changes, one day hot and the next cold. In the Congo the officers of the " Force Publique " seem to show the highest rate of mortality. This may be due to their wading through water and other disagreeable experiences while on punitive expeditions. The position of

skipper on the greatest river of Congo is difficult and exacting. This is true in reference to the crew, which is composed of shaded blacks from various parts of the country and of different grades of intelligence and morality. Then come the white engineers and the white mates. It is altogether likely that no two of these men hail from the same country, and hence there are no two with the same home inclinations and attractions. Of course, they use intoxicating liquors to some extent. The State allows each of its employees a bottle of wine a day and three litres of liquor a month. A case in point occurred during my journey of A Thousand Miles on the Congo. The mate on a new steamer, apparently a very capable man, was given a drugged drink which made him, to use the expression of a skipper en route to Leopoldville, "wild." In that condition he refused to obey orders; trouble followed, and someone fired several shots. A riot seemed to be at hand; but after much palaver things quieted down without any deaths being recorded.

Aside from the persons are the perplexing problems of currents. In one channel we ran into three currents, the middle one flowing in one direction and the side ones in the opposite. Then no one knows where the bottom of the river is. The shifting of the sand-banks, the cutting down of trees used for the purposes of navigation, and especially the item of fuel make the career of the marine captain uncertain. He, of course, is subject to fever and the other diseases of the cannibal country, and may be compelled to go to bed when in a part of the river requiring the utmost skill. Finally, the passengers make his life miserable. They are chiefly State employees, a few of whom have served out their terms. Others are going home ahead of time because of disease. Almost without

exception they are nervous and unwell, easily excited and slow to resume a composed mind, capable of giving the commander of the ship no end of trouble. Then it may occur as on this steamer, that the ship's commissary is inefficient and does not provide amply or in proper variety. These servants of the State who have made themselves ill doing their duty in a noxious atmosphere, have a right to fresh vegetables and fresh eggs throughout the entire journey. On this ship we probably three times had fresh vegetables, oftener fresh goat, and never fresh eggs or fresh milk for all at once. Some of the men who were very sick accepted this treatment without a word of complaint, others made emphatic remarks ; but things continued without improvement.

I was surprised to learn that a large number of the servants of the Congo Government receive an exceedingly small remuneration. Many have but eighty pounds sterling or less a year, and even the captain of the " Flandre," a kind-hearted, skilful man, told me that he received but a hundred and twenty pounds. Of course, there are a few men like the commissaries general who receive a sum total of probably eight hundred pounds, but that is not large for men who serve in these death districts simply for coin. I marvel that men can be found in any country who will come out here to Congo, take their life in their hand, and serve so well, and sometimes even brutally, for the money. I can comprehend how a missionary comes to this fever-stricken land and labours zealously, takes disease patiently, and for his remuneration receives a very small sum. His motive lifts him to a moral altitude far above the sordid purposes bringing the majority of the servants of the State into the Congo service.

A survey of the servants of the State would be interesting. Some are gentlemen, educated and humane, but with very few exceptions all classes become in mind narrow and contracted. I saw in the residence of one missionary more books than in the libraries of all the Government stations combined. If the saying of a great thinker is true that we are a part of all we have met, some of these gentlemen are ninety-nine per cent. native. Co-habiting with Negro women, constantly in contact with native soldiers and workmen, never having had any great Christian motive for visiting the country, what is to be expected of their administration ? One passenger feared that I might make use of Zapt's ill-treatment of Cæsar, and told me plainly that it is because he is a sick and nervous man, that in Belgium he is kind and quiet, and I found him very pleasant. But I suppose that ninety-five per cent. of the officers of this Government and officials whom I have met were sick. Extend military power to an irritable, nervous man, let there be no dissenting white men with strong humane sentiments as observers, and the kind of treatment which will be meted out to the black can easily be prophesied.

Among the employees of the Free State Government there may be counted an unusually large proportion of men who are suffering from insanity. They are not madmen and cannot be scheduled as maniacs. They require no chains or physical restrictions except when under a sudden emotion they give orders for punishments which are too severe and out of all proportion to crimes committed. But oppressive penalties are seldom inflicted, for it is now pretty generally admitted that simply as a matter of self-protection the natives in these hot lands must be

preserved. This Congo insanity is partial and unintentional, where the man continues to do his best for his master, the State, and remains at his post when he had better be in Europe. Far back in the vast Tree-land I found men ill with divers maladies, beyond any question sick men, yet when I suggested their visiting a distant physician they replied, "I shall be well in a few days." Thus they hope against hope, the malady increases, and the result is a slightly unbalanced mind. Many missionaries have nobly laid down their lives in the Congo basin in the service of humanity and the Master, but many more white lives have been sacrificed in the service of Mammon and the State. Here, then, are two distinct classes of people working under two distinct emotions for vastly different ends; the Men of Mammon and the Men of Missions, both knowing before they come the deadly climate and the possible early ending of their lives.

Between the Falls and Basoko are four points of special interest. One is *Romee.* As a courteous official placed at my disposal a steamer for that part of the river, it was possible for me to make such stops as seemed advisable for gathering information. At Romee coffee has been tried and resulted in proving that the soil is not suitable for that crop. The land is suitable, however, for grazing purposes, the indigenous grass being adequate to meet the tastes of cattle. Some forty fine cows are already here from the Nile and from Lake Tanganyika. It is reported to be the purpose of the Government to place five hundred or a thousand cattle at this point. The plantation is located in a healthful spot, and would be a suitable situation for a sanatorium. The Chef de Poste treated me to a glass of excellent fresh milk, showed

me the stock on the farm and gave me interesting figures concerning ducks, chickens and goats.

Bad Bumba is a village and Government plantation in the midst of four thousand natives, a day's run below Basoko, and the present up-river terminus for the large steamers. When I arrived, more than thirty white men were gathered from various rivers there, most of them waiting to take the "Flandre" for Leopoldville on their way to Europe. They were mostly unwell, and should have been fed with choice food. Instead, the food served was the most unsavoury and the scantiest I met with in Africa. The management was what one would expect from a man half imbecile. Job asked "Is there any taste in the white of an egg?" and anybody might ask is there any commonsense in Bad Bumba. It took me three-quarters of an hour one day to get a piece of bread, and on another occasion I could get no bread at all. I then gave my boy Lamb a two-franc piece and told him to pay all of it for one loaf of bread the size of two fists. Just previous to this he had been told that there was absolutely no bread to be had, but in two minutes the boy returned with a loaf, and to my amazement informed me that a white man had accepted the money. This proved there had been bread all the time. It appeared that at the mess each person received a miniature loaf at breakfast, which must last him throughout the day; but as the breakfast consisted of tinned fish and bread and butter, I had to content myself by eating the entire loaf, which left nothing in the bread line for the next meal. Neither was there a physician nearer than a half-day's journey by steam down the river. It would seem to be advisable either to have a surgeon located here permanently, or a visit from a doctor at the time the big steamer

is tied up at the wharf. Bad Bumba is a capital place for the caterer to stay at, for others to get out of.

When passing Bolengi, a beautiful baptismal service attended by a large crowd of natives was in progress. The Mission of the Disciples has been recently very successful at this point. Ever since the Great Awakening when multitudes came to hear the Gospel preaching and many professed conversion, the blacks and the officials have taken a lively interest in both the American surgeons and the native church of three score members. The increase in membership here has been as rapid as elsewhere in the fields of this denomination.

At Bolobo are several white missionaries connected with the English Baptist Missionary Society, which occupied the place in April, 1888. Land for the mission was purchased from nine different chiefs. A printing office is connected with the establishment and turns out very good work. Stapleton's excellent Comparative Handbook of Congo Languages, of which I received one of the very first copies, is a splendid sample of what can be done by the printing and book-binding department of the mission. An hospital is an active part of the philanthropy. Fifty cases of Sleep-sickness are reported at the native village, two at the Mission Hospital, and ten at a detention hospital. This incurable disease is wiping out whole villages along the river and has reached as far as Stanleyville, where a few cases have been reported. For hundreds of miles the native population is dying out. This can be partly modified by improved hygienic conditions and by a change of methods on the part of the Government. Meantime they are dispirited and neglect their plantations. Some old maid of a writer has suggested that Mohammedanism with its plurality

of wives will preserve the race. What this has to do with stopping the incurable Sleep-sickness I have failed to discover. Here I applied for eggs, but a missionary told me that his canoe had been out three days hunting for chickens and eggs to provision his boat for a journey up the Kasai and had not yet succeeded in getting enough. And yet Bolobo is spoken of as a land flowing with milk and honey—condensed milk and tinned honey. In Bolobo I found the most persistent mosquitoes I have met on this planet. I ventured to sit on a cane-seated chair, but was compelled to change my position so often that I attracted the attention of my host at dinner and he suggested that I put a cushion on the chair. It does no good to sit on a mosquito. The oldest missionary in Congo lives at Bolobo. He is known as a great explorer, and has made a series of accurate charts of the river, which it is hoped will greatly assist missionary work on the Congo. The local church has only forty-five members, but sustains a prodigious mid-week prayer meeting, one of which services I attended; the building was packed with people, the singing was of a superior sort and thrilled the visitors present. All the natives, however, are not yet converted, because the Government post has twice in its history been burned down by local savages.

At the junction of the Kasai and Congo, there was for several years a Roman Catholic mission, conducted by both priests and nuns, but the Sleep-sickness wiped out the settlement, and the mission has been removed, not a building remaining on the old site. This meeting-place of the waters is an uncanny spot, for near here the steamer of the American Southern Presbyterian Mission was wrecked with a frightful loss of life, only a few days before we arrived. The



BALOLO MISSIONARY CHAPEL, LEO-ON-THE-POOL.



TUMBA STATION ON THE WEST COAST CONGO RAILWAY.



BALOLO MISSIONARIES. MRS. AND MR. MORGAN, LEO-ON-THE-POOL.

story of that wreck, as told me by the captain, himself a missionary, is as follows :—

"My work has been with the steamer 'Lapsley' since I came out. She came, and there was no one to take charge of her, and I undertook the reconstruction myself. I have been running the steamer for three years. This last trip she left Leopoldville on Wednesday, the eleventh of November. We had on a good cargo of goods, chiefly for their Christmas at Luabo, where are four American coloured missionaries. We had sixty-two in the crew and two new white missionaries just arrived for their first time on the Congo. The Congo river was at very high water, and the currents were extremely rapid so that the progress of the steamer was very slow. We arrived below the Kasai Saturday evening, and spent Sunday as usual tied to the bank. Monday morning we started out bright and early and had only gone half an hour when a point was reached around which is a very strong current. The water in the Congo is so strong that small steamers in going up must keep near the shore. When this point was approached we were obliged to steer out from the shore to round it. But the steamer at a critical moment failed to answer to her helm, with the result that she turned sidewise against the current, the water ran on her deck pressing her down, and in a few seconds she was bottom upward. Many of the people could not swim, and in their endeavour to save their lives, seized each other in the water and formed a tangled mass of humanity. I immediately saw the danger I was in myself, and when they began grabbing for me I swam to the other side of the upturned vessel, and kept away for a time, and finally with the help of one of the natives who had already managed to get on the bottom of the steamer,

I was drawn up. Even as I was being pulled up someone seized my feet under water and dragged my head under. Mr. Martin was rescued by the canoe which we had been towing. At the time he was still floating, clinging to a chair. But Mr. Slaymaker had disappeared, and no one saw him after the boat capsized. Twenty-three natives were drowned besides Mr. Slaymaker."

One of the chief stations of the Presbyterian Mission is at Luabo, where a large shed, seating comfortably fifteen hundred people, has been recently built. The ordinary Sunday congregation averages over one thousand in attendance. Beyond question the American Presbyterians are conducting a prosperous and substantial work. The natives in that section have no religion but fetishism. They have no idea of spirits except evil spirits. They have a tradition, however, that there is a great spirit above all spirits, and they have a name for this spirit which is now used for God. There is a very curious legend concerning a great tower. One of the great native kings a long time ago saw the sky and wanted to go up and visit the stars. So he began to build a tower. He sent out into the villages and told the people to bring wood, and for months they were bringing in sticks. Finally he began to build. Slowly day by day the tower arose until it reached a prodigious height; and then a great wind came, and it fell with a crash which was heard in the distant villages.

After leaving the unlucky Kasai the scenery greatly changed. Low mountains lay on either bank, and where the shore was marshy a few miles back high hills cut the sky. The fine scenery of the Congo is within seven hundred miles of the sea. The third day from Leopoldville the "Flandre" ran for one

hour in the morning, and then tied up for five hours, while the blacks went ashore and with very dull knives and blunt axes cut wood in the rain. The steamer had stopped at two wood posts where was an ample supply of fuel, but the keepers refused her any because of a rumour that the Governor sometime in the new year would come up the river ! Our skipper, a most kind-hearted man, took the statements of these Africans without asking to see the written order. After much delay the steamer touched at a third post with a pale-pink man in charge, he furnished forty-four brasse of wood, saying that no such order had been issued, but a skipper had told the darkies the Governor was coming and to keep the wood. The Congo from the Kasai to the Pool is narrow and deep, and is referred to by nautical men as the " Channel." The Pool is a large, lake-like expanse elevated about nine hundred feet above the sea, over twenty miles in diameter, and nearly surrounded by grassy hills reaching an elevation of several hundred feet. In it are numerous sand-banks and swampy islands. The water is infested with hippopotami and crocodiles. At the western extremity of the Pool is the French town of Brazzaville on the north bank, where the French flag was hoisted in 1880. Opposite this in Free State territory is Leopoldville, which lies where the river begins to descend a series of thirty-two rapids and a fall of nine hundred feet in a distance of something over one hundred and fifty miles.

As Leopoldville was approached I saw the raised, wrecked Southern Presbyterian steamer " Lapsley," a saddening sight. The view of Leo when a few cables off the shore reveals a wide street running up the slope of a hill and then bearing off at a wide angle. The State's railway station, Government buildings,

and four small steamers flying the yellow star, a barge in course of construction on the beach to carry locomotives for the Great Lakes Railway, blacks from various parts of the hot continent and pale men dressed in white, capped with white-washed helmets, made the approach exceedingly agreeable. But there was something which was not agreeable, the close proximity of the steamer to the dangerous cataracts. This was intensified by the fact that we bore out to the middle of the rapids and then with helm hard to starboard headed in a dangerous current for the beach. The anchors were all ready to be cast should an accident occur to the steamer. It was a great relief to feel that I was only a passenger and not responsible; had I been Goldsmith's Negro hauling on the line and seeing how the captain cut it very fine,

> I'd make the furnace glare, to stem the tepid wave,
> And landing thank the gods for all the good they gave.

CHAPTER XXV

Leo-on-the-Pool and Sleep-Sickness

MARSHES, MALADIES AND MISSIONS—THE FRIGHTFUL RAVAGES OF THE NEGRO LETHARGY, SLEEP-SICKNESS

Ekoke bino noboma nkema tika mbwa okolola ao mboka
When you go to hunt monkeys, leave barking dogs at home.

Ancient Banga Proverb.

LEOPOLDVILLE is a colossal blunder. There were good political reasons in 1881 for occupying it and preventing its being taken over by one European power. Probably it was never dreamed that anybody would be foolish enough to situate the northern terminus of a railway and the southern terminus of river steamers beside the Crystal Cataracts formed by the sortie of the wide Pool waters into the narrow channel of the Lower Congo ! The village should be moved at once, before a *grand bateau*, swinging broadside to the cataract, slips a cog, and the cargo of human life, rubber and ivory goes into a turbulent grave. No anchors will hold in the shelving bottom above the Falls. Had the steering gear of the "Flandre" broken, we should have gone over the cataracts in spite of the shanks being ready to cast.

The town will doubtless be moved after a few hundred blacks and whites have been lost and the frightful catastrophe has impressed the mediocre mind of some irresponsible official. Meantime money and years of human labour are being lavishly spent filling up the misery-generating marshes ! Had they been reading Goethe's vision, " The Draining of the Marsh?" The present local management are making the best of a bad job ; marshes, swamps and such-like places have borne an ill reputation for centuries. Decaying vegetable matter under the influence of the tropical sun has been held to hatch out vapours, miasma and mephitic exhalations without number. There is a well-established belief that bogs are diseaseful and always deleterious to the health of human mammals. And finally, men of science prove that damp, weed-grown lowlands are mosquito incubators. The Government has set about the task of filling up swamps in Leo, and great progress has been made. All the level tract has been " made " where now stand the machine-shop, the State's railway station and the landing-place. The plan now in operation is this. An aërial transport, composed of an endless cable on iron bracket poles, connects a convenient hill with a swamp. Iron carriers travel along the cable; into these earth is shovelled by chained prisoners, and by means of a huge horizontal wheel, man-propelled, it is run down and dumped into the marsh. At another point a tram is used. It is composed of two cars attached to a cable, the descent of the loaded one serving to pull up the empty one. As the top of the hill is removed, residences for the sub-officials are constructed.

Leopoldville is a big transport place. It boasts of a hundred and fifty whites, three thousand variegated, two hospitals, two churches, two railway depots, two

physicians, two swamp obliterating constructions, two schools (the Government has established no schools in the State except for teaching the art of war), and two fools. It may be I have been too conservative in estimating the latter. Certainly some, if not included here, must remain unclassified. Of course, there are the telephone and post office, fish and coffee, mosquitoes and a few pale electric lights.

The mention of the name Leopoldville is the magic wand which brings up to my memory three words, and about these gather the story of the Village-on-the-Pool. The three words are marshes, maladies and missions. Now as to maladies. The Negro Lethargy, or Sleep-Sickness as it is called on the West Coast of Africa, is working at this time with the most damaging success. Leopoldville boasts two hospitals. One for white people, situated on the hill overlooking the Pool, has some proper accommodation for patients and, except for its filthy condition and the absence of nurses, is a creditable fabric. The other hospital reclines on the beach adjoining the property of the State railway station. It consists of five or six unsympathetic huts having a dilapidated appearance. Even the operating room is nothing more than a miserable shanty. In one decaying hut, with broken-down side wall, I found men dying. One poor fellow covered with earth, his eye-lids dreadfully sore and fastened together by the exuding corruption, lay stark naked. Nor was this due to a careless nurse; there was no one about to properly care for the dying man. Other patients were sitting or lying outside on the bare ground. One, probably a genuine case of Sleep-sickness, sat with his head between his knees, and on a leaf lying between his feet was a lump of crushed manioc with his right hand on it. Trying to

eat this, he fell asleep in the attempt. A profoundly pitiable creature! I took his photograph. Others with trypanosoma in their blood were still cheerful and bright, new victims. Another native, partially demented, was lying out in front of the miserable hut-hospital. The thought of sick, emaciated men lying on the ground in the sun without shelter is horrifying to Western minds, but the thought becomes less dreadful when it is remembered that Congo natives are accustomed to that sort of thing. They know nothing better and expect nothing different. I visited the buildings, if these tumble-down structures may be dignified with the name building, in one of which lean patients were sitting about a fire cooking caterpillars. They had about two quarts of large plump caterpillars boiling in a cast-off cylindrical biscuit tin. These crawling creatures taste as delicious to the palate of the black African as clams to the American or prawns to the European. The whole appearance of the native hospital was that of a neglected and forsaken establishment. This may be partly attributed to the fact that Leopoldville is very busy with its machine-shop, filling up of swamps and marshes and the despatching of "chop," trade goods, philanthropic instructions and railway supplies, up the Congo. The Government officials are so busy (?) that even when *I* called on the Director-General, a very important myrmidon individual, dubbed the Commandant of the Port, said to me, "The Director-General is a busy man." Had he not produced this sultry, morbid episode I should have gone away with a good opinion. I was equal to him, however, and replied readily, "I suppose he is almost as busy as I am." Even with microscopic and telescopic surveys I can find no excuse for the lack of humanity exhibited



A GLIMPSE OF THE "WHITE MEN'S CEMETERY," LOCATED BEHIND THE GOVERNOR'S HORSE AND COW STABLES, BOMA, CAPITAL OF CONGO FREE STATE.



SLEEP SICKNESS VICTIMS IN MISERABLE NATIVE HOSPITAL, LEO-ON-THE-POOL.

at the decrepit native hospital by the Pool beach. Sick and dying human beings, even if wearing black skins, should have every possible advantage and opportunity for life, and at the time of death such comforts as are suggested by the noblest instincts of the civilized white man.

In Leo there is so much talk about high-power oil-immersion lenses, low organisms, bacillus malariæ, protozooal creatures, blood-sucking insects, arthropods and trypanosoma, that I determined to have my own blood examined and find how many of these dreadful things I was providing with food and lodging. Dr. Broden, an expert in tropical diseases, who is in Africa by the invitation of a Belgian Scientific Society, and whose reputation is far and wide as a physician of unusual skill, wiped the end of one of my fingers, pushed a pin into it before I knew it, and established the second drop of blood between two pieces of glass on his high-power microscope. He occupied many minutes in the examination, and finally looking up said, with something like disappointment in his voice, that he could find no malaria and no trypanosoma in the blood. He did find that my nervous system was tired. I asked him what medicine I should take. He replied that the medicine I needed was rest and good food, and not to take drugs, as they are bad for the stomach. He also ordered me not to use quinine except when having an attack of malarial fever. Anything this able specialist may say about the diseases of Congo is worthy of attention. From him I obtained the following items of information :—

" There is much Sleep-sickness here, but it is not epidemic. The trypanosoma is carried by a fly, probably by a tsetse fly. There are many tsetse flies in this region. I have never seen a white man with

the Sleep-sickness, but I have seen three white people with trypanosoma in their blood. At this time there are many trypanosomas; we do not know the difference between some of them. We have the Trypanosoma of the White Man, the Trypanosoma of Sleep-sickness, the Trypanosoma of the Mutton, the Trypanosoma Brucei and Thæleri. I cannot see the difference between the trypanosoma of Sleep-sickness, the White Man and Brucei. The Thæler is the largest, measuring from sixty to seventy micromes, while the others are from twenty to thirty micromes. Injections of arsenic made the trypanosoma disappear from the three white people, but arsenic will not kill it in Sleep-sickness. Malaria is the great malady of the Congo, but it is not very bad. There is not much pernicious malaria, but there is blackwater fever. In three years I have seen here thirty cases. Natives do not have it. It can be cured. Dysentery and blackwater fever kill people on the Congo. Yes, it is possible to get blackwater fever after leaving Congo. In all the cases of blackwater fever the sick man took quinine before the attack. The great German doctor Koch says that many of the cases of blackwater fever are intoxication of quinine. I have seen cases caused by quinine, but others that were not. In September and October there is much rain, and black men get pneumonia and bronchitis. The black people are much troubled by dysentery and chronic diarrhœa. We find two kinds of dysentery, one caused by an amoeba and one by a microbe.

"To revert to Sleep-sickness. If in one station there are cases of Sleep-sickness, the patient should be removed to a hut and no tsetse flies admitted. It is possible that the Sleep-sickness is not a sickness from trypanosoma. I have been studying it for three

years, and first found a microbe in the cerebro-spinal fluid. I injected a monkey with trypanosoma from a sheep. The monkey died in twenty-six days. The Sleep-sickness in one locality often stops of itself. I have seen many cases of Sleep-sickness, not in children, but then there are not many children in Leopoldville. There is nothing in the theory that Sleep-sickness comes out of the earth. In Portuguese Congo there is much Sleep-sickness among the half-castes. Sleep-sickness is not a good name. Some persons with the disease do not sleep much ; others do sleep much. There are ten Belgian doctors in Congo." The eminent specialist as he was about to leave said, " If you perspire you can live well in Congo."

A commission composed of three eminent specialists connected with the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine is now engaged studying Sleep-sickness found in the Lower Congo. The commission is composed of Doctors Todd, Christie and Dutton. There is every reason to believe that the careful enquiry they are making " on the spot," being men trained in research methods, cannot fail to bring to light the causes of diseases. This will probably result in places hitherto possessing an evil reputation being made sufficiently healthy for white men. The result of the work of these specialists should be not only humanitarian, but economical as well. Men of commerce and of trade dealing with tropical Africa will readily mark the benefits likely to accrue from discoveries of the kind now being made by the celebrated physicians. There will be a great saving of large sums of money, of suffering and of life. Not only will the welfare of the white people be greatly increased, but the black subjects of the State will have an equal benefit. The three specialists gave me a hearty invitation to visit

them in their laboratory. The boy who was piloting me took me up to the verandah by the back stairs, where I came straightway upon small wire cages containing white rats, black rats, guinea pigs and other animals into whose blood the trypanosoma had been inserted. I was received by the large, robust Swedish physician who is attached to the commission as the Government's representatve, and was at once introduced into the Room-of-Microscopes, where the Canadian member of the commission, Dr. Todd, was engaged in cutting off the tip end of a white rat's tail, from which he took a drop of blood. This interesting operation was performed while holding the animal by the back of the neck with a " clip " or forceps. He repeated the operation on a black rat from the same cage, and afterwards took a drop of blood from a guinea pig. I presume it was the blood from this latter which I looked at through a microscope. It was full of moving and living things. Whether they were trypanosoma or the ordinary corpuscles or both or what I do not know. The doctors are young men who do not believe it is necessary for anybody to have a severe attack of malarial fever. I, of course, plied them with questions. About every other question they would shake their heads, shrug their shoulders, and say that they were not certain. The commission employs ten native boys regularly to catch tsetse flies with nets. Each one is supplied with a glass test tube in which the flies are carried. Any boy who is very successful receives a " dash " besides his wages.

Later Dr. Dutton took a can of earth and a newspaper, emptied the earth upon the newspaper and took out three maggots saying, " These are blood-sucking maggots, the first we have ever heard of. As far as we know they are the first to be discovered. I have named

this maggot the Congo Floor Maggot. It has a big sac attached to the œsophagus into which it sucks up the blood. It lives in the floors of the native huts, comes up at night, sucks their blood, and then drops off and goes back into the ground again. It is difficult to wake up a native, but sometimes they are obliged to go and sleep outside on account of these maggots. An English missionary was the first to call our attention to it. Then we began inquiring about and asked the natives. When we got the first one, it was easy to get more. It finally develops into a fly. I do not know that it gives any sickness."

The commission insists it is absolutely impossible to estimate the number of deaths from what is called Sleep-sickness. Whatever the disease is, they declare there is something in it which is due as far as they can see to trypanosoma. They say the whole of malaria in Africa is due to the native hut. This commission was primarily called out to report on the hygienic condition of Boma, Matadi and Leopoldville, but they will pursue their study of the trypanosoma, and expect for that purpose to visit some of the region through which flows the Kasai river.

Interesting as are all the missionaries at Leo, Mrs. Morgan is probably the champion. She is doubtless as widely known among medicine and microbe specialists as any missionary living, for she is the first white person to have trypanosoma discovered in her blood and recover from its influence. This disaster-breeding trypanosoma must have been at work among her corpuscles before a similar one was discovered in a white man in Gambia. Mrs. Morgan is the wife of a Balolo missionary, and aside from household duties, does a prodigious amount of work for the mission. She tells me that on the twenty-ninth of

September, 1900, an insect severely bit her ankle. Without seeing it she said, "What a dreadful bite that mosquito gave me!" At the place of attack a large swelling gathered and became so inflamed that a surgeon dressed it. Very soon her temperature went up to one hundred and four degrees Fahrenheit, which could only be reduced by cold packs. This continued for about six weeks during which time the temperature went lower but not to normal. The doctor then suggested that a change to Kinshasa might be beneficial. After ten days there it was suggested that a trip up the river would be of advantage. During the river journey crescent-shaped crimson-bluish spots developed on the face and arms. Some of these became very large. This indicated trypanosama in the blood, but at the time the doctors, not having heard of a white person having it, did not recognise the crescent sign. During this voyage Mrs. Morgan's condition was such that if she wrote a post-card her temperature went up. Not until after three months, in January, 1901, did her temperature become normal. Then in March, after three short fevers she started for Europe; but when passing Banan a startling fever developed which ran the temperature up to one hundred and five and six-tenths degrees. No medicine or drug of any kind would touch it. Nothing but ice packs, of which thirty-two were given in seven days. After one hour in the pack the temperature would come down a degree and the patient experienced a most delightful feeling and went asleep. The most extraordinary nursing was required. The temperature was watched carefully, and when it started to go up was never allowed to go quite as high as on the previous day, but was stopped by another ice pack. When the steamer reached Teneriffe the patient's temperature was almost normal, but it was not normal when it

reached London. Upon arriving in Great Britain the family recorded an addition, which did not complicate matters. Then for a while came three days of fever, alternating with four days up. It was then she experienced a great sense of helplessness. This was followed by three months of no fever, after which fever came every ten days for two and a half years, with two cessations of three months each. In April, 1902, when all ready to start for the Congo, fever again developed and she lost the sight of her left eye. A great London oculist was consulted, and fortunately the eye readily responded to the treatment. Mrs. Morgan finally returned to the Congo in September, 1902, and on her way out had fever every eight days. On arrival at Leopoldville the doctors proceeded to test her blood, and while having the third fever the trypanosoma was discovered. Quinine was at once stopped and arsenic injected. The poison was also taken inwardly in the usual way, varying the size of the dose. In March, 1903, she experienced the last of the trypanosoma fevers. She says "If you can stand the climate here it is easier to throw off fevers in Congo than in Europe. If persons take kindly to the climate, they can be cured quicker here than at home." She said that the one distinctive feature of the trypanosoma fever was helplessness, reckoning that she had the feelings of a woman of ninety-five years of age.

The Balolo Mission, started thirteen years ago, is located on three rivers, the Lobanga, Baringa and Lopori. The staff numbers thirty-nine missionaries. These men and women are willing to live in this disease-infected country on an amazingly small salary. A man receives fifty pounds a year and his wife thirty, which would be a great hardship were it not the transport on their food supplies is paid. The missionaries

get their goods delivered on their stations at London prices. On the three rivers one language is spoken. This is a matter of considerable importance and saves much hard work. The mission at Leopoldville is rapidly becoming a great success. I have dropped in to see an evening service with a large attendance, and Sunday morning the house was packed. A night school conducted for the natives who must labour during the day is growing fast. One of the duties of Missionary Morgan is to attend to the business of four Protestant societies represented on the Upper River. He receives goods shipped by train and has them transferred to mission steamers and forwarded to their destination. In fact, he transacts any business which missionaries may require. I experienced some of his business ability immediately on my arrival at Leopoldville. The steamer arrived very early in the morning, but the gang plank was no sooner out than Business-man Morgan came aboard with his men and had my baggage off before half the white passengers had disembarked.

There is probably no philanthropic effort which brings to light so many interesting incidents as that of missionary work. The Balolo Mission has a station at Bongandanga. During a service there the leader called on one Bokwala to give his experience. He began by saying, "All you people know me. You know how I used to work for the White-Man-of-the Rubber. You know how I fought the Ngombo and Mongo peoples. When I passed here I used to laugh at the singing of hymns and scoff at what was said about God. I said, 'Where is God?' I never used to come to His house, but last night God showed me in a dream that He alone is God.

"I dreamed that it was day, and while everybody



WILLIAM EDGAR GEIL, THE GREATEST LIVING TRAVELLER, WITH A PIECE OF UPPER CONGO NATIVE MONEY (SHAKA).



BELGIAN ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AT BOMA, CONGO FREE STATE.



FINE NEW HOSPITAL FOR NATIVES AT BOMA, CAPITAL OF THE CONGO FREE STATE.

was at work, the stars began to fall from heaven like rain. We were all frightened and sought to hide ourselves, but no hiding-place could be found. I looked up and there I saw a man with his arms spread out. I was sore afraid, and threw myself on the ground to cover my face. My sins came up before me, and I prayed then and there to God for forgiveness. I looked up again, and I knew the man to be none other than Jesus. While I looked at Him, He took a red-hot stone and threw it at me. It struck me on the right side of my head and cut off my ear. Then I came close to Him and he said, 'Bokwala, you have sinned greatly. If you love Me and are willing to serve Me, let Me cut off your left ear also.' He took a sharp knife, and with that He cut it off. Then the Lord came very near and said, 'Truly you have faith and you have proved your love by permitting Me to do this.' He then restored my ears and said, 'Go now and tell your own people what I have done.'

"My tears were many, and I have wept all night. Early this morning I called all my relatives together and told them what God had done for me. Then I came on here to tell the balaki (teachers) and to tell you. This is no small thing, and I mean to go on telling what Jesus has done for me."

The Roman Catholics also have a successful work progressing in Leopoldville.

CHAPTER XXVI

The Crystal Cataracts

ON THE RAILWAY OF CURVES—MISSIONS—AN ECCENTRIC SURGEON

> Likei likiti ka, libosi; moto aboyisa nocuca biyeti bis eto ?—An egg which falls a long way and breaks, can any man put it together again ?
>
> *Congo Proverb.*

BEFORE leaving Leopoldville I disposed of my boys. Cannibals are not, however, great purchasers here. The "boy" is an important institution in Africa. Indeed, it would be very difficult to get on without him. It is certainly difficult to get on with him. But during the Thousand Miles on the Congo I had one very good boy by the name of Bolambo. I cut off the head and tail and named him "Lamb," not because of his gentle disposition, for at home in the vicinity of the Ant-Hill Church he was a leader in the brickbat fights and clubbing expeditions, but simply because it was shorter and quicker and funnier. Each of the two boys received four fathoms of blue cloth and the ride down the Congo. After working about Leopoldville for a few months they would return up the river. Lamb could readily obtain employment. He was educated at the Yakusu Baptist Mission, and

speaks languages, among them a variety of English. The mission boys, if brought up where a vigorous missionary presides, are the best "by a long shot" to be had in tropical Africa. These boys were less careful of their nervous system than those obtained by me through the Government officials. The State boys are lazy except when under the immediate eye of a superior military man. The short remainder of my journey across Africa was personally conducted by myself.

The railway station at Leopoldville is located opposite the settlement of blacks, skilled labourers from English colonies on the West Coast. The depot resembles an exaggerated hen house, but is sufficiently commodious even for the reception of the numerous francs exacted from intending passengers. The train was composed of two locomotives and four cars, the first-class (?) last with accommodation for a dozen. It boasted small bracket tables between each two chairs, a toilet room and a black conductor. I deposited the yellow bags beside two wicker chairs with cane seats, and had the lunch box placed in the conductor's compartment. I said good-bye to Messrs. Morgan and Vass, who came to see me off, and the train left at exactly six-forty-five with nine first-class white passengers and two score second-class in an open car, all natives excepting one, a white man. At one of the stations a Roman Catholic priest came aboard and travelled in the open carriage. A first-class ticket from Leopoldville to Matadi, over some two hundred and fifty miles, costs eight pounds sterling, and on it one hundred kilos of baggage is passed free. Just before the train started I purchased three loaves of bread at the station at fifty centimes each, and placed them in the hat-rack over my head at the end of the car.

The road reaches its highest altitude, twenty-five hundred feet, near Matadi, the steepest grade being five per cent. All the bridges are single span and metallic. Most are short, but one is over a hundred yards long. Thirty-six locomotives are employed on the line. They vary in weight from twelve to thirty-two tons. The Chemin de Fer du Congo employs ninety-five white men and twenty-four hundred blacks. Also three physicians and one hospital for white men at Matadi served by sisters, and five hospitals for blacks are provided by the line. At present the death-rate among the white employees is from three to four per cent. During the construction it was eleven per cent. Four hundred Chinese were imported at one time and two hundred and fifty died in three years. There are no Sunday trains. No rebates are granted to either Catholic or Protestant missionaries.

The Chemin de Fer is in good condition, and the carriages ride smoothly. A large portion of the line is ballasted with crushed rock. Very soon after leaving Leopoldville one of the carriages was switched off. Some of the scenery resembles views from the Lehigh Valley Railroad near Wilkesbarre. The track is full of graceful curves, and I noticed a number of horse-shoes in the line. I did not enquire whether they were placed there for good luck. The country along the railway from Leopoldville to Tumba is sparsely populated. There is, however, I am told, a larger population living some miles back, but the always-fatal Sleep-sickness has been unusually destructive between the Ocean and the Pool. The train is run entirely by blacks. The locomotives are of a small type, having no tenders and with the water tanks over the drivers. The coal is put into the furnace by hand, as there is no room for a shovel. The train

reached Tumba and stopped for the night at four P.M. The line is too dangerous for the running of night trains.

Tumba has a population of fifteen whites. Passengers are accommodated for the night by the various store-keepers. I stopped at the Holland Store, which is the best place in Tumba. But Tumba is doomed. The population near has decreased ninety per cent. The car sheds have been removed to New Tumba, which is further from the ocean. There is very little rubber about Tumba, but plenty in the interior. The people pay their taxes in ground-nuts instead of rubber. Last year all the natives in the district paid a sum total of six hundred tons. The peanuts are of a good quality. The religious needs of Tumba have not been neglected. There is a small English Baptist Mission house in charge of an intelligent black, who conducts service every night from seven to nine. The Roman Catholics are also at work, and have a commodious plant. Tumba seems to be a fairly healthy place. African pigs act as street scavengers, free of charge. The evenings are cool. Persons having monkeys in outdoor cages find it necessary to put blankets about them to keep the animals warm. Residents frequently sit indoors after seven P.M. One of the merchants told me that he had a boy who had been taught reading at the English mission and wears a watch. The next morning after paying fifteen francs for supper, lodging, breakfast and a small loaf of bread, I went to the station and boarded the train. Soon after leaving Tumba the train passed into scenery where many ridges of stratified rock were visible.

One of the passengers, an educated Belgian Catholic, remarked, " The Catholic priests in tropical Africa are a very lazy lot, they sit in their chairs all day and

only teach the boys prayers. Their gowns are not suitable to the climate and they feel hot all day. The Protestants teach the boys to read and write and work." He afterwards told me that I had stopped at the first-class house, but he had had a bad night, that he could not sleep, "because there were rats in the room, flying rats—what do you call them? bats—and in the night I woke up and found a bat on my face." I thought this a peculiar condition of things, but said nothing except regulation regrets that he had spent an uncomfortable night. Later on he told me that he had refused an invitation to dine with the Commissary-General, fearing there would be too much drinking. He appears to have reached this conclusion because during the afternoon while conversing with the dignitary he had four whiskeys and three absinthes. He confidentially informed me, "I do not like to drink except when I want to." Now, my temperance mathematics led me to reckon that thus at least seven flying rats may be accounted for. He further stated that drink is very bad for his stomach. But he, like other passengers, frequently refreshed himself from a bottle while on the train. Probably as a good Catholic he was mortifying the flesh.

Another Catholic official, a captain in the Belgian army, told me that Roman missionaries interfere with work. He was making a road, and a priest came to him and wanted him to compel the blacks to attend service. This the captain refused to do, saying that he could show no preference, and that he would be just as willing to require them to go to a Protestant meeting, but he would do no such thing. The Belgian captain further related that some Catholic missionaries went to a village and were refused entrance. They came

in great haste to him and asked for soliders to compel the people to receive them. The military man's reply was, " If they do not want you, you must not go. I will not send soldiers to compel natives to accept your religion or any other." A Belgian lieutenant of artillery, himself a Catholic, gave it as his opinion that there were only two R. C. missionaries in Congo who are any good. This he said, and then pointing to his head remarked, " The others have nothing here." I, however, find myself disinclined to agree with the testimony of these men. The Catholic missionaries are certainly many of them working hard. However, I only saw a few posts on the main river. Most of the Catholic work is done on the affluents, south of the latitude five degrees. Far be it from me in my ignorance to contradict testimony as to what is done in remoter parts.

The journey from Tumba to Matadi required but one engine to a train of three cars, but the locomotive did some puffing on a few of the up-grades. The country is only flat for hundreds of miles in the interior, but from Tumba to Matadi it makes up for lost time. Valleys, hills and even mountains covered with grass the banks of small streams lined with trees and scattered scrub growths on the rocky slopes constantly met the traveller's eye. I seldom saw wild game and the hill country has a deserted appearance. Occasionally a Protestant or a Catholic church was seen from the car window. The membership of some of the churches has been almost obliterated by Sleeping-sickness. Eleven miles from Matadi the train descended in loops, horse-shoes, and the letter " S " rapidly toward the sea-level. This was a section of most entrancing views ; bridges, precipices upward and downward, and the rapid waters of the Mposo

river, left the passenger no time for melancholy. We ran into Matadi station, the finest on the line, about on time, where I was met by Dr. Sims and Captain Lovejoy.

While in the construction of this narrow gauge Chemin de Fer du Congo certainly hundreds have lost their lives, and I have no doubt thousands, yet in the long run it will prove to be of great value in the saving of human life. It is also a great saving of human health. The old caravan route from Matadi past the many cascades to the Pool was flanked with the graves of carriers and of whites who fell by the way, and diseases were developed by the journey. Now much suffering and many maladies are avoided by taking the train. If one desires to rough it, he can go from Matadi to Leopoldville, a distance of two hundred and fifty-odd miles for fifty francs. Before the railway was opened, allowing a fair amount of baggage and suitable travelling equipment, the cost of the journey was fifty pounds. This is a saving of a prodigious per cent., from fifty pounds to fifty francs. Then there is a great saving of time. Now the trip takes less than two days, and formerly twenty days of vigorous caravaning were consumed in a wearisome journey. The railroad also furnishes a new idea to the whole native mind ; not simply to those living in proximity to the line, but to millions of natives that have heard rumours of this strange mode of transportation. Then there is a great saving to commerce. The building of this road has opened up the whole upper country not only to commerce, but to two other railroads. A gentleman at Stanleyville remarked that the history of the whole Upper Congo is divided into two parts, that before the building of the railroad and that since. It it said that of the

money originally subscribed for the entire line the whole was used before the first thirteen miles were completed. However that may be, it is now a paying investment. Among the one hundred and forty-seven bridges on the line, two are especially famous, the Bridge of the Chute and the Bridge of the Cascade. It is said that American travellers detract from the railroad because it is not straight. They say it is full of useless curves. This is true, but it was built as cheaply as possible. There are remarkable features connected with the Chemin de Fer du Congo, and I think the most remarkable that I was told of is that it has seventeen administrators in Belgium who receive each twelve hundred pounds a year. They have nothing to do but sit around a table and reduce the salaries of employees in Congo.

Four missionary societies are represented at Matadi, one Catholic, Swedish Protestant, English Baptist and American Baptist. The missionary in charge of the American work is no other than the noted expert in Congo diseases, Surgeon Sims, probably the ablest physician in Congo and certainly the most eccentric. He invited me to take breakfast with him at five-forty-five A.M. My host left nothing to be desired, and in an hour his guest left nothing to be desired. He speaks or reads or both some half-dozen languages. I asked him how he came to get so many, and whether he has a natural adaptability to languages. He replied, "There is no royal road to languages. I am a single man, and hence have had time to learn things. If I had been married I would have spent the time studying my wife. I have no time for long-sleeve chairs." The Doctor has established a great reputation for oddities of one sort or another, and no doubt, like Abraham Lincoln, has had many stories

attributed to him which have their origin in the fertile minds of his observers. "What you want to know," he went on to say, "is not something about the poor, humble missionary, but to tell what the work means. We want a member of the Committee to come out and visit this country. We think they are afraid to come because of malaria. Let them come in the dry season and stay three months and they can get out of the country without getting malaria. They go to India where they can wear white waistcoats and have a good time. What we want is more missionaries. The one important thing about the language is that I can preach in the native language. The others do not matter."

Soon after entering Congo, in the far-off Oriental Province, I began to hear about this eccentric surgeon. Hence on my arrival at Matadi I asked him to tell me some of the odd things he did when he was young, but he was dreadfully afraid of my stenographer. All I could learn was that he was born sometime during the last century in Leicestershire, England, and as far as I could make out, this occurred when he was young. A story is told which illustrates his sympathy for all living things. As he said to me one day, "It is our duty to relieve all distress. Probably the best thing I do is to help lame dogs over the stile, that is to doctor missionaries, who when they are well go out and preach the Gospel to thousands of people." But to the story; it is said that when the surgeon offers prayer in public, he never closes his eyes, and that he has been known to intersperse his petitions with physical admonitions to small boys. On one occasion he was offering prayer at the funeral service of a missionary's child, and the prayer was such an earnest and eloquent one that one of the audience thought

within himself, "Surely the Doctor has his eyes closed now." Curiosity overcoming reverence, the hearer opened his eyes for a moment to see if his surmise was correct—and behold, the Doctor had a dog's foot in his hand and was engaged in removing therefrom a jigger!

He has been in the Orient studying tropical diseases, but when he goes away from home he dislikes to be introduced to people because they ask him what the natives of Congo eat and wear. He says "So far as I am concerned, I wish they did not eat anything or wear anything." During his visit to America a lady asked him what the natives who live around Bopoto wear, and he replied, "Shoe-strings, madam, three shoe-strings." She said, "Shoe-strings!" and he said, "Yes, madam, they dress in shoe-strings." The same day before he was to address a meeting someone politely suggested to him that it would be unnecessary to describe what the people wear! The Doctor not only sees hundreds of patients a week, but preaches the Gospel on Sunday to a congregation of over three hundred.

The Roman Catholics have a large church building, and have established a public library in Matadi.

The English Baptists have a remarkably successful work at San Salvador in Portuguese territory. All native workers are supported by the natives. The Portuguese do not restrict the movements of the missionaries and have always been ready to listen to representations. At the same time the Great Awakening occurred at Banza Manteke; there was a similar movement at San Salvador. The natives were profoundly impressed at both places during that revival season, and the effects were visible far beyond the districts where the work transpired. *Par exemple,*

two men came up from an outlying village to San Salvador and said they wanted to attend school. They began in the a-b-c class, and in three months could read a little. When they returned to their village they carried a few books and started a school in the woods, and by making letters in the dust taught the people to read. This continued four years, when a white missionary went over there and found, ninety miles from San Salvador, a school of over one hundred, the scholars of which were able to read the New Testament. Services were conducted every morning and on Sunday.

Banza Manteke has a great little Welshman working for the American Baptists, Henry Richards. In 1879 he went out with a donkey and settled by accident at this place in the midst of a people afflicted with kleptomania. For years he preached to the people on conventional Welsh lines, telling them what they ought to do and sometimes rubbing it in hard that they did the other thing. He got assent to his advice and anger at his blaming them. Then he sailed on another tack, and started telling the story of Jesus, adapted to Congo ideas. It was very interesting; but he fetched up with a jerk when he came to the order "Give to every one that asketh thee!" He tried back, knowing they would ask plenty; but baulked a second time. Then he blamed himself badly for being so suspicious, and boldly recounted the sentence. They opened their eyes and demanded further exposition, he gave it; they then opened their hands and demanded all sorts of things, he gave them! Before he was cleaned out of house and home, shame was aroused, and for the first time their consciences got in a day's work. Then things began to move, some of the strongest opponents came over to the

missionary's side. Five did not, and he prayed hard when away on a trip that they might be prevented doing harm ; a heathen shot one, a snake bit another, a third broke his back, a fourth had the fever, and the fifth died miscellaneously : he believes in prayer being answered ! Now in a few years the whole neighbourhood is transformed ; they are truthful and honest, eager to work, learning sewing and carpentering, working a printing press, supporting a dispensary. The Welshman won't let them go to Europe and see what poor Christians Englishmen can be ; he just follows the New Testament literally. He does not try to put them into European clothes, but keeps them African. He does not even insist on polygamists putting away their extra wives, though no Christian may marry more than one. One of his greatest opponents when converted, baptized and taught more than five hundred unaided, more than twenty-six hundred have become Christians, and over sixteen hundred are there on the spot now making it a bright spot in this dark land. My hat off to Missionary Richards !

CHAPTER XXVII

Boma, Banana, and a Bird's-eye View

THE DEVIL'S CALDRON—THE CAPITAL OF CONGO—LAST PORT IN THE FREE STATE—SOME PHILOSOPHY

> Nzo kantwa vumu kasiswa—He carries
> his heart and leaves his stomach.
>
> *Congo Proverb.*

GOLD is scarce in Congo, both the bullion and the coin, and as my supply had become about exhausted by the long trans-continental journey, it was necessary for me to obtain some. Although my credits were good, yet, as there was no announced correspondent for them, I occupied about three hours obtaining sufficient money to pay two first-class passages from Matadi via Boma and Banana to Antwerp. I obtained a few English gold pieces and five German pounds, and eighteen hundred francs in silver. This was chiefly in five-franc pieces and necessitated my procuring a native to carry it after me on his shoulder.

Late Saturday evening I went aboard the good ship "Anversville," lying at the suitable large iron wharf at Matadi-on-the-Congo. The first-class fare from Matadi to Antwerp is thirty-six pounds, which includes a large bottle of wine every day. Now, I am a teetotaller of a very pronounced type, yet because I am

not a missionary, I was obliged to pay the two pounds which represents the value of the wine and receive none of it. I called the attention of the polite Commissary to the injustice of such an arrangement, and he said I might have an equivalent in milk! The steamer is of four thousand tons, twin-screw, new and well fitted. She carries from Antwerp ten tons of ice, which is not grown in Central Africa. Skipper Lovejoy, the commander, is so skilful and attentive to the navigation of the ship, that the only thing certain passengers say against him is that he will not drink whiskey with them. I had my mosquito netting put up directly I arrived on the steamer, but there was no need for it. At half-past six in the morning the "Anversville" slipped her moorings and put out into a seven-knot current for Boma, the capital. The property of the English Baptist Missionary Society was passed, and soon the ship got into a terrific swirl of water known by various names, such as Satan's Pool, the Devil's Caldron, or the Imp's Cooking-pot. About nine o'clock she cast her shanks abreast of Boma, where Mr. Underwood, of the "English Firm," came aboard and invited me to accept his entertainment, leaving on Tuesday by a small steamer overtaking the "Anversville" at Banana. With him the secretary and myself rowed up by deputy to his house, which stands high fronting an open court. This court is bounded by the residence, the river, and two long white warehouses with green doors. On approaching the premises a gruesome sight met my eyes, the sunken steamer "Matadi" with her smokestack protruding above the water, and also her poop deck, utilized for raising a crop of grass. This three thousand ton ship on her way home was blown up through the careless storing

of gun-powder. All the crew were killed except one, who happened to be up at the moment and was blown out into the river. He fell on some lumber and was picked up while floating in the rapid current. Two faithful American missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey, on their way home from Portuguese territory, met death in this frightful manner. Three passengers were lost, but all the officers were saved. So fearful was the explosion that several large pieces of the vessel were blown to the shore and may be seen to this day remaining where they fell.

Boma, like ancient Pergamus, is the City of the Great Serpent. Not only does the name mean boa-constrictor, but in other ways it is a mighty snaky place. Many kinds of intoxicants are consumed by the whites and blacks resident and transient. The influence of the drinks on the community is as various as are the national and personal characteristics of the imbibers. The Government has accomplished somewhat for the native races of Congo by restricting the sale of liquor above a certain point a few hundred miles from the sea. But in the capital there is no restriction, and the philosopher finds it difficult to reason why this sea side of the State should not be equally well protected from the curse of drink. Boma is situated on the right bank of the Congo, sixty miles from Banana-on-the-Sea. On approaching the wharf the observer sees displayed the British, Dutch, Portuguese, Belgian and Congo flags. There is also a considerable display of good roads and a first-class exhibit of the finished work of the pernicious Congo climate or trypanosoma, or whatever it is which destroys the white population. This is found in what is known as the White Men's Cemetery, a badly kept tract of land immediately behind the horse stables

and cow-yards of the Governor. If one is to judge by the location and condition of this graveyard, overgrown with weeds and grass, unfenced and unkept, the regard of the present authorities for the memories of the deceased is not of an admirable brand. In this Silent City probably more than three hundred Caucasians have had their bones laid to rest. They have come from many lands controlled by different motives, and have met a fate similar to multitudes of others, many of whom lie in unmarked graves or whose bones have never known repose. A citizen of Boma informed me that there has been no death recently, and he further said, "But I must not talk about it or there will be one." It is not surprising that no recent death in Boma is recorded, because a passenger on one of the large home-going steamers told me that during the first five days out at sea there were four funerals off the ship.

This Boa-constrictor Boma resembles another of the ancient cities of Asia Minor, Laodicea; or still more, ancient Rome, or even Mengo in Uganda. Those great commercial, educational and administrative centres were situated on seven hills apiece. Greater Boma is on seven hills, with some mosquito-breeding swamps thrown between as a "dash." The capital of Congo boasts of one consul, who represents the Emperor of India. There is good reason for a British consul being located here, because the Congo Free State employs a large number of British subjects, skilled artisans, black men from her West African possessions. Abler, nobler and more heroic are these imported ebony experts than the natives of the Congo Basin; and they are prouder also, demanding good treatment. To ask one, "Do the Belgian officials behave well toward you?" is to elicit the ready

reply, " O yea ; if they do not we go to our consul." They proudly rejoice in being members of the greatest empire on earth.

Upon the central hill, well back from the river bank, stands the pale palace of the Governor. Here he luxuriously lives in the midst of recently imported statuary. Some of the figures are without arms, which feature, or absence of feature, adds to their beauty. Were they also without legs, heads, or or bodies it would be still better, for artistically these statues are of no advantage to the beautiful landscape garden in front of the flagstaff and sentry boxes of the palace. The supreme officials in Congo I found courteous, skilful in diplomacy, and able to engage in the most delightful conversation without saying anything. These are qualifications required in an *independent* state ! Near at hand is the sheet-iron Roman church, a creditable structure sent out from busy Belgium by zealous Catholics. Seven " congregations " of Roman Catholics conduct work throughout Congo. The figures, as furnished by one of the priests at Boa-constrictor Boma are as follows : —Total number of missionaries, two hundred and forty-four ; communicants, eighteen thousand nine hundred and seventy-six ; catechumens, twenty-four thousand seven hundred and thirty-one ; infants, five thousand five hundred and fifteen. There is a State colony here under the ecclesiastical superintendence of the Romans, who report six hundred black communicants and five hundred catechumens. The honest priest very shrewdly remarked, " The white men I do not count, for they only come to service once or twice a year."

There is another place of worship in this City of the Great Serpent, that of the American Christian

Alliance, where an English service is conducted each Sunday morning. The American mission is largely engaged in transacting business for the active up-country missionaries connected with the same society. About a mile west of Little Boma, on Shinkakasa Hill, is a fort with modern earthworks, bastions and mines. Its guns cover the river well, but as there is a higher hill back of the fortification, it could easily be blown into molecules. A fine new hospital has been erected. It is composed of separate buildings, each of which has been furnished and will be supported by a city in Belgium. This beautiful assortment of buildings is for the exclusive accommodation of black-skins, and is a useful and commendable philanthropy. The situation for it is well chosen, being on high ground opposite the pale palace of the Governor across the deep, palm-clad Crocodile Valley. Perched on another hill not far from the ungainly-looking water tanks is the Palace of Justice, and in the valley north-west of it lies the white men's prison. This jail with its occupants is a proof that the Government is making some effort to curtail the violent treatment of the naked natives. It should, however be enlarged to accommodate other white men who are as yet unpunished, and who will probably not receive a due reward for their evil deeds until the next world.

From the wharf a bobtail steam tram line runs up the hill eastward of the Governor's pale palace to the water-tanks. There is one good road in Boma which owes its existence to the tennis-playing proclivities of a former high official. The existing highway accommodations required him to make a long detour to reach his favourite tennis court. Now, as his easily exhausted legs failed in appreciation, like the

Tsar of the Russias he drew across the map a straight line between his favourite points, and an excellent road was permanently constructed. This thoroughfare is being enhanced by the planting of lines of bamboo on either side. I can learn of no good reason for Boma being situated where it is except the arbitrary decision of some man.

A fairly well stocked apothecary establishment exists, but most people say that only four medicines are required in Africa, to wit, quinine, anti-pyrine, a starter and a stopper. Boma is the river terminus of the Mayumba Railway, which is constructed fifty miles or so to Lukula.

From Boa-constrictor Boma one more stage remains to Banana on the sand-spit at the mouth, bound together with hoop-iron, yet melting slowly under the fierce current. This was the point where ocean steamers called, and great were the days a generation ago when the traders congregated here. The thick waters of the Congo swirl past it, and rush on top of the salt sea for miles before they deign to mingle. Shipwrecked sailors in open boats are said to have found its fresh water far out of sight of land. Certain it is that the same turbid fluid which made a bath undesirable at Matadi, filled the ship's bath again a day after we had quitted Banana, and only a day later did good healthy brine tone up the system.

A deep gash has been cut in the sea-bottom for miles out from the coast, and this dovetails with other indications inland to suggest that within human history there was a vast inland lake, to which all existing lakes are but pigmies. Africa got tired of having so much land under water, and let it run off. It went with a swish, and gouged out this chasm in the ocean floor. The interior was transmogrified,

and the Congo with all its tributaries came into existence as the intervening spaces became dry. But poor Africa had not taken lessons in hydrography, and had not foreseen that the loss of this huge inland lake would lessen its rainfall ; so the Sahara came to its sterile condition, and things were not so much better after all. It is risky work interfering with water supply, and engineers are trying to restore the balance by damming the Nile back, or querying whether it is worth letting the ocean into the Sahara. Some people are never tired of great experiments, and would like to blow up Panama to see what would happen to the Gulf Stream !

Now there is one experiment that I have seen tried with great success all the world over, and it never seems to fail when tried according to certain conditions. The Ethiopian is not prone to change his skin, nor the leopard his spots, but I have seen men loving evil changed in a few years to quite other characters. Now, the fact has long been proved among us of the pink skins ; indeed, a man of the " white " race is almost inevitably taken to be a Christian, though sometimes of a precious conventional type. But I am on a long parti-coloured tour, and I find that there is no special affinity between pale faces and the Gospel. Redskins in America have long answered to the same reagent. Brown-skins I have seen in plenty by " Ocean and Isle," yellow-skins are now familiar enough to a " Yankee on the Yangtze," tawny-skins long ago in " The Isle that is Called Patmos " proved that the Gospel is no respecter of colour. Now, the black-skins in their native uplands and forests have come into my ken, and the new facts fit it with the old. " Beauty is only skin deep," and if a self-made merchant turns the proverb inside out and says that is

deep enough for him, I turn it inside in again and say that skin deep is not enough for me ; I was looking for what Lorimer the father seeks, and I found it, a responsive heart. They opened their hearts to me, and mine opened to them. The Swahili of the East Coast, the Ugandese of the lakes, the Mambutti of the Forest, the Kongo of the Western Basin ; all are full of promise.

Two sets of men come out to Africa, and take two views of the natives ; explorers and traders look on them as fit to collect the raw material of the forest which they may send to Europe for our benefit ; the philanthropist and missionary look on them as themselves good raw material to be worked up on the spot into better men. These views are not discordant; it has been abundantly shown that even to develop the country and get most out of it, the civilized and Christianized natives are the best workers. The missions have trained the bricklayers, the carpenters, the telegraph operators ; the missions have formed plantations and introduced new vegetables ; the missions are weaning people from cannibalism and other vices ; and the State governments profit and acknowledge the debt. It is obvious to every enquirer that there are great social improvements that follow the preaching of the Gospel. But my interest lies chiefly with the men who come to this land to seek the people's good, rather than with those who come to seek their goods.

All work reacts on the worker. The men occupied in purely government work, risk yielding to the temptations of power. The missionaries not only taste the sweets of success in the noblest work on earth, but also grow away from the petty distinctions that hinder so much intercourse. What becomes of the

nationalities? English, Scotch, Welsh, Americans, Swedes, and Germans make a true International Association, better than King Leopold devised. Lutherans, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists and Baptists forget most of their differences when on active service for the common Master. The African Missions are a stupendous success.

The cost of Africa is great; the death roll long. It looks as if out of every three who go out, one is likely to die soon, another to transfer elsewhere, and only one to stay; though as medical knowledge increases things are improving. But who will repeat the thief's query, "To what purpose is this waste?" The answer is plain to all who see Uganda as the answer to Hannington, or Banza Manteke as the offset to the extinct Comber family. It was an African who said, more pithily than we can put it, "Church's seed, Martyr's blood!" That blood has been poured out freely for Africa, and the harvest is already waving for the great Reaper. "Go and teach all nations."

AMEN.

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